

THE SIREN FROM BATH

A COMPLETE NOVEL. BY LOUIS ZANGWILL.

STAKE OF ZION: A MORMON STORY

BY MRS. J. K. HUDSON.

LIPPINCOTT'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY



LONDON
CHAMBERS
1872

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.
624 CHESTNUT ST. PHILADELPHIA

PARIS
GRANDIN & CO.
1872

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.

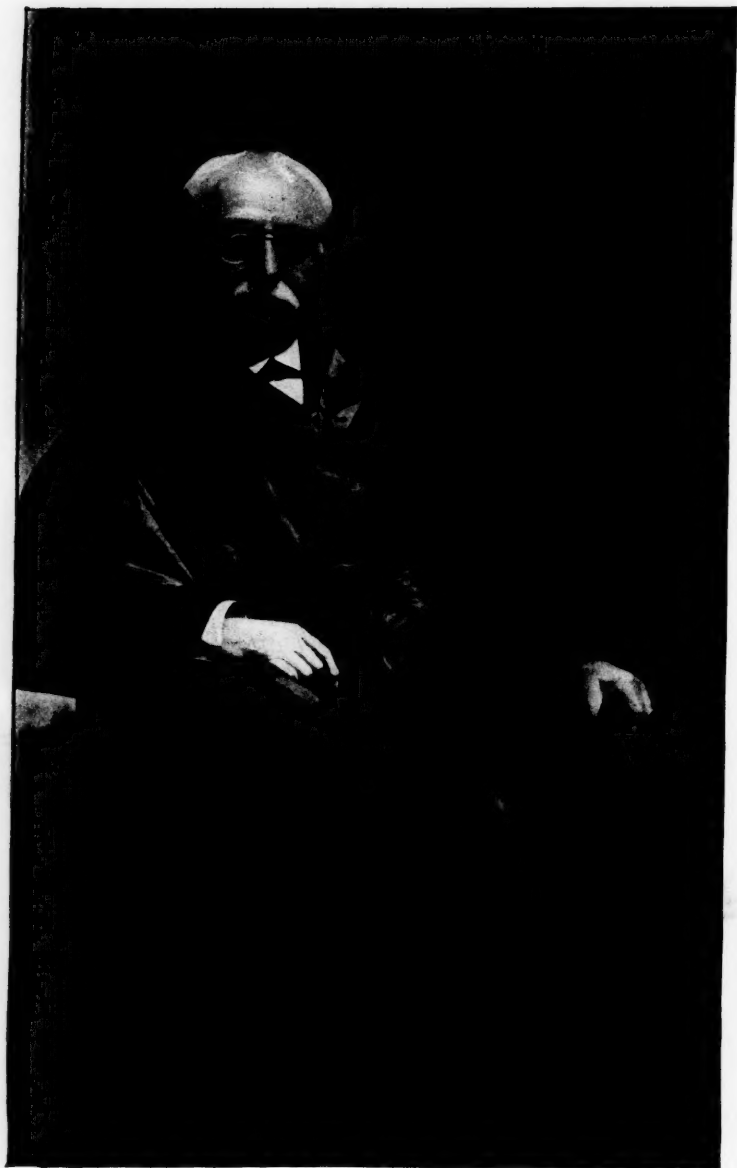
Contents for February, 1900.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF MARCH CONTENTS ON PAGE 2

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS, Litt.D. (Cantab.)	Frontispiece
From a recent photograph by Hollyer, London.	
THE SIREN FROM BATH	Louis Zangwill 163
A COMPLETE NOVEL.	Author of "The Beautiful Miss Brooke," "Cleo the Magnificent," etc.
HORACE HOWARD FURNESS	Professor Albert H. Smyth 267
	Author of "The Philadelphia Magazines and their Contributors."
RAINGLESS	Cecilia Beaux 272
A Sonnet.	
A STAKE OF ZION IN THE WILDERNESS	Mrs. J. K. Hudson 273
The Second in the Series of Mormon Stories.	of Topeka, Kan.
Begun in the January number.	
THE SQUIRE	Francis Churchill Williams 282
An Election Story.	
A DAY WITH A BRITISH MILITIA REGIMENT	Herbert Hudson 292
	A Late Militia Sub.
WHAT GIVES A POPULAR SONG ITS VOGUE	Henry T. Finck 298
	Author of "Wagner and His Works."
WHERE THE HEART IS	Elizabeth B. Custer 305
A Sketch of Woman's Life on the Frontier.	Author of "Boots and Saddles," etc.
THE GIRL IN RED	Stewart Edward White 313
A Story of the West.	
A RAINBOW FANCY	Clarence Urmey 320
A Poem.	
BOOKS OF THE MONTH	321
WALNUTS AND WINE	25

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE is published monthly. Subscription, \$3.50 a year; 25 cents a number. Booksellers, Postmasters, and Subscription Agencies receive subscriptions. Subscribers may remit in Post Office or Express Money-Orders, or in bank checks, drafts, or cash in registered letters. Money forwarded in letters is at the risk of the sender. Current numbers may be obtained from any news-dealer. Back numbers can be secured from the Publishers.

All rights reserved. Copyright, 1899, by J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.



HORACE HOWARD FURNESS, LITT.D. (CANTAB.).

FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH BY HOLLYER, LONDON.

THE SIREN FROM BATH

BY

LOUIS ZANGWILL

AUTHOR OF "THE BEAUTIFUL MISS BROOKE," "CLEO THE
MAGNIFICENT," ETC.



PHILADELPHIA
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

PRINTED BY J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, U. S. A.

LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY, 1900

THE SIREN FROM BATH

BY LOUIS ZANGWILL

Author of "The Beautiful Miss Brooke," "Cleo the Magnificent," etc.

I.

ALL three were nervous, the boy with pen, ink, and books at the bare, narrow table, ready to be found hard at his studies, the father and mother sitting about in equally self-conscious attitudes. The scantily furnished sitting-room—on the second and top floor of a house in a minor street of one of the pleasanter quarters of South London—had, like its occupants, an air of having been arranged for the eye of the expected visitor. Two years before, when, on the occasion of Christopher's obtaining his pupil-teachership at an elementary school in a neighboring district, the Shepherds had first come up to London, their home had been adorned with twisted brass candlesticks and old printed crockery that had been in the family for more than one generation; but these superfluous treasures had of late been converted—temporarily, it was hoped—into fuel and sustenance, and even less decorative effects had since been sacrificed to the same necessity. Of portable luxuries their books alone—possessed by Mr. Shepherd since his marriage and emblematic of the parents' hopes in their studious boy—had been desperately withheld from immolation.

Christopher, aged fifteen, was a slim, bright-eyed lad, passably good-looking. His mother had very nicely arranged his short, curly, brown hair, and carefully brushed the faded jacket-suit that enabled him to preserve the degree of outward respectability requisite for his calling. Arrayed in a new collar, he struck her as distinctly prepossessing, and she felt with a glow of pride that he was not unworthy of the attention even of aristocracy.

"It's striking five already," said Bartholomew Shepherd. "I wonder if her Ladyship'll be punctual!"

"Of course she will," said the boy.

"Oh, I don't know so much," said the mother sceptically. "Your grand folks never hurry themselves."

The boy, pen in hand, mechanically began to write a word or two, self-deceived by his student-like posture. He had long since pictured her Ladyship; had drawn his conception of her from the portrait of Mary, Queen of Scots, in his tattered, dog-eared copy of Mrs. Markham's "History of England"—as fancifully colored in rich crimson and yellow by some happier child that had owned it before him. And, of course, she was to come in a grand, gilded carriage, such as he had seen the Lord Mayor ride in on the ninth of November.

His head-master, Mr. Bird, had been at great pains to impress upon him sufficient etiquette to carry the family through the ordeal. They were to rise and remain standing as she entered, and to say "Good-afternoon, my Lady" in response to her greetings, but they were on no account to address her first. They were to offer her the best chair, and not resume their own seats till she bade them; they must never omit the "my Lady" in answering her questions, and they must rise when she rose, and remain standing till she had gone. Though Christopher accepted Mr. Bird's condescending fussiness as oracular, he had shrunk from passing on these instructions to his parents.

Mrs. Shepherd, having delivered her generalization anent the punctuality of grand folks, impatiently ventured to the window, but just then a hansom turned the corner and came down the street smartly, drawing up almost abruptly at the door below.

"That must be my Lady," she said, quickly retreating.

Christopher, whose heart beat hard, again dipped his pen in the little glass ink-well and made a blot on his open note-book.

"I suppose it's a fine carriage she has," said his father.

"Sh!" said Mrs. Shepherd, imposing silence with finger on lips.

"Perhaps Chris ought to go down to show her the way," suggested the irrepressibly anxious father.

Christopher looked uncomfortable. "Perhaps not," he stammered, vainly recalling Mr. Bird's discourse, which was silent on the point. "That must be Dora showing her up," he resumed a moment later. "I fancy I recognize her voice."

They heard her Ladyship mounting, preceded by her guide. "Thank you, my dear; what a beautiful child you are!" said a gentle voice outside. "This door I think you said. Thank you."

Her Ladyship rapped, and Christopher, fixing his pen behind his ear, got up to open the door.

"The Shepherd family, I presume," said the visitor, beaming into the room through gold-rimmed glasses.

"Yes, sir," said poor Christopher promptly, victim to the long habit of answering Mr. Bird, then reddened violently as he realized the slip. In his confusion he forgot to be astonished at the non-resemblance of her Ladyship, dressed in the plainest black, to the gorgeous Mary, Queen of Scots. But his interlocutor merely smiled at him, saying, "Ah, you are Master Christopher then."

"I suppose I may come in," she continued with cheerful friendliness, as she walked into the room with an evident stiffness of limb, sinking gratefully into the chair Mrs. Shepherd came forward to offer her and placing her reticule on the table. She was an old lady, sixty at least, with white hair and a simple, benevolent face. Having lost an adored husband after a short married life, she had ever since devoted herself to good deeds. But her mission to-day had for her a special interest.

The third quarter of the nineteenth century was advancing towards its close in an extraordinary glow of educational optimism. Two or three years before had been passed, for the first time in English history, an act making education compulsory for the whole population. Many voluntary workers from the higher social strata were pleased to give their services as managers of the schools that were then called into existence, and well-authenticated cases of aptitude among the children of the people had really a chance of finding a helping hand. The school ruled over by Mr. Bird, an old-fashioned pedagogue, large of dignity, small of soul, yet not without his generous moments, had been among a number placed under government control by the operation of the new act, and a relative of her Ladyship was on the management. As Christopher answered perfectly to Mr. Bird's conception of embryo greatness, the latter, knowing him to be half-starved and genuinely anxious to get something done for him, had frequently spoken of him to the management as a prodigy. Thus the case was ultimately presented to her Ladyship, to whom the idea of patronizing the prodigy proved extremely agreeable, and she readily undertook, if after a personal interview she were favorably impressed, to set aside the sum of thirty pounds a year to be administered at the discretion of the head-master for the boy's benefit. The scheme, submitted by Mr. Bird and approved by her Ladyship, was that Christopher should study with a view to the degree of Bachelor of Arts at London University, the distinction being obtainable by the passing of three examinations within an unlimited period. As the lad had only the evenings at his disposal for study, it was calculated a period of five or six years would have to be traversed before he could reasonably hope to attain to the goal, and during this time the grant was to be continued.

Mr. Bird, having himself, some twenty-five years earlier, graduated at the same university—which only examined and did not teach—could not conceive of the boy's development taking any other shape. Intellectual attainment existed for him only in terms of examinations and degrees.

The fortunes of the Shepherd family were just then at their lowest. The parents, shy of aristocracy, had some notion it was full of whims and crochets, and were haunted by the fear that her Ladyship might capriciously withdraw at the last moment. They uneasily awaited her questions.

"I hope I am not disturbing Master Christopher's studies," she resumed in genial apology as her eye fell on his open books; then, observing they were all standing, "Pray keep your seats," she exclaimed. "Ah, Mr. Shepherd, I see you suffer from the old complaint. I can sympathize with you."

"Yes, my Lady," said Mr. Shepherd, his face brightening as he lowered himself slowly into his wooden arm-chair. "My rheumatism *has* been pretty bad of late. I have not been able to go out-of-doors for weeks, and the winter's coming on too."

"That must be very awkward for you. I have only an occasional twinge, and that's bad enough, in all conscience; in fact, I've had one or two rude reminders the last day or two. I presume, then, you are unable to follow your trade."

"No, my Lady," said Mr. Shepherd, sorrowfully this time. "I've not been able to follow my trade since we came up to London. I'm good for naught now, my Lady. It's my wife who keeps our bit of home together."

"Not having any little ones to look after, my Lady," put in Mrs. Shepherd, her red cheeks flushing deeper, "I manage to earn a few shillings by my needle, and so we get along."

"You work for the neighbors, I suppose?"

"Yes, my Lady. I make the little girls' frocks and underlinen."

"That is very creditable indeed," her Ladyship declared, and went on to inquire if Mr. Shepherd did not get any medical attention.

Mr. Shepherd explained that after the great attack of rheumatic fever that had kept him three months in bed he had attended the hospitals as an out-patient, but without obtaining much relief. It was the uselessness of his right arm that incapacitated him from following his trade. He had almost lost hope for himself; it wore his heart out to sit there like a log, day after day.

"Ah, well, you've still your boy," said her Ladyship, smiling.

"Yes, my Lady, he's a good lad." Here Christopher crimsoned and looked down at the floor. "If I had no son to watch growing up and doing something in the world, I might pray to God to take me at once."

"I am sure he will be a credit to you," said her Ladyship gently; then, interested in this little family group, she went on to ask Mr. Shepherd whence he had come, what was his trade, and various other friendly questions.

Reassured by the simple, homely manner of their sympathetic visitor, the parents were soon chatting at their ease. Christopher alone sat in silent timidity, still smarting with the consciousness of the slip he had made. Mr. Shepherd related a little of the family history: his grandfather had been foreman of a pottery, and his father in turn had worked therein as a flower-painter, while he himself had been apprenticed to the master-potter's brother, who was in the stained-glass industry. He entertained her Ladyship with an account of the tricks practised by the not too scrupulous master-potter, narrating how, under his clever supervision, exquisitely painted vases had been turned out that had been successfully put on the market as "old Sèvres," and how this same master-potter, going up to town to secure as a model for further frauds a finer specimen of the genuine Sèvres than he had yet worked from, had fallen a victim to his own guile, paying nigh a thousand pounds for one of these very fabrications. Mr. Shepherd's father, keener than his master, had been the first to identify his own craftsmanship, pointing out, to the confusion and dismay of the still incredulous potter, the flowers he himself had painted. He had soon after given up his place, in a fit of conscience, rather than continue working at specimens intended to deceive. Her Ladyship too was interested in stained glass, asking many questions as to the process, which Mr. Shepherd, gratified at her enthusiasm for the subject he understood so well, surpassed himself in answering clearly. He was very happy that his knowledge should find the appreciation of so exalted a personage when he himself was so absolutely unconsidered a unit of mankind. Quite some time went by before there came any perceptible flag in the conversation, which eventually meandered on to general lines of moralization and philosophy. At one moment, indeed, her Ladyship consolingly declared that the possession of money was for the most part a mere accident, and that those who had been thus favored ought not to set themselves up as superior to the others—a sentiment which would have made the rigidly conservative Mr. Bird stare at her in doubt as to her sanity, and which would assuredly have cost her her position had she been engaged under his benign rule.

Still her Ladyship showed little disposition to broach the subject uppermost in their minds. They were wondering at the omission, when she suddenly took up one of Christopher's books and studied its title-page through her gold glasses. "Ah, a Latin primer," she said.

"Yes, sir," ventured Christopher, succumbing again to that fatal

habit, and realizing it with sickening horror the moment the words were on his lips. Surely the lady must think him a dummy, who would never do any good in the world. He had a conviction that he had forfeited her help. His heart throbbed and fluttered; he did not dare to meet the look of the others. Worse still, there was Mr. Bird to be faced in the morning. All was finished now!

Only the others saw the smile of indulgence on her Ladyship's face.

When Christopher lifted his eyes again, he saw the visitor's hand held out to him. With a start, he shook it awkwardly. His wits had completely left him, and he did not even offer to open the door for her. Mrs. Shepherd, frowning at him, came forward hastily from the other end of the room, and her Ladyship departed, having engaged the family in much friendly gossip, but having made no distinct announcement of her intentions with respect to Christopher. The parents could only suppose she desired to consider further before committing herself to a decision, but on the whole they were hopeful. Nevertheless, on the visitor's exit a strange, nervous silence descended again on the family group, as if in reaction from the strain of conversation.

But as soon as they heard the hansom roll away, Christopher, without a word, gathered his materials and shut himself up in the tiny back room that was allotted to him. There, at the little table in the window where he usually worked, he sat for hours in depression, nursing his certainty of disaster. He had dreamed of high academic distinction, of endless money earned for the family at a guinea an hour—a fabulous rate which he had heard, half wistfully, half incredulously, was the legitimate due of a Master of Arts. But now, alas for his dreams! Though he could not fix his mind on his books, he lighted his candle as it grew darker lest his parents should become aware of the awful waste of time. They, on their part, did not disturb him: his industry was sacred.

And all the while he was suffering thus morbidly he could hear the vague drone of his parents' suppressed conversation, its rises and falls murmuring in his ears not unpleasantly. When, about eight o'clock, a second visitor knocked, he knew it was their good neighbor, Mrs. Bucknill, who lived on the floor below, and whose little girl, Dora, had guided her Ladyship and received so pretty a compliment. Christopher did not quite approve of the compliment, for, so far as he was concerned, Dora was merely a brisk, friendly body of thirteen, frankly inquisitive and sharper than was to his liking, which resulted in his being occasionally rude to her. To-night he almost resented her mother's presence, asking sulkily what right she had to meddle in his affairs; they were no doubt telling her of his maladroitness, and (as she was the sister of Mr. Woodman, the senior master at the school) the story by the morrow would be known all over the place. It was

only when Mrs. Bucknill had departed that, his harsh mood softening, he felt some remorse for his hostile feeling against that gentlewoman, who, poor and a widow, had been always kind and helpful, and on whose acquaintanceship they set great value.

At nine his mother brought him a cup of tea and some dry bread—the best supper of which their resources permitted. She set down the meal on his table, with her buxom cheeks, pale blue eyes, light hair, and white apron shining in the dim room, and asked him with bated breath how he had been getting on—as if what he was accomplishing on this evening of all evenings had quite a momentous significance.

"Pretty middling, mother," he answered.

"Only middling!" she exclaimed in severe discontent. "There's plenty more in the world can do as much as that."

She left him alone, closing the door sharply behind her. With a sigh, Christopher drank the tea but could not swallow the bread; and bed-time, an hour later, found him lamenting the lost evening and the wanton waste of almost a whole candle.

II.

At six o'clock Christopher jumped out of bed, determined that, whatever blackness the day might have in store for him, his blameless record should be preserved. He could not think for a moment of appearing before Mr. Bird with his lessons undone. So he applied himself vigorously to master Euclid's demonstration that any two sides of a triangle, taken together, were greater than the third side—a proposition so manifest to his senses that he began to suspect, for the first time in his life, that all this strange, troublesome business of lines and letters must have some relevance to actuality.

At a quarter past eight he breakfasted—the meal the exact counterpart of the previous evening's repast; then a mile's brisk walk to school, which assembled on the stroke of nine.

Mr. Bird sat majestically at his desk at the top of the great room, dominating from his position the classes ranged on long benches to the right and left, and conducted by five assistant masters and three pupil-teachers. A solemn awe radiated from his point of vantage, stimulating even the classes at the further end to unremitting attention, whilst the classes near him had a well-ordered tone of superior scholarship. Behind the head-master's seat, and set amid an expanse of glass cases and large maps, were two forbidding doors, panelled and polished, over whose mysterious threshold only grand visitors passed, pompously escorted by Mr. Bird.

The head-master himself was dry of manner and stern of speech. It was a point with him to be better dressed than his oldest subordinate, and for additional impressiveness he habitually wore a gold

pince-nez, with a duplicate in reserve for terrible moments that dangled idly from a silken cord. His rigid features were seldom known to manifest any emotion; their severity of expression remained unchanged even when he professed himself gratified or expressed approbation. An uncompromising disciplinarian, he was accepted by every soul within the walls of his school—and by many souls without it—as a figure of light and leading, beside whose majesty the grandest visitors, with their bland bearing, did not seem especially notable.

Christopher, who had charge of the youngest pupils, was fortunately at the furthest possible distance from the dread presence. It was sufficient trial to be in proximity to Mr. Bird during the two hours of afternoon tuition he received in common with the other pupil-teachers.

On entering the school that morning Christopher was perplexed as to whether he ought to volunteer some account of her Ladyship's call or wait till he was asked. Though Mr. Bird had an air of merely average severity, the boy's natural timidity helped him to decide on the latter alternative. For the head-master was of a most uncertain humor, and whoever approached him, no matter how legitimate the pretext, could never foretell what reception would be accorded him—the very act of addressing the presence being in itself a presumption, even as the omission to address it could be equally a cause of offence. And as Mr. Bird made a special remark to Christopher, he on his part said nothing to Mr. Bird, but passed down the class-room to his own place as the scholars came trooping in.

The day's work ran through its usual routine of droning instruction, Christopher with his fellow pupil-teachers receiving their special tuition during the afternoon at Mr. Bird's desk. It was only when the scholars were about to be dismissed that Mr. Bird gave any sign of desiring to talk to Christopher, and accordingly the boy waited till his principal had inspected the outpour and gravely seated himself again. They were alone under the great, beamed sky-light of the solemnly echoing room.

For awhile Mr. Bird looked at him fixedly in silence, then deliberately put on his second pince-nez.

"Since you've had nothing to say to *me*, I don't see that I am called upon to say anything to *you*."

"No, sir," said the boy in vague agreement, trembling, yet prudent.

"You've behaved to me like a pig," continued Mr. Bird with slow emphasis.

"Yes, sir," said Christopher half-tearfully.

"That which is bred in the gutter generally partakes of the nature

of the gutter," moralized Mr. Bird, staring him full in the face through the double eye-glasses.

"Yes, sir," said Christopher.

There was a pause, during which there was no relaxation of the head-master's hard gaze.

"Well?" he resumed at length.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Christopher, who, though knowing what was now expected of him, was none the less crestfallen and tortured. "I am very sorry I acted, sir, so as to offend you. And please, sir, will you overlook it this time?"

"Hum," said Mr. Bird gruffly, letting the extra pince-nez drop again to the end of its cord. "I don't know that I ought. You wear a clean collar like a gentleman, but you do not seem to have the least notion of decent manners. One would have supposed that, after the pains I have taken to help you forward, you would at least have had the common politeness to inform me how things were going. I say nothing about gratitude—that I *don't* expect."

As on the last occasion that Christopher had been in trouble with his principal it had been for "speaking when not spoken to," he was conscious of some injustice, but, not daring to feel indignation,—much less to express any,—he contented himself with hanging his head guiltily. There was another silence, which eventually he felt himself called upon to break.

"Her Ladyship, sir, came to see us yesterday, and——"

"Yes, I know, I know," said Mr. Bird, cutting him short. "I have already heard from her Ladyship."

The boy's knees knocked together. Then Mr. Bird already knew how great a fool he had made of himself!

"Her Ladyship has done me the honor," went on Mr. Bird, the hoarse vibrations of his pompous voice echoing sonorous through the darkening class-room, "to write to me in her own hand that, having called on the Shepherd family, she has since gone fully into the question of the proposed subsidy, and she has decided to make the grant of thirty pounds per annum, the amount to be administered in your interest at my discretion. Though her Ladyship is silent on the point, you must understand, of course, that the grant is subject to your continuing to show yourself worthy of its recipience."

Christopher was white with excitement and astonishment.

"Thank you, sir," he said in a hoarse whisper.

"You should thank her Ladyship," said Mr. Bird with dry magnanimity. "It is most important that you should not omit to write to her to express your gratitude and your sense of such great generosity from one in *her* station in life to one in *yours*."

"Yes, sir," murmured Christopher.

"Her Ladyship," continued Mr. Bird, with the best approach to a smile of which his face was capable, "has, in fact, already enclosed a check for the first quarter's instalment."

Christopher's lips moved, but he could find nothing to say that seemed adequate to the occasion.

"I am to use the amount for your benefit at my discretion, let me remind you," resumed Mr. Bird. "And, naturally, I have devoted some thought to the subject."

"Thank you, sir," said the boy.

"Now the fact is, I scarcely care to entrust your education to other hands. For my part, I am perfectly willing to make great sacrifices in order to give you all the necessary tuition myself. I really fail to see why we should waste money on outsiders—hum?" Here Mr. Bird assumed a friendlier mien. "Now let me see; you are just turned fifteen, and the lowest age at which candidates are accepted for matriculation is sixteen. So that if we devote two years to preparation before you venture, we shall be quite early enough."

"I shall try to do you credit, sir," said Christopher, who accepted Mr. Bird's scholarship at Mr. Bird's valuation.

"Very well then,—that is all I look for." And, after again dwelling on the personal sacrifice on his part, both of time and convenience, the head-master agreed to place himself at Christopher's disposal for one hour each day immediately after the morning school, which would still leave them an hour for their respective mid-day meals.

"Now as to books: To save expense I purpose to lend you those from my own library. I hope you will use them carefully and keep them nicely covered."

"I will, sir."

"Now the question arises, how is this check from her Ladyship to be disposed of?"

Christopher reddened.

"Well, what do you think?" insisted Mr. Bird.

"I suppose you ought to take that, sir, for teaching me," murmured Christopher awkwardly.

"Oh, come, come," said Mr. Bird with another of his unsuccessful smiles; "that would be a nice thing, indeed. Surely you don't imagine that thirty pounds a year would be anything like a return for the time and trouble I shall be devoting to your interests."

"No, sir," said Christopher confusedly.

Mr. Bird drew out his purse, and counting out seven pounds and ten shillings in gold placed them in a little pile on his desk.

"I purpose, then," he resumed in the tone of a public dignitary making an announcement, "to hand over this grant to you, as I receive it from time to time, so that your parents may employ it for your benefit as they may think proper."

Having been given permission to take possession of this fortune, Christopher agitatedly transferred it to his pocket under the discomposing eye of his principal. And as now there seemed nothing further to be said, the lad waited for his dismissal.

"Have you anything further to ask me?" inquired the head-master.

"No, sir, thank you," said Christopher, erroneously taking this as a dismissal. "Good-evening, sir."

Up again went the terrible second eye-glass. Christopher, faint with excitement and want of food, trembled at this unmistakable announcement of some new fault.

"You are a self-opinionated lad," declared Mr. Bird. "But I suppose you know best. Doubtless you think you can do it better than I."

"I don't know what you mean, if you please, sir."

"I shouldn't be surprised if that were really the case. You are so ill-bred that you don't know the difference between right conduct and wrong conduct. Consequently you may indulge in piggish behavior without being aware of it," said Mr. Bird contemptuously, letting the pince-nez fall again. "You have a most important letter to prepare, and it does not even occur to you to desire my assistance in setting forth an adequate expression of your gratitude to her Ladyship. But, as I've already said, I suppose you know best."

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I meant to ask you, only I forgot."

"There are things that *must* not be forgotten," returned Mr. Bird.

"Only let me understand—do you wish for my help or not?"

"Yes, if you please, sir."

"Very well. I shall draft you a suitable letter to-night, which you can copy in the morning. Now run away home."

"Good-afternoon, sir," said Christopher.

"All right. Run away home," growled Mr. Bird.

III.

THERE was joy in the Shepherd household that evening. Christopher and his father sat in a dazed happiness, the more masterful mother, to whom the right of autocracy had long since been ceded, having promptly taken possession of the golden treasure. Naturally, she was excited and talked a great deal, but the boy scarcely listened. so occupied was he with his own dreams, and subdued by the sense of responsibility that possessed him.

He meant to work with all his might and add every possible moment to his hours of study. Though he but vaguely knew how his ultimate future was likely to shape itself, the abstractions, "Distinction" and "Prosperity," were brilliantly satisfying. It sufficed for the present that his destiny should be declaring itself as essentially different from that of all other lads he knew. He felt in touch with things and possi-

bilities that were far off from them, heard splendid echoes, discerned dazzling phantasms. His life tended forward yearningly, called to a mission of undefined success, whereas they were left behind in the common routine of things.

His thoughts went off into details of his work. He would rise at half-past five and study till eight, and in the evening he would have from six till ten. Allowing for interruptions, that would give him from forty to fifty hours a week. He traced all out eagerly, longed to be settled under the new régime, without regret for the out-door games now to be sacrificed, and feeling the coming work as a feverish pleasure.

Meanwhile his mother, who had still a couple of shillings, originally destined for the maintenance of the household till the end of the week, ran out a-marketing, and without breaking into their new fortune was able to set before them a luxurious supper of boiled haddock, with butter for the bread and milk and sugar for the tea! Moreover, the front room was brilliant with the light of two candles, so that Mr. Shepherd was able to think of taking up one of his books for an hour's quiet reading. There was perhaps a score of volumes on the shelf, including a family Bible, an illustrated Shakespeare, "Ten Thousand Wonderful Things," "The Essays of Elia," "The Pilgrim's Progress," "The Arabian Nights," "Don Quixote," and a big one-volume Cyclopædia.

When he had decided to read, Mr. Shepherd would draw his horn-rimmed spectacles from their case, carefully polish them, and fix them almost on the end of his nose; then, holding his book at arm's length, he would soon pass into a happier world. The Cyclopædia had always been his favorite, as it aimed at "edifying as well as instructing." With a taste for acquiring varied information, Mr. Shepherd had gleaned much astonishing knowledge from its inexhaustible pages, his interest often overflowing into the family circle.

It was, in fact, to this Cyclopædia that the present happy turn of circumstances was really due. Christopher, often listening to the bits of general information as well as to the strange out-of-the-way things read out aloud by his father, had absorbed them eagerly and been stimulated to browse for himself. He had come to love turning the pages of the book during odd spare moments, with the result that very soon after his engagement at the school he had astonished his principal by an unexpected minute acquaintance with the dimensions of the Great Wall of China. Then gradually the versatility of his knowledge, absolutely abnormal in a pupil-teacher, had revealed itself. His compositions were replete with curious facts. Even the omniscient head-master sometimes learned things that tickled his interest. A crowd of people closely packed weighed eighty-five pounds per super-

ficial foot, a cavalry horse weighed eleven hundredweight, a cow seven hundredweight, a sheep one. Soft-boiled eggs took three hours digesting, and sago only one hour and three-quarters; cucumbers resulted in fat as to one per cent., whereas ten per cent. of pork ran to muscle, and eleven per cent. of lamb. Christopher knew the fat and muscle properties of turnips, cabbages, apples, veal, beef, chicken, and a score of other succulent things, the enumeration of which increased the pangs of his semi-starvation. He had frozen in the winter evenings, but he knew how many cubic feet were occupied respectively by a ton of hard coal and a ton of soft coal, whether in lumps or broken small. Essays composed at the school-desk on such divergent subjects as "the upas tree" and "the mechanism of the human heart" had completed Mr. Bird's conviction that the lad was a genius.

In a region as yet virgin soil to "University Extension" schemes, only just hatched at Oxford, Christopher had little difficulty in living up to his rising reputation; it was easy—with some intelligence and much industry—to shine among compeers who, with an intellectual curiosity at zero, cared to acquire little more than what they would have to teach, and whose greatest talent expressed itself in nice lines ruled in tinted inks and outline maps of the two hemispheres. Of the latter they colored considerable portions red with a corresponding zest, and loved to linger on the notion that one particular tiny red bit could, if it liked, conquer an immense ochre lump.

IV.

THE news of Christopher's good fortune soon spread, touching his little world to a sense of romance.

Amidst the general enthusiasm, Mr. Bird alone remained impassive; his dignity could know no fluttering. He drew up a long, pompous letter to her Ladyship, which the boy admiringly copied in his best handwriting; nay, the document, shown about, was spoken of in warmest terms of commendation by Mr. Woodman, who to the weight of senior assistantship added the reputation of an extremely critical stylist. Though such a masterpiece was naturally to be expected from Mr. Bird, it nevertheless deepened the general respect for his abilities.

On the following Saturday Christopher, now directed in every step by his principal, travelled to Burlington House for a syllabus of the first examination. It was an hour's journey by omnibus from the southern suburb to Piccadilly, and Christopher was borne through a London of which he had hitherto been able to see little, and whose pulsating endlessness and magnificent gamut gave him an impression of vast bewilderment. Passing on foot through Vigo Street, he paused at the broad outer steps of the immense building, trying to realize that this palace, with its architectural front and dusky statuary, was to be

involved in his own little life. It was with a troubled mind he mounted to the portico of the great door—an audacious proceeding to which he was only strung up by his faith in Mr. Bird. It was as if he were entering under the personal escort of his principal.

Fortunately he had not to find his way any further, for just within the portal was an open room where an official distributed syllabuses to inquirers, and Christopher, scarcely venturing to look about him, turned away with only a vague impression of grand spaces and a majestic stairway. Almost in a dream he found his omnibus again, with no thought of lingering in these oppressively brilliant regions.

That same night his father read through the syllabus aloud, and declared he would not undertake to master "all that lot" even in five years; whilst Mrs. Shepherd, overwhelmed by the amount and variety of learning her boy was expected to absorb, mentally determined to keep up his strength by nourishing him generally; and Christopher, inflamed by the wonderment of his elders, went to bed puffed up with pride and vanity.

He called by appointment the next evening at the head-master's house to take away the books the loan of which had been promised him. Mr. Bird lived in a ten-roomed villa with a large garden, wherein many flowers gleamed but no children played. He did not mix socially with his subordinates, but shone amid a superior set of his own. Little was known of the doings of that set in Christopher's world beyond crumbs of gossip falling from time to time and canvassed eagerly by everybody, from the seniors and their wives downward.

The head-master's establishment was a dazzling one, maintained on a basis of mahogany upholstery, plate-glass mirrors, and two smart maid-servants—handsome, refined creatures, inspiring deference in their master's inferiors. For although Mr. Bird's salary was not considerable, he had yet by diligent saving and judicious investment acquired many houses, rack-rented tenement property that brought him twenty per cent., and he had, moreover, married a woman whose face was her sole misfortune.

The visit to the head-master at home was less agitating to Christopher than might have been expected. He had already been there once or twice to help Mr. Bird put his library in order—the request of such service being a special mark of favor extended now to one of the lads, now to another, and paid with a generous half-crown from the master, and plum-cake and wine or other nice things from the gentler mistress. Somehow, in his own home, Mr. Bird was less to be dreaded, as he was less ready to be offended, and though his geniality was always glacial, he had been known to unbend to the extent of a pleasantry. His wife too was an alleviation of the atmosphere, though she, simple body, foolishly clinging to dyes and cosmetics, and the

belief that her dead youth still lived, had long since been reduced to nonentity by the austere, iron soul with which she had bound up her own. Childless herself, she was pleased when any of the lads appeared, and kind to the verge of indiscretion.

When Christopher had gathered together all the books likely to be of use to him, Mr. Bird, by head-masterly habit, pressed the customary half-crown into his palm, and Mrs. Bird, by motherly instinct, gave him chocolate-creams and raisins and port wine.

Arrived at his home again, he found Dora Bucknill and her mother paying his parents a visit, as they often did on Sunday evenings. The girl, who was not at all shy, came forward and gave him her hand in a frank, hearty way.

"What a lovely lot of books!" she exclaimed, her eyes sparkling eagerly, as he proudly set them out on the table. "I wish I knew everything that's in them."

"And what use would that be to you, my lass?" asked Mr. Shepherd good-humoredly.

"It wouldn't be exactly for use," retorted Dora, "but I should like to know everything that is to be known—yes, everything!"

"Girls want nowadays to go in for matriculation and the B. A., and we'll soon have to allow them," Christopher assured the company.

"I think a woman ought to *be* a woman," insisted Mrs. Shepherd. "In time one won't be able to tell a woman from a man."

"Oh, there'll always be petticoats and breeches," laughed Mr. Shepherd.

"I don't know so much about that," exclaimed his wife prophetically.

As the girl lingered over the books, Christopher went through them with her.

"I wish I were you, Chris," she said, as she helped him to arrange them on a shelf. The parents had lapsed into gossip of their own.

"Oh, well, what's the use of wishing?" he asked.

"It's nice to fancy things sometimes," said Dora dreamily. "Don't you think so?"

Christopher shook his head.

"It's only waste of time if there's no chance of their coming about," he took her up half-rebukingly. He had imbibed utilitarian notions from his principal.

"Well, I *like* to sit and wish for things or to be something different," insisted Dora, unabashed. "You have always so much to do in the evenings, but I have to sit alone with mother after Mary's tucked up in bed, and I've read all our books, you know, and mother doesn't always want to talk to me."

"Why doesn't your uncle lend you some of his books?"

"He does, but very seldom. Almost every book I touch he says is too hard. If I say it isn't, he opens it, looks for a difficult word, and asks me to explain it. If I can't, he says, 'You see!' I'm not at all pleased when uncle catches me that way, because I'm really cleverer than he, only he has the advantage of being older."

"How conceited you are!"

"Not at all," she said airily. "It doesn't take much to be cleverer than uncle. Besides, I catch him as often as he catches me."

"You can't be working very hard at your short-hand," he said.

"Ugh!" Dora shivered. "I hate it! It's so dull having to make all those lines and curves. Of course, I must stick to it, as we are so poor, but sometimes I feel it's going to drive me mad. I wish we had a piano. I love music. If father had lived I should have had everything."

Dora, on whom it was incumbent to earn her own living, had been promised a place in an office as soon as she knew short-hand, and Woodman was instructing her. Her sprightliness notwithstanding, she was at bottom a willing and industrious little person, overflowing with sunny good-nature and an eager helpfulness.

Christopher was glad she hadn't a piano and told her so. How could he study with banging going on day and night?

"You're not very polite," she said stiffly. "Music isn't banging."

"You needn't get angry," he suggested.

"I'm not angry," she protested. "Only *you* ought to be careful what you say. One doesn't mind what an ordinary person says, but when a person has the name of being clever it's different."

"Have I the name of being clever?" he stammered.

"As if you didn't know! Oh, Chris, what a pretender you are!"

"You're not very polite," he complained in his turn.

"I'm so sorry," she exclaimed in mock evasion. "Is it hurt very badly? What a naughty frown on its pretty face! Mamma's own little darling boy—there, there!"

"You're old enough to have more sense," he snapped drily.

She raised herself to her full height and looked at him.

"That's the way Mr. Bird sometimes talks to *you*," she said. "Like master, like pupil."

"You shouldn't be so freakish," he murmured apologetically. "You always remind me of a kitten."

"I wish I *were* a kitten—I shouldn't have to learn short-hand," laughed Dora. "But I won't tease it any more since it takes it so unkindly. It's positively growing more like Mr. Bird every day. It'll grow up very stern, with a brick-dust complexion, and wear a double eye-glass, and speak in a hoarse roar. Attention!—stand back there!"

—stand back there I say!" She glared as through a double eye-glass, mimicked Mr. Bird's delivery, and set herself a-coughing.

"Dora, Dora," said her mother, looking towards her reprovingly.

"He is an old frog," insisted the irrepressible Dora. "Shouldn't I like to see him get a shaking!"

"Dora!" repeated her mother.

The Shepherds looked horrified.

"It's very easy to make fun," said Christopher.

"Yes—of Mr. Bird," assented Dora.

"He's a good, sensible man, my child," said Mr. Shepherd gently.

Dora made a *moue*, but was silent. The elders resumed their conversation. They were used to the girl's frolicsome irreverence, and as her mimicry more often amused than shocked them they did not scold her further. She knew, however, she was in for a private lecture from her mother a little later.

"I know *you* disapprove of me, Chris," she said. "You think me 'frivolous'—uncle thought he was going to catch me with *that* word the other day. I told him it meant 'feminine,' and then he said I knew more than he had given me credit for."

"You're too difficult to talk to," grumbled Christopher, "but you're not a bad sort all the same."

She courtsied him a "thank you."

"I say, Chris," she went on, "if you've anything for me to copy during the week, I shall have time, you know."

"I daresay I can find plenty for you, once I get started," he assured her.

"I like copying for you," she said. Her tongue protruded for a moment thoughtfully.

"You're not a bad sort," repeated Christopher.

V.

THE masterly activity of Mrs. Shepherd soon placed the family existence on a surer basis. As she had explained to her Ladyship, she had managed to earn a few shillings by her needle, but now, backed up by the new capital, she launched out more boldly, and, obtaining a sewing-machine, made a bid for a more extended clientèle among her neighbors. But, despite all her terrible work, the family had barely a mechanic's wages to live upon. Nevertheless, by contrast with the preceding period of penury there was a feeling of happy prosperity about the household, and Christopher's prospects opened up avenues towards the sunlight.

Amid all this bustle poor Mr. Shepherd suffered many a pang. The breathless movement of his wife, a-running out for hasty marketing and making a dash at the cooking and working the machine-treadle

all in a whirl, seemed a constant reproach to him. Still he bestirred himself as much as possible, and often went pottering round to butcher and baker with his carpet-bag, leaning heavily on his thick staff. At home he would watch the pots and kettles, learning to manipulate them, and saving Mrs. Shepherd many a wild rush across the room at inopportune moments. He even made further advance, taking over the peeling of potatoes and the shelling of peas, though he never became an adept at these processes.

A few days after Christopher had settled down to serious study a half-holiday came round, and, rejoicing in the extra time at his disposal, he shut himself up for the afternoon. But he had not been long at work when a smart rapping at the door made itself heard above the whirr of the machine, and Mr. Shepherd limped across the room to open. Three gorgeously belted lads stood in the threshold and removed their caps—striped in red, white, and blue—with a respectful “good-afternoon.” One of them, somewhat burly in build, but very fair in the face, with blue eyes, curly hair, and a good-humored but otherwise vapid expression, stepped to the fore.

“Is Chris at home, please?” he asked with a bashful smile that was almost a grin.

“Yes,” said Mr. Shepherd. “Won’t you come in, my lads?”

“And what do you want with Christopher?” intervened Mrs. Shepherd sharply. She had stopped her machine and bent forward eagerly to listen.

The boy stared forward shamefacedly straight at the mantel-piece, whereon stood some of the restored treasures of the family, old brass once again making a harmony with ancient crockery.

“We thought he might come to the park this afternoon to play football,” he stammered. “We’ve an important match on, and we’re a man short.”

“Christopher has something else to do,” said Mrs. Shepherd drily. “And let me tell you, once for all, I’m not going to have my boy ruined by you lazy, good-for-nothing young loafers. You don’t do any work yourself, and you won’t let anybody else do any.”

They stood about guiltily, she frowning at them menacingly; Mr. Shepherd, meekly neutral, with his hand always on the handle of the wide-open door. Then Christopher, drawn by the sounds of contention, emerged from seclusion and mastered the situation at a glance.

“Ah, how do you do, Corry?” he exclaimed, flashing at the discomfited spokesman a look of friendly reassurance. His quaint touch of provincial accent made his speech softer and smoother than that of his friend. “Sorry I can’t join you any more. I wish I could, you know, but I’m very busy.” He proceeded also to greet one of the other lads, Johnson by name, but the third and oldest was a stranger to him.

Mrs. Shepherd restarted her treadle at a furious pace, as if to indicate she no longer recognized the presence of the visitors. Christopher, pen in hand, stepped outside the room to talk to them a moment, closing the door behind him.

"Can't you really come?" persisted Corry. "I'd like to see anybody make *me* stick in-doors over books."

"Well, you need only learn what you have to teach," said Christopher, "but I have to take my 'B. A.' Can't think of foot-ball again till I'm through."

"Well, if that's all you get out of being clever," chimed in Johnson scornfully, "then I'm jolly glad I'm such a duffer."

For a moment Christopher almost felt his cleverness as a humiliation. He did not relish being addressed in that way before a stranger, and had to soothe his ruffled temper by denouncing the speaker as a jackass.

"Now then, boys, no quarrelling!" said Corry conciliatingly. "Oh, I say, this is my friend, Tom Tickton," he went on, introducing the stranger—a well-grown youth of eighteen, with an incipient mustache and a double watch-chain. "He's a jolly good one to have in our set, you know; thinks we're made of the right stuff and is going to captain us this afternoon."

"Glad to know you," said Tickton with courteous deference. Till then he had stood shyly in the background, chewing his upper lip and staring at his boots. "I've heard an awful lot about you."

Christopher's pride rose again in undiminished splendor. He too had heard of Tickton, who was condescending enough to consort with a younger set and to "stand" ices and lend sixpences with a charming nonchalance. Gazing in admiration at this big, red-cheeked, honey-tongued captain, Christopher felt it really *was* a pity he must refuse the proffered chance of vanquishing the foe under so splendid a leader.

"Well," he said at last, "I must go in now, but I shall be taking a little walk after tea and shall come and look on for five minutes. Hope you'll give them a fine licking."

It was not without difficulty that Christopher was able to break off these old relations and make his friends understand he really could not spare any time for games. They let him alone at last; and, whilst they played joyously in the sunny air, he threw himself into his work with a passionate ardor that sustained him through the long months of unmerciful striving, without its occurring to him to look on himself as in the least degree a martyr. It seemed to him perfectly natural and reasonable that all his leisure should be given up to study, and his perception of constant progress gave him a more exquisite pleasure than he had ever derived from the games now abandoned.

And ever before him rose the great building of the university whose

threshold he had crossed, symbol of a world with which he was concerned, and which was immeasurably beyond the reach of his fellows; and if the vision deepened the feeling of his solitary responsibility, it also inspired him to stand erect under the burden.

Yet his path was not altogether even, for the unfortunate Christopher was constantly crossing the difficult humors of his principal. Try as he might, friction, more or less serious, arose at least once a month, Mr. Bird as regularly exacting his apology. Mr. Bird thrived on apologies, gratefully inhaling an atmosphere laden with them, and stifling visibly when transgressions languished. He never specified the grounds of offence, leaving the offender to struggle with the enigma his displeasure always involved. To fail to solve the enigma was to get into deeper trouble, since that was a certain indication of ill-breeding and moral ignorance.

Such defects were occasionally attributed to Christopher, and in such degree that Mr. Bird, who from being the medium of her Ladyship's generosity had come to have all the feeling of original benefactor, would, actuated by a high sense of duty, temporarily hold back the quarterly subsidy, to the great distress and consternation of the family, as well as the disgrace at home of the lad himself; and it would require the tears of his mother, hurrying to the school in her best dress to the entire derangement of her day's work and earnings, together with the most complete abasement on the part of Christopher, to extract an unwilling forgiveness as gruff as ungracious. On such occasions Mr. Bird would usually discourse on the nature of people who lived in the gutter, dragging himself and his own virtues into the dissertation, and claiming that, though in his youth he had had to apply himself much more closely than Christopher, he had never swerved a hair's breadth from the finest breeding.

Of Dora now Christopher saw very little, for not only had Mrs. Bucknill found it convenient to transfer her genteel home to other rooms in the vicinity, but Dora had long since taken up the position that had been promised her. He remembered her running in excitedly to inform them of the fact, and how her face had suddenly fallen as she exclaimed, "I'm so sorry now I can't come in any more to help a little!"

And, indeed, she was missed by everybody, for not only had she copied things neatly for Christopher and made herself invaluable to his mother, but her presence had brightened life for Mr. Shepherd, whom her wicked little tongue had often moved to merriment.

It is true the poor man had a few other visitors, people from his own town settled in London before him, and especially an old fellow-apprentice of his who had risen to the foremanship of a stained-glass factory in Lambeth, but the loss of his little favorite was an irreparable

blow. However, he was made happy on Sunday evenings, when she still continued to come regularly with her mother.

In the meanwhile Christopher had struck a new acquaintanceship—through the introduction of Mr. Carr, the second assistant—with a Mr. Robert Harford, a teacher at a neighboring school who had been seized with the ambition for academic distinction rather late in life. As the boy got into the habit of passing his Sunday evenings at the house of his new friend, he began to see less and less of the Bucknills, and as with the passing months he became more and more absorbed, dwelling little on things external, these gentlefolk passed, so far as he was concerned, almost into the regions of unreality. Though he and Dora had “quarrelled” so much in the past, he grew in time to be as supremely unconcerned with her as he was with the girls he saw in the streets—mere elements of the general background of population, amid which he pursued his abstracted way.

The friendship with Harford proved to be an important departure in Christopher's life. Harford, though forty and bearded, was still a bachelor, and lived with his aged parents in a trim little house, in whose atmosphere of luxury, on a level with Mr. Bird's, Christopher expanded with a new social dignity. The neat study, overlooking a tidy lawn and flower-beds, was fitted with a big carved book-case and luxurious writing materials and many drawers and pigeon-holes, which the boy envied and coveted. Harford, who was fairly well-to-do, had taken up matriculation work some half dozen years before, and had already sat for the examination several times without success. Ignoring the discrepancy in their ages, he was delighted to know somebody within easy reach who was striving for the same goal as himself, and suggested they should do some of the work together. Having no immediate definite plans, and studying merely for pleasure, he was quite willing that his next sitting should synchronize with Christopher's.

Their intimacy grew apace, Christopher naturally looking up to Harford, and flattered by his association with so mature and prosperous a person, who was always smartly dressed and wore a gold watch and chain and a fine opal ring and a rich pencil-case fitted with leads in three colors, and who wrote him long confidential notes that began with “My dear Christopher Shepherd” and ended “Your sincere fellow-student, Robert Scott Harford,” with many vigorous strokes and flourishes about the signature. Besides, Harford seemed so familiar with the ground and possessed all sorts of wonderful auxiliary books—collections of questions set in this or that subject since the foundation of the university, and furnished with model answers and long introductions of advice to students! And it was so perfectly delightful to commune with such a simple, friendly soul, who laughed with a great roar and was, moreover, so obliging, sympathetic, and even-tempered!

So, closeted with him, Christopher spent not a few hours in study, charmed at the deference with which his large, bearded friend received his remarks and opinions, and enjoying being served tea and cake by the neat-capped maid-servant. Harford's chief difficulty was with his Greek verbs, and after having wrestled with the tables all these years he would be still pacing up and down, trying to fix in his mind the ever-elusive intricacies of the paradigm of *tupto*. He confided to Christopher that he looked forward to the moment when, previous to successfully sitting for his final degree, he should be running over this accursed paradigm for the last time in his life.

But Harford, it appeared, had ideas other than scholastic. Though he never went to the theatre, he liked immensely to be reading plays, and had an innocent fancy for writing them. A pile of exercise-books filled with past efforts lay nicely in a drawer. Harford would invent a plot and would, with characteristic system, devote one special evening each week to its elaboration. His manuscript had a beautiful appearance, for he wrote a copper-plate hand, hated blots, and loathed a clumsy erasure. As each act was finished he would read it over to Christopher with remarkable gusto and frequent bursts of mighty laughter. A favorite character of his was "the devil," who had secret dealings with the other personages, and "enter the devil" was a common stage-instruction in all those exercise-books full of farce and comedy, for Harford conceived his incoherent plots in a spirit of pure fun, and roared as he wrote as much as he roared in reading.

Otherwise there was little to change the tenor of the days. Imperceptibly the seasons passed into each other. The gossip of his world came to Christopher as through chinks in his armor of seclusion. Everything grew older, and he with it. The small boys at the school became medium-sized, the medium-sized passed on to Mr. Bird's end and lockers with ink-wells. Mr. Bird was a trifle grayer, a trifle gruffer; Christopher and Corry had arrived at the ungainly period of adolescence, and a new pupil-teacher looked up to them as his seniors.

One day her Ladyship came to visit the school, and the deferential principal, thrilled with the high honor of such close contact with aristocracy, escorted her in state through the class-room. She spoke gently and encouragingly to Christopher, now grown shyer than before from his habit of seclusion, professing herself delighted with Mr. Bird's reports and bidding him persevere bravely. She was certain he would succeed, she said. He, mindful of his gaucherie at her first appearance, was careful not to repeat it; and she shook him by the hand and sent her kind regards to his parents, inquiring most solicitously about their health, and about Mr. Shepherd's rheumatism in particular, ere she followed Mr. Bird back again through the long school-room and disappeared with him through one of the sacred doors.

VI.

THE dread January of matriculation was close at hand. For five consecutive days, morning and afternoon, aspirants to the portal of the university were to present themselves at Burlington House to prove their competent knowledge of the appointed subjects.

Some little time before the date fixed, Harford and Christopher went up together to inscribe their names on the register and to pay their fees. Christopher, mindful of his first tremulous pilgrimage hither, duly appreciated the companionship. He admired the calm confidence with which Harford ascended these stately steps, crossed the vast hall, and, scorning inquiry, unhesitatingly led the way up the grand stairway.

The registration having been effected, Harford insisted on Christopher's dining with him, and took him across Regent Street to the Café Monico, much to the boy's overwhelming, for he had never set foot in such a place in his life, and simulated with difficulty the ease and assurance with which Harford trod these high planes of existence, so remote from the humble home that resounded all day with the whirr of his mother's sewing-machine.

When he had parted with his mentor Christopher's spirits fell again. The thing was done. No power on earth, it seemed to him, could recall the step. He had plunged, and must sink or swim. But he did not at all feel sure of himself. Only the day before he had been toying with the seductive notion of delaying his candidature till the next examination, six months hence, but he had not had the courage for such a public exhibition of cowardice, nor could he have dared to ask Mr. Bird's approval of such a departure from their original arrangements. Of course, if he failed, he could sit again the next time, but the very thought of failure made his heart stand still.

And when he passed from mournful misgiving to definite appraisal of his equipment for the ordeal, there did not appear to be a single subject in which he felt sure of proficiency. In the time that yet remained it seemed impossible that he could make good his defects. A black depression came upon him. He wished himself dead.

Nevertheless, it was essential for him to make a last desperate spurt. Unhampered these last few weeks by Mr. Bird, with whom he had already covered all the ground, he concentrated himself on his weak points, staying up whole nights with a pot of coffee and his head bound in a damp towel. And all this while his father sat with bated breath, whilst his mother, in dread of a break-down, strained every nerve that he might lack for nothing, nourishing him on delicacies, and rising at unearthly hours to prepare broths for him.

On the last day he was all but overwhelmed by the number of wishes

for his success received from everybody he knew, both in the school and without, and even from neighbors he scarcely knew at all. Mrs. Bucknill and Dora once more stepped out of the shadows to speed him with eager good-will. The publicity both of his undertaking and of the possible consequent disaster impressed itself on him alarmingly. If only he were more obscure, could slip in quietly among the throng of candidates and be rejected without anybody being the wiser! The consciousness of all those eyes watching him weighed on him like a nightmare.

The morning arrived.

He had retired early the night before, but had not slept for five minutes. He was glad to be out of bed again, though his eyelids were heavy and swollen and his temples throbbed; his limbs trembled as he dressed himself in his best suit, that lay ready-brushed, and put on a new collar and a beautiful silk bow. But he could not swallow a crumb, his mother's solicitude notwithstanding. Broths and delicacies failed to tempt him, and he went off with an empty stomach through the raw, drizzling morning, taking with him the books and notes he would be conning over till the very last moment.

At the agreed place of meeting he found Harford waiting for him, and the two journeyed together to Burlington Gardens. They found the terrace outside and the great hall within a-swarm with candidates, from whom rose a stupendous hum of desperate learning and careless conversation. Harford, the experienced, to whom the occasion was meat and drink, soon found, by consulting the index-boards, to which of the rooms their numbers were allotted, and the two, having with difficulty found place for their hats and coats on a great rack near the room designated, took up a position close at hand and proceeded to cram for dear life. But Christopher, after a desperate gulp, abandoned the effort as useless. "I must chance it now," he said, and stuffed his book again into his overcoat pocket. Then for the remaining moments he gave himself up to watching the crowd, that even intruded stragglingly on to the awesome spaces of the grand stairway. As he knew from the lists at the back of the University Calendar, the greater proportion usually came from seminaries with fine-sounding appellations, and had from childhood been accustomed to the subjects which he had taken up for the first time. He felt almost out-of-place here; he, the struggling child of poverty, timidly moving amid these scions—as they loomed to him—of the rich and the aristocracy. With what easy self-confidence they swaggered about, exhaling an atmosphere of sport and holidays and large allowances, most of them his seniors, with a liberal sprinkling of the bearded, and even some half-score of the aged clutching at academic certificates ere the grave should swallow them. With what polished, smooth voices they chatted, assembled in insouciant groups! How they would despise him if they only knew!

On the stroke of ten the folding-doors swung open and the candidates, who had pressed forward like a crowd of pittites, went pouring into the examination-room. Christopher was soon at his desk, feverishly looking through the questions; then, drawing a breath of relief, he was soon at work rendering a fine passage from Horace into the plainest of English prose. As the morning advanced he felt himself getting through all the questions fairly; and, in the end, only three halves were left unanswered.

He breathed more freely at lunch-time, when he was rejoined in the hall by Harford, who emerged with his face shining gloriously.

"Easy paper—I simply walked through it!" he exclaimed. "How did you get along?"

There were two hours' interval, but there was no need to leave the building, as Harford knew of a restaurant in the basement. Christopher was quite ready to eat a little now, so they repaired below, where Harford was hailed by a clean-shaven young man, smart in eye-glasses and tall collar, with whom he had scraped acquaintance during a former sitting when both had been ploughed. Each having a friend with him, mutual introductions were effected, and a note-comparing coterie was thus established which met in the mornings and at lunch-time throughout the week. From the knowing gossip that sparkled from the vigorous lips of these new associates, Christopher, listening humbly, learned the odd, floating traditions current in examination weeks—of sensational blunders of examiners, of historic misprints in papers, of brilliant students ejected, caught in numberless underhand devices of ingenious detail, or self-betrayed by surreptitious notes negligently left amid the manuscripts of replies; and he made his bow to the rumor, tested by generations of experience, that if, out of the ten questions in any paper, three and a bit were done well, a pass was secured. Altogether it was pleasant and encouraging society for Christopher, and he no longer felt so lost amid these masses of forbidding plutocracy.

His first afternoon's performance, however, was scarcely equal to the morning's, for he was conscious of making rather a mess of his attempt to turn the English sentences into Latin. He had the idea, however, that his paper was not fatally deficient. But it was of little use speculating: the only thing was to turn to the next subject, to go forward, and to get through the week.

At home he put on a more confident air—to reassure his anxious parents—and pleased his mother by doing justice to the meal provided. And whilst Mrs. Shepherd put on her bonnet to carry to the head-master's house the line of report Christopher had promised to send him daily, the boy himself slipped out for a few moments, as he had promised to look in at the Bucknill's on his return home. He had

agreed to do so the more readily as he felt he had been neglecting them for a long time, and he had never lost the sense that they were the closest friends of the family.

He found them in their new quarters, which, somehow, he had not yet visited. Their sitting-room was a little larger than their old one, and the same genteel furniture was displayed to more genteel advantage. There was a touch of pride about this lady-like home, redolent of widowhood and reduced circumstances, an insistence on the superiority of the family to its means. Mrs. Bucknill welcomed him in her gentle, dignified way, and Dora, who was sewing, put down her work and shook hands with him unaffectedly. Mary, the little sister, was reading "Grimm's Fairy Tales." He told them briefly of the day's adventures, and stayed to have a cup of coffee that they pressed on him. They seemed definitely to have resumed their old reality, their old place in his existence, though Dora, now fifteen, struck him as somewhat lanky in her short frock, and as soberer than the sprightly person of two years before.

"How pale and worn you look, Chris," said the girl softly. "I suppose you'll be taking a good rest after this week?"

"I'm not quite sure," he answered. "I've got so used to studying that I should feel miserable with nothing to do after school hours."

"But you ought to have some amusement—to go to theatres and concerts a little."

The boy's austere soul shuddered at the notion of these extravagant, sensuous gayeties.

"I prefer to stick to my work," he declared stolidly.

"I should love to be able to go to theatres," said the girl, her needle stitching steadily.

"Indeed!" said her mother. "And where are *you* likely to get the money from?"

"Of course, I know I can't have the things I long for," she explained, "but it's lovely to dream of them all the same. I remember Christopher's disapproving of that habit of mine long ago. He said it was waste of time."

"And so it is," pronounced Christopher bluntly. "It's down-right foolish as well."

"That's too bad, Chris," said Dora, half-laughing. "You really oughtn't to be so rude to a young lady as to tell her she's foolish."

"Oh, I beg your pardon," returned Christopher with sarcastic emphasis. "I had no intention of being rude. I merely thought I could talk to you without your putting on airs."

"I put on airs!" exclaimed Dora in surprise.

"Well, if one mayn't tell you the truth in a straightforward way without being called rude——" said Christopher, who was all for blunt-

ness, and who disapproved of what he mentally designated as "all that nonsense."

"I think Christopher's perfectly right," said Mrs. Bucknill. "I've noticed of late, Dora, that you're a bit inclined to have strange ideas."

"Then I shall keep my thoughts all to myself—my poor thoughts that hurt nobody," declared Dora, calm and dignified under reproof. "After taking down dull dry letters all day long, I musn't indulge in dreams of something nicer!"

"Well, then," said Christopher, rising, "I must now leave you to your dreams; I have realities to go back to."

The week moved through its slow course, packed with a lifetime of emotion, an unending succession of hopes and fears, of exaltation and depression, of varied experiences at lunch-time, of fierce cramming at the last moment as twice daily he took up his post outside the swing-doors, flying open on the stroke of the hour. He began to feel as if he had been engaged in answering papers from the very day of his birth. The neighboring area of Piccadilly and Bond Street, Burlington Arcade and Regent Street, became as familiar to his vision as his own quarter; he grew to be on incredible terms of intimacy with Burlington House itself, treading its majestic spaces without a tremor. Then suddenly he realized this new, exciting existence had come to an end.

Reviewing his performance, he did not feel justified in committing himself in answer to inquiries to more than "fairly well." Harford, who had "simply walked through" every paper in succession, was in high elation; whereas Christopher, who was most worried about his geometry paper, was obviously abstracted and despondent. Of the three possible degrees of success—honors, first and second divisions—the last was the only one he now dared to think about, and he was so far doubtful even of such modest placing that Harford, who thought honors by no means impossible for himself, was reduced to reassuring him by the reminder of the "three questions and a bit" sufficing for a pass.

VII.

THE period of awful doubt lasted a full fortnight. Christopher's suspense was everywhere reflected, and—such was the sense in his little world of this prodigious examination—a hush seemed to rest over the school, deadening its daily droning. The very scholars, uneasy in this over-brooding atmosphere of anxiety, were subdued in their demeanor, and even the head-master had his moments of abstraction.

By a merciful refinement of procedure the successful numbers were posted up at Burlington House a day or two before the list was really due, the classification into divisions being announced a week later. Christopher could not go till the evening, and Harford, who had contracted a chill some days before, sent him a note asking him to wire

the result. At tea-time his father, who could hold out no longer, said he would accompany him, since the evening was dry. Mrs. Shepherd immediately objected on the ground that he wasn't smart enough to show himself in that high quarter, but she was finally pacified by the assurance that he would wait some little distance off. Just then Dora knocked with a message from Mrs. Bucknill about a frock that was being made for Mary, and, learning that Mr. Shepherd was going, begged to be taken as well. Her eyes danced with delight when she found she might go, the occasion—soon duly sanctioned by her own mother—promising a veritable excursion for her, with the combined delight of a glimpse of the magic West-End at night and of hearing of Christopher's success before anybody else.

The trio alighted at the corner of Regent Street shortly before six o'clock, and Mr. Shepherd held to his promise not to go a step farther. Dora thereupon insisted on staying with him, Christopher undertaking to find them again as soon as possible. He turned into Vigo Street and approached the now familiar building. A little crowd of girls and men were assembled round a notice, posted up just at the entrance, each patiently awaiting the opportunity of scanning it. They melted to a group as he mounted the steps, and arriving at a fortunate lull in the pressure, he had an opportunity of examining the list over a tall girl's shoulder. But he was nervous and could not take it in at first. The girl turned her head and caught sight of his trembling face. The list became a blur as she smiled at him kindly. Her liquid eyes, shaded by long lashes, sparkled clear and deep.

"Your number?" she asked in the friendliest and sweetest of voices.

He stammered it out, troubled by the soft glamour of her beauty.

"Yes, there it is!" She pointed it out to him with her gloved finger.

The blood flooded his face. He could not yet feel his joy.

"Thank you very much," he said, exuberantly polite. "Now I want to find 573—a friend of mine."

"Here is 570-71-76," she said after a moment. "573 is certainly not given."

Staying a moment to satisfy himself that Harford had really failed again, for the thing seemed incredible in face of his friend's confidence, he thanked her anew and turned away, almost as much concerned as if he had failed himself. And as yet, though he hurried to bear the good news to his father and Dora, he did not quite realize the triumph that the result implied, nor anticipate all the sweets in store for him. But in the few minutes before he reached them he at least had time to grasp the fact that his success was a reality, to feel that he could now walk erect before all those eyes that were turned upon him; and then, suddenly, a great joy flooded his soul.

At the glad news his father, forgetting the crowded street and a sharp twinge that the cold air had brought on, caught him in his arms and gave him a great, rough, shaggy kiss, and it seemed natural too that Dora, in the spontaneous enthusiasm of the moment, should give him a small, quick, warm one. Then, from the post-office in Waterloo Place, he sent a joyous telegram to Mr. Bird and a sad one to Harford.

Dora was enchanted with the journey, with the flaming streets and the wonderful crowds and the darting hansoms. She chattered eagerly all the way home, but Christopher scarcely heard. He was pleasantly aware of the bustle and the illumination, still more aware of the scene at the university door, of the gracious girl with the friendly smile and voice. That critical moment, when doubt had vanished as by magic, had impressed itself on him deeply. The girl's face and figure, her splendid bearing, her fine clothes, haunted him; something unknown and appealing, something mysteriously softening, had entered into his consciousness of things.

It was not till the morning that Christopher passed into the full sunlight of success. A thrill of pride and admiration passed through the world. He was a hero to everybody, from Mr. Bird downward. There was a perceptible relaxation of discipline.

When at length the scholars had been dismissed for the day, Christopher, who had provided himself at mid-day with the elements of a feast, and who had already requested the pleasure of his colleagues' company after school in his own corner of the class-room, marched up the long room to the head-master's desk, bearing a bottle of port, a wine-glass, and a bag of biscuits. Mr. Bird, graciously accepting the honor of pouring out the first glass, drank Christopher's health and munched one of the biscuits. After which the lad returned to entertain the little group round his hospitable board,—a veritable black-board placed across two benches,—whereon stood plates of cake and fruit, bottles of claret, port, and lemonade, and shining glasses, into which he was soon pouring according to each one's desire. But he scarcely touched anything himself, sufficiently intoxicated by all this show of good-will.

A week later he again journeyed to Burlington House, and learned that he had been placed in the first division.

VIII.

In the exhilaration of the gay atmosphere of these festive days Mr. Shepherd permitted himself to be tempted by a tiny shepherd and shepherdess of unglazed china that lay on the barrow of an itinerant huckster, and brought them home triumphantly as a memento of his son's achievement.

"How much did you give for them?" asked his wife anxiously.

"A shilling each," he faltered, seized with misgiving.

Mrs. Shepherd grew pale.

"A shilling each for those rubbishy bits of chalk!"

"They're not chalk," said Mr. Shepherd; "they're china clay and very beautifully shaped."

"You know everything!" she exclaimed, setting the figures on the mantel-piece contemptuously. "I tell you they're chalk. You've been swindled. Why, for eighteenpence any day I can get a beautiful angel with wings—real china—and glass case included."

Mrs. Shepherd was seriously annoyed, and spoiled the strawberry pie by unconsciously adding salt instead of sugar.

At lunch Christopher complained that the pie wasn't nice, much to the disgust of his mother, who was sensitive about her cooking.

"I shall never make strawberry pie again as long as I live!" she declared in angry resentment.

Alas, the threat was fulfilled only too literally!

For, in the midst of all this intoxication, in the midst of the fortnight of pleasurable leisure that Christopher allowed himself before beginning work for the next examination, for which he was to sit eighteen months hence, Mrs. Shepherd was stricken down, a victim of a chill contracted in the reeking air of the winter evening after a long day at her machine. Taking to her bed after two days' rebellion against the fever that had her in its grip, she lay there a-fretting helplessly, knowing herself indispensable, and filled with dismay at the family misery, accumulating daily. Ten days and nights, first of discomfort, then of grave anxiety, and finally of vain hope, and the tireless worker had closed her eyes forever.

The blow had fallen with awful suddenness, and the light of life went out for Christopher almost as completely as it had gone out for his mother. His father cried bitterly at her loss, and the boy understood that the current of intimate life between his parents must have flowed strong, despite her occasional impatient outbursts.

However, there was no help but to pull their benumbed senses together and manage their lives as best they might. After a necessary discussion of ways and means, they decided to keep the little home together, and make shift for the present. Christopher's earnings, mounting annually, were now thirteen shillings a week, and on this, with the further addition of her Ladyship's bounty, they could manage to live tolerably, with prospects of greater ease in the years immediately to follow. In addition, they found themselves with seventeen pounds in the saving-bank, the fruit of Mrs. Shepherd's hard economy.

The ordering of the household was soon settled. A poor neighbor, who worked for the Bucknill's, was to come every morning for a couple of hours to do the rough work and cook the one-o'clock dinner. Mr.

Shepherd himself made their breakfast, and the sympathetic Dora, who, to her mother's gratification, had developed an astonishing interest in cookery, occasionally, by pre-arrangement with Mr. Shepherd, would run in and compound for them a store of nice things, which supplemented agreeably the crudities of their every-day cuisine. Each day Mr. Shepherd crawled out with his market-bag, buying with great prudence, and, though eventually he became an expert in vegetables and butcher's meat, the mysteries of fish remained inscrutable. Whenever too she was not busy at home—which was rarely—Dora would relieve him of the tedious task, awkwardly performed by him in a large red earthen-ware vessel, of washing the day's crockery, the auxiliary's time being too well occupied to admit of her undertaking it; and that which occupied Mr. Shepherd, interrupted by frequent twinges, almost the whole evening, his quick-handed darling would achieve smartly in half an hour, neatly arranging the polished faience on the dresser, which had been splendidly replenished during Mrs. Shepherd's brief prosperity. If then she had any further time to spare, she would sit and play draughts with him, or enliven him with her mimicry and edged conversation. And all the while Christopher struggled with a more complex Latin sentence than heretofore, shut in alone at his little table.

He was glad to sink his grief in work, and to throw himself into his studies with even a greater frenzy than at his first starting. His association with Harford, though necessarily less close now, since they were studying for different examinations,—his friend having resumed matriculation work and the composition of farces with no diminution of enthusiasm,—was, however, not less cordial. The Sunday evening reunion was continued, the oasis in Christopher's week; and they would sometimes take a long stroll together, when they would lounge along the river embankments or visit the London parks, for Harford's habits of life were, like his own friendly, self-satisfied soul, astonishingly simple.

IX.

EIGHTEEN months of this make-shift existence passed by almost uneventfully, and Christopher's diligence was crowned by success in the half-way examination on the road to the coveted degree.

The eclat of this second triumph and the prominent position it gave him as a scholar, he now ranking after Mr. Bird, stimulated him to a renewal of industry and urged him well on his way through the next two years towards the final ordeal.

In the meanwhile he had attained to young manhood, had grown, indeed, quite tall, yet without losing his old boyish characteristics. There was the same brightness of eye, pleasant frankness of feature, —now touched to a greater refinement,—and short, curly brown hair.

His speech still preserved its old, soft touch of the country. He dressed neatly and went his way in the world quietly and gently.

Naturally, his views of things were changing somewhat. Sobering time had made him see his future more definitely. He had begun to feel his position in the world, and whatever tinge of romance had colored his boyish conception of it had by now evaporated. With the tackling of the more difficult degree work his personal vanity had got greatly discouraged, and he did not now perceive in himself any overwhelming force of genius or character that might lift him high above his present station. He even smiled at his old idea that mastery of the Latin accidence was in some way the modern counterpart of an Arabian Nights' magic ring.

He realized the tough facts without demur. Bachelors of arts were as numerous as the sands of the sea, and his best prospects were the ordinary ones of mastership in the domain of elementary education. If he still had his moments of ambition and aspiration, his imagination kept within strict bounds. He did not demand anything more from life than to go through it as an obscure happy unit.

Though he had so far been plodding along patiently enough, a spring morning dawned at length when he began to feel that study was not so entirely a happiness as of yore. Divested of its magic possibilities, learning became a sort of severe discipline by which a modest competence was to be purchased.

Vague discontents too were beginning to stir in him; he sighed for he knew not what. There was something in the world that was stronger than he, stronger even than the necessities of his career, stronger than the common-sense philosophy fostered in him by years of Mr. Bird. There was something in himself awakening in response to the mystic call from without.

Imperceptibly great changes had come in the lives of those who had grown up with him. These lads of nineteen and twenty were not all for foot-ball and cricket now. Softer accomplishments were alternating with these and ranking at least on an equal footing. Sisters were more eager to know their brother's friends. The young men were cultivating gallantry; they were learning to dance.

Christopher held his head high in the world, yet he could not help being morbidly sensitive to that shade of disdain which he had always known to be mingled in the general respect for him, and which now became more openly manifested. It hurt him the more because he himself now began to perceive a grain of justification for the attitude. In secret he despised himself to the same extent, ranking his old comrades as superior. True, they were comparatively ignorant, but they had freedom, they mingled in the world; in fine, they were real men who lived real lives.

He found himself growing more interested in his environment, noticing it closely, taking in its gossip eagerly. He was piqued by a strange, invincible shyness in himself. Figue though he was in that vivid social life which enacted itself all around him, he felt himself living outside it; whereas the least of his compeers was in the very midst of it, walking in it with ease, enjoying pleasures from which he was excluded, and from which his soul did not know, as in his boyhood, draw back in alarm.

The time seemed to stretch ahead intolerably as he thought of the long, grinding tasks before him. Was such life really worth living? Would any of the others tolerate it even for a week? Why, those he had looked down upon most were happier than he. Johnson, lanky and bony as ever, was always out on excursions with a girl; Corry, who had never been able to understand a proposition of Euclid in his life, had a tall, beautiful girl; Jones, red-headed and freckled, weak in grammar and analysis as well as spelling, had a nice girl; Case, ugly and stupid, universally disliked for his meanness and slyness, had a girl—and the prettiest one of all! Christopher not only had no girl, but scarcely dared look at one.

And wherever he repaired, during his rare leisure, he would light on acquaintances gayly chatting with pretty girls, who, on his being presented, would, with painful correctness, bestow on him the coldest of bows. A few words and he would pass on, invariably victim to his hateful shyness and glad to escape. In his own quarter his progress abroad became a series of hat-liftings. His friends too gave themselves airs before him and recounted tales of daring flirtations, of expeditions in the company of the fair sex by road and river, of acquaintances made at dances, of meetings with beautiful girls from regions of aristocracy. Life was one long, furious courtship, a riot of successful love-making.

He admired these bold wooers living in the sunshine of the fair. All this life around him was, in its direct appeal to his longings, passions, and senses, real and palpitating; and he hovered, mothlike, about its dazzling sociality, knowing that to plunge therein might mean destruction. At moments of greatest restlessness Harford was a refuge, for his friend, inveterate bachelor, kept aloof from the other sex and rarely made it the subject of his conversation. In Harford's company Christopher resumed his self-respect in all its spotlessness.

Strangely enough, even Dora now inspired him with an uncomfortable shyness, though he had long since slid again into seeing little of her, despite her continuance of her good offices. Her business seemed always with his father, and thus only with him indirectly. She was a slim girl of seventeen now, with her hair done up high, and she wore shabby frocks which she was constantly growing out of. Christopher

fancied that she did not particularly care whether she saw him or not, for her bearing to him seemed markedly distant. If he strolled into the sitting-room when she was there, a careless nod and a curt greeting were all he got, and she seemed little disposed to take further notice of him. He realized too they were further separated by the gulf that lay between him and all girlkind, and it was hard to remember her old friendliness, her interest in what he was learning, her willing services with her pen. It seemed as if that boy and girl had long ceased to exist.

Summer ripened and faded, and the routine of things continued. At the end of another year he was to sit for his degree. But this remaining period of work seemed longer, more intolerable, to his thirsting spirit than all the years of self-denial he had already endured. Again almost everybody had gone off on holidays, and had come back bronzed, high-spirited, and full of adventures. The impecunious Christopher, sweltering in town and unremitting in his use of the lexicon, had dreamed of the breezes blowing far away, of pulse-stirring or languorous music, of sparkling waters, of beautiful women investing magical scenes with subtle enchantment.

An evening came when the attempt to work broke down completely. In despair he took up his hat with the idea of calling on Harford. A chat with his large, simple friend would certainly soothe him. It was getting on towards seven o'clock, and his father was alone in the sitting-room by the open window in the glow of the autumn sunset. The lonely man was aging considerably, but he had borne his lot with fortitude, faithfully and affectionately ministering to his son and anticipating his slightest need.

"You'll be back to supper?" he queried as Christopher passed through the room.

The question reminded Christopher that the hospitable Harford usually pressed him to stay for a meal, and was only too delighted to keep him as long as possible. So he would not trouble his father to cook anything—if he needed anything on his return, bread and cheese would suffice.

The evening was so fine that he strolled along gently and fell into meditation. In the High Street somebody brushing by him amid the crowd laid a sudden hand on his shoulder.

Christopher started. "Hullo, Tickton," he said, recognizing the rich young athlete, who was allied to his own set by the brotherhood of sport, and who now lent half-crowns as freely as he had once lent sixpences. Then he stopped short as he became aware that his old acquaintance was accompanied by a tall, fair girl in a blue dress, whom he did not remember having seen before. Somehow, to his own surprise, he did not feel shy.

"Let me introduce you," said Tickton, swinging about two parcels he was holding. "This is my sister—Mr. Christopher Shepherd."

The girl put out her hand with a little laugh, as of pleasure.

"I have heard about you," she said, as they shook hands in a frank, friendly way.

"All the way at Bath," put in Tickton. "Marjory has been living there with an aunt of ours."

"I'm *awfully* glad to be back in London again," put in the girl. "Four years of Bath are quite as much as I want."

"Are you going anywhere in particular?" asked Tickton. "Well, but you're not in a hurry, old man. Stroll along with us a little," he insisted.

Christopher seemed undecided.

"Yes, *do*," said Miss Tickton, turning her luminous face towards him beseechingly. Her look was so soft and beautiful, her cheeks glowed so freshly in the subdued evening light, that the appeal was irresistible. He fell into step beside her.

"London is almost a new place to me—I was so *very* young when mamma sent me away," volunteered Miss Tickton. "So now I am making Tom take me *everywhere*."

"Tom must be a happy mortal," ventured Christopher.

She laughed. "Indeed, he is a very *naughty* mortal—pretends I'm *dragging* him about."

"Christopher hasn't any sister," put in Tickton, "and ought not to express an opinion."

"Go along!" said Miss Tickton playfully. "I'm sure he'd be delighted to *have* a sister, and he'd be nicer to her than *you* are."

She chattered on with vigor and cheerfulness, breaking into ready laughter and treating Christopher—so he felt—"as if he had always been used to ladies' company." It was easy to keep up conversation with her, and he was charmed to be getting on so splendidly. Her extreme friendliness too flattered him, and he was proud and glad to be walking at her side. In all that promenading crowd amid which they jostled he could not discern her match. His self-confidence grew from moment to moment. He expanded, walked erect. Now and again he slipped in adroit compliments, veritable inspirations that came just at the right moment, and that left him astonished at his own brilliance and cleverness. Her soft laughter rang out gayly. Obviously he was pleasing her immensely.

Tickton, who was more intimate with Christopher's set on the cricket and foot-ball fields than elsewhere, was the son of a local timber-merchant, whose stacks dominated the High Street hard by a spanning railway arch, the family inhabiting a large brick house in the best part of the suburb. Though Christopher knew the father by sight, the

young athlete was the only member of the family with whom he had been on speaking terms. Their acquaintanceship, however, had never been a very close one, but now, in these few minutes, they seemed to have advanced to intimacy.

They came to a stand at last at the corner of a by-street.

"Well, old man," said Tickton, playfully tapping his parcels, "we're going to dance at Banner's—these are our dancing-pumps, you know. I wish you could throw over your visit and come along with us. Wednesday is always a jolly evening at Banner's—it's their select day. Such a *beastly* crowd comes on the shilling days."

"Awfully sorry," murmured Christopher, "but I really can't."

"How vexatious!" exclaimed Miss Tickton feelingly. "I suppose you're very *fond* of dancing, Mr. Shepherd?"

Christopher felt suddenly afire. He suffered acutely from the shame of not being able to dance, and would gladly have bartered all the Latin, Greek, and mathematics he knew for proficiency in the waltz.

"I like it pretty well," he stammered, not quite realizing the slip into falsehood.

"I was just trying to think," put in Tickton, "whether you *were* a dancing-man—I haven't seen you about very much. However, you must join us some other time."

"Naturally I'm busy, you know; exam. will soon be getting frightfully near. When I'm through that I'll have time to look about me," said Christopher hurriedly, regretting that his confusion had precipitated him into a statement that might involve awkward complications.

They said "Good-by." Miss Tickton slightly pressed his hand; and then, scarcely remembering where he had intended going, he staggered along blindly till collisions with the passers-by forced him to recall his wits.

He was indeed intoxicated. And yet he was smarting with humiliation! Was there ever to be a gulf between him and all that was sweetest in life?

The sense of the superb girl, her blue dress, her shining eyes, her voice a-thrill with friendliness, remained with him, and it seemed to raise an old feeling, an old vision. Another beautiful girl seemed to step out of the past; he saw her vividly again as she let her deep eyes rest on his troubled face. The picture of her he had carried in his mind as he hastened back with the good tidings to his anxious father and Dora resurged with all the freshness of the original coloring. And somehow the two impressions melted into one.

He strolled a long way, but he did not go to Harford that evening. Neither, when he went home at last, did he touch the simple meal his father had provided for him.

X.

CHRISTOPHER, cherishing the thought of Miss Tickton, was in torment at the uncertainty of meeting her again. It seemed to him that she was quite out of his reach, and he could not reckon a second time on the good fortune of a chance encounter in the street.

His father noticed he was disturbed and abstracted, and asked if anything ailed him, but Christopher did not receive his solicitude quite graciously.

Once or twice he had to excuse himself to Mr. Bird for work undone.

He realized he was desperately in love. He was no longer master of his brain and nerves; some unknown power had taken possession of them and was working them strangely. Sometimes he was full of a great gladness, and would find himself breaking into snatches of song; sometimes he was the prey of jealous anguish and infinitely vain speculation. Then he would angrily call himself a fool for having such thoughts and emotions at all; it was useless thinking of such a girl, so hopelessly beyond his legitimate aspiration. What could she ever care about him,—she who must have scores of men in love with her? Could any man see her, and not immediately be her slave?

And yet at such moments of blackest despair he would plant his foot down in a great storm of determination. "She is mine—mine! No other man shall marry her. I *will* win her—I will! I will! I will!"

"But she is the daughter of a rich man," echoed the mocking voice of calm reason. "You have only your assistant-master's salary, and not a penny of your own laid by."

True, there was their little treasure of seventeen pounds still untouched in the savings-bank, but he had been quite unable to add anything to it. He had to keep himself well-dressed and the process was expensive, even though his boots were thick and his clothes bought ready-made. His mother had been wont to make for him good linen-front shirts and quantities of under-clothing with her own hand, but there was no way now of effecting such economies. On his recently increased salary of eighty pounds a year he had esteemed himself—at the age of twenty—tolerably well-off, but as a suitor he felt miserably poor.

He could not sit still and accept life with the limitations as now laid out for him. His ambitions resurged, mightier, and touched with a greater romance than he had ever known before.

And amid everything the fib he had told haunted him incongruously. If by any train of circumstances he found himself in a situation wherein it should be natural for him to ask her to dance, how could he face such a position!

He must learn to dance.

The Siren from Bath

Two years before he would have laughed the notion to scorn. Dancing and such gayety seemed then to belong to spheres of life with which he had no concern. But now inability to dance seemed to him an unpardonable defect. He must certainly learn.

But he must do it secretly. He dreaded the ridicule of his set. The idea of being watched by such unsympathetic eyes was a torture.

Of course, he must take what was known as "private lessons," and the cost of these, as ascertained from the syllabuses of the dancing academies within reach, was appallingly discouraging. Three shillings and sixpence a lesson, reduced slightly for a series, would represent an unprecedented extravagance on his part. He was, however, ultimately allured by the syllabus of a Madame Elise Montmorency, who offered to accept pupils for "one guinea till perfect." He took it for granted that she taught the correctest dances, though he was not a little disquieted by the conflicting claims of the various teachers to a monopoly of the fashionable, and their denunciations as "incorrect" of the waltz taught by everybody else.

As dancing-shoes and special black socks to match were an indispensable equipment, he was constrained to draw on the savings to the terrible extent of thirty shillings, but he could not bring himself to say anything about it to his father.

And once his mind was set on the project, and he had the money in his pocket, he was too impatient to wait another day, but impulsively made the necessary purchases and went straight to the address of Madame Elise Montmorency. Yet he was not entirely without qualms of conscience; he knew only too well that he was making an utterly selfish expenditure he could not really afford. But he threw off his last hesitations as he pushed open a creaking gate, and marched up a gravelled path that led through a tangled, weedy garden-patch, rank and overgrown, and pulled a violently ringing bell fixed below a corroboratory brass plate. "Pompadour House," as it was called, was low and wide and old-fashioned, with French windows and a stucco front that was cracked and split and neglected.

The door opened almost immediately, and a very tall person of most remarkable aspect stood staring at him as if he were some amazing phenomenon. Her skin was wrinkled, with purple patches and traces of thick powdering, her eyelids were pencilled, and her fresh-looking hair, fluffy, flaxen, and theatrical, gave her face a curious expression of youth that was prematurely wasting. She wore a shabby green bodice and a large, coarse canvas apron. Her sleeves were tucked up over the elbows, and she was wiping her red hands in great haste and evident confusion. Then, as her purple patches deepened, Christopher caught sight of a pail of soapy water and a large scrubbing-brush, badly concealed by her skirts.

"Madame Elise Montmorency?" he inquired.

"Yes," she said.

"I've come to arrange about some dancing-lessons."

"You haven't written to make an appointment?" she asked weakly.

He explained that he hadn't thought that necessary, whereupon, anxious to do business, in spite of the awkward contretemps, she asked him in; and, still nervously wiping her hands on her apron, she led the way over the wet linoleum of the corridor, he well-nigh breaking his neck over the scrubbing-brush, which he forgot about as he stepped out, into a tiny, stuffy back room, where she motioned him to a seat on a slippery, prickly sofa. Having thrown off her apron and ascertained that he desired perfection for a guinea, she informed him that she would require the guinea first, and, making him spell out his name, she began to write at a little desk at the side, the while he stared at the gay, fluttery, flaky paper that filled the fireplace and picked out the giddy pattern of the flaring carpet. The tinkling of slow piano-practice resounded from some neighboring apartment.

She handed him the half-sheet on which she had been painfully scratching with a spluttering pen. His pedagogic eye noticed that the writing was ill-formed, and that his name was rendered as "Shepard," despite the assistance he had given her. She stood about smilingly. Then he made out the paper was a receipt. He paid her the guinea and she thanked him. She would expect him to come twice a week, she said. Seven o'clock was the best time, as he could then stay and learn the square dances with her select class that assembled an hour later. He inquired if he might not have his first lesson at once, but Madame Elise Montmorency, who was singularly English, even Londonish, in her use of Christopher's mother-tongue, marshalling all her professional dignity, declared she never gave lessons without an appointment.

Two evenings later Christopher again presented himself at Pompadour House. A younger person opened the door for him this time—a lady of large build, plain features, and big white teeth, who spoke with a lisp, and from whom radiated affability infinite. He followed her into the same waiting-room, where, having informed him that her mamma would be ready for him in a moment, she resumed some interrupted needle-work and spoke about the weather.

Soon madame herself appeared in the doorway—a stately, noble figure in rustling, shimmering toilette, with majestically sweeping skirt, exhaling a perfume of musk, her eager face and brilliant eyes aglow with youth under the witching flaxen hair. The joyous cordiality of her greeting as she tripped forward, coquettishly holding out her long, white-gloved hand, with arm and wrist bent gracefully, revived all his shyness of womanhood. He responded awkwardly and

then followed her, omitting to acknowledge the smiling nod of his instructor's daughter.

Madame conducted him through a second long corridor into the "ball-room," a large wooden structure in the rear of the house, lit from above and adorned with tall strips of draped mirrors and hanging chandeliers. An old-fashioned piano stood in a corner. To his horror the floor was waxed and perilously slippery. Mincingly drawing up her skirt, so as to leave visible her daintily buckled shoes, she began at once to show him the waltz step. He was to count one—two—three—four—five—six, and imitate her step at each. But its very importance invested the process with absurd difficulty. With a doubtful, sinking heart, he began gingerly to follow her, movement for movement, describing an enormous circle, and finishing with his feet a yard apart.

"You do it very well indeed," she pronounced amiably; "only——"

She proceeded to make a few deferential suggestions, but his second attempt was a falling-off from the first, for he stopped short at the "two." They were not to have music—the daughter was the instrumentalist of the academy—until he could execute the movements tolerably, and so right through the hour he kept counting, slipping and stumbling about the waxed floor, and invariably forgetting at some stage or other of the turn what was to be done next. Occasionally he managed to effect the more difficult accomplishment of moving the same foot twice in succession, but such dexterity unfortunately did not count. And down the room he went, warily and stiffly, to the stupid monotonous counting, till giddiness compelled repose. Then, red and breathless, he started again in an awkward, irregular progress, till of a sudden he came to a dead stop, having in a moment of bewilderment forgotten the movement from beginning to end. With an imperturbable amiability that charmed him, and with a low, sympathetic voice that went well with the picturesque pose of her elbows as she held up her skirts with both hands, Madame Montmorency renewed his memory by demonstrating the waltz step afresh. He watched her with a certain sense of romance, the mirrors, drapery, and chandeliers stimulating his fancy, and for a moment he was playing cavalier to stately dame in old-world salon.

But the pleasing illusion was soon lost again as he resumed his giddy exertions, shamed at last by her tolerant kindness, and with a growing conviction that he deserved to be kicked, cuffed, and whipped. Nevertheless he attained at last to a hesitating mastery of the movement, though as yet without time or rhythm; whereupon madame suggested they should go through the step together. She placed one hand lightly on his shoulder and held his coy finger-tips with the other. But these new conditions confused him again, for although he obediently

threw all his weight on his left foot, and lightly drew the other along the floor to the heel of it, he could get no further.

The end of the lesson found him flushed and humiliated, with a deep-rooted belief that he was destined never to master this terrible business. However, he had some ten minutes to recover his composure before the assembling of the "select class"—with which he was to get practice generally and learn the square dances—and was able to pluck up courage to study the printed programme she had put into his hand. There was a list of sixteen dances, with strange, wicked names, suggestive of infinitely more complex evolutions than those he had been struggling with. The waltz seemed a beacon of simplicity and comfort amid Mazurkas, Alberts, and Prince Imperials, Schottisches, Quadrilles, and Lancers.

The select class began to straggle in—five girls and three young men in all. The girls, gay with sashes and ribbons, and clustered in one spot on the long bench that ran round the room, whispered together timidly, and one plump, short creature, with black braided hair and dark-blue serge frock, offered round a paper bag of flat chocolates covered with white dots of sugar. The young men, vacant and fresh of countenance, and carefully dressed and brushed, stood about the floor twirling their mustachios.

Presently madame came sailing in again, fresh, alert, commanding. Her less distinguished daughter followed humbly in her wake and took her place at the piano.

"Gentlemen, take your partners for quadrilles!"

The three young men lounged across nonchalantly to the fair cluster and stooped murmuringly, with the result that the more backward Christopher had the invidious duty of choosing from the two girls that remained. Asking at random, he was surprised to find the plump girl on his arm. A nice, quiet, slim girl in gray, with light silken hair, remained unchosen. Mademoiselle played an introductory bar and the lesson began.

The rough music, hammered out of a harsh piano, had yet an exhilarating jollity, and Christopher, though entangled amid complications not quite familiar to the others, who were much in advance of him, felt his spirits rising again. When, after a minute's interval, and as he was still wondering how all these operations, so elaborately directed by madame, were possibly to be remembered, the injunction came, "Gentlemen, take your partners for the waltz." Christopher approached the slim girl. But she, piqued by his having so deliberately avoided her last time, "thought she was engaged this time, thank you," despite the obviousness of the misconception on her part. He began to perceive that the path of the lady's-man was not without its thorns.

This impression was deepened when the next girl, in her turn the last,—since the other three, including the plump one, had by now been engaged,—also refused him, piqued that he had asked the slim one first. He was left looking about him disconsolately, for as soon as the music struck up again the two girls, united by their common indignation, went waltzing off together, which they did so well that he was almost glad of his rejection. However, madame, approaching him smilingly, suggested he should go round by himself and try to keep time with the music. This he attempted, madame helping him with friendly recommendations, but the music was a hundred times too fast for him, and after he had been battered several times by collisions, he thought it best to desist.

But he manfully stayed to the end of the programme. The plump girl, who seemed good-humored and complaisant, became his partner repeatedly, and, although there was no conversation between them, he was offered and accepted a sugar-dotted chocolate no less than five times.

All he carried away from the evening was the haunting echo of lively music, a tired sense of twisting and turning, of advancing and retreating and crossing, of romping round in a ring. Quadrilles, Alberts, Imperials, had left but a jumble in his mind, and the waltz a giddy, aching despair.

That night he sat up late with grammar and lexicon to redeem the hours consumed in this arduous apprenticeship to gallantry.

XI.

MISS TICKTON had not been many weeks in London before she had met all her brother's friends and acquaintances. Piloted about by him to dancing resorts and theatres, to the parks and fashionable districts, taken up the river, to the Crystal Palace, in short to all the pleasure places within and without the metropolis, and meeting at every point associates of his with their sweethearts and sisters, she was soon able to impress herself brilliantly on a large admiring circle, and to disseminate heart-burnings and deadly enmities amid the troops of young men competing for her smile.

Fresh from her four years at a Bath day school, and with an infinite appetite for pleasure, she had more definite ideas about enjoying herself than about any other subject. Splendidly built rather than graceful, she carried herself dashingly. Her beauty approached perilously to the "showy" type, with a certain large straightness of outline, but her regular—if conventional—features, her perfect complexion, her full voice with its unceasing rattle of conversation, her fine gray eyes which she knew well how to use, and her really nice hair, made her seem a goddess to the society on which she now burst in the full glory of her eighteen years. Flower of generous ease, plenteous pocket money, open

air and sunshine, and endless gay frocks, she overflowed with good nature and friendliness, was of that quick, homely sympathy that sheds tears at the sight of a beggar, and, free from the least touch of haughtiness, was "hail fellow, well met" with everybody. Among the young ladies of the various sets amid which she now came to move she introduced a habit of immense affection, and thereafter they were frequently to be seen with their arms about one another's waists. She became the unchallenged touchstone of taste and fashion; they imitated her dresses and her mannerisms, and hated her with an open adoration.

Her father, the timber-merchant, was a self-made man, who was all for business, though by no means strenuous outside it; her mother, a withered blond, had vain social aspirations. Unable to keep the spirited Marjory mewed up at home, she was fain to satisfy the girl's cravings by letting her go about with her brother, who was five years her senior and in whom the mother had confidence.

Naturally Marjory's dazzling advent set tongues a-wagging, and the jealously interested and self-consciously blushing Christopher soon found himself hearing a great deal about her, refraining with difficulty from joining in the chorus of enthusiasm which, in its expression, strained to the utmost the slap-dash resources of smart young manhood. Meanwhile thus devoting a solid part of two evenings weekly to studies with which Mr. Bird had no concern, he was forced to apply himself still more closely to those other studies—dwindled for the moment to minor significance—with which Mr. Bird had every concern. So that he was for the time debarred from any chance of seeking Marjory at those likely resorts which he now knew she frequented. He calculated, however, to put himself in her way as soon as Madame Montmorency should consider she had carried out her contract, and the hope spurred him on towards his goal of terpsichorean perfection. Though in truth not anxious to face Marjory again till he could confidently lead her out on the slipperiest of floors, he was nevertheless almost heart-broken at being cut off from her when so many others were constantly enjoying her presence. His jealousy of possibilities became acuter; it seemed as if his whole soul were being torn asunder. Whatever advantage he might possess in scholarship and reputation, others excelled him in gallantry, equipped a hundredfold better than he for charming a woman's heart. Worse than all, she might by now have entirely forgotten him, for he could not flatter himself on having made any but the slightest impression upon her. Perhaps—and he could not help the bitter thought rising—this falling-in-love was wholly a misfortune, for, with all other difficulties vanquished, how should a rich timber-merchant accept him for a son-in-law?

And then, by way of reaction, came a fierce spurt of rebellion. He would not be poor, he would rise, he would astonish his world! Mar-

jory should give him inspiration to win for her riches and greatness! Why should he not become one of Her Majesty's inspectors, or even a university examiner, he asked, remembering from the Calendar lists that students *had* thus blossomed. No man, it seemed to him, could refuse his daughter to one holding so exalted a position, and this, in his case, would be but a stepping-stone on the way, for his ambition refused any such limit; it was only his imagination that failed in the attempt to express it concretely. His heart leapt as he eagerly pursued the line of thought, and, intoxicated with the prospect, he believed in himself with an immense, frenzied confidence. He would win Marjory yet—she would be his, his!

It was a terrible strain to keep his dancing a secret. He would have liked to compare steps with some of the others, to discuss the figures, to gossip about the girls he danced with, and denounce the mannerisms and mistakes of the men in the "select class." Even to Harford he could not now bring himself to open his heart.

In spite of all his perseverance he could only waltz slowly as yet, and that without style or rhythm. Still any progress was an encouragement. Moreover, the girls who, after a very slight experience of him, had consistently refused him as a waltz partner, were beginning to consider him again. He grew to feel a sort of affection for Pompadour House, though Madame Montmorency, stately-sailing creature, did not maintain her imperturbable affability, but showed she could be on occasion as severe as Mr. Bird, as when, losing all patience with the unfortunate Christopher, she would declare it was high time he should be getting along better. And sometimes when the select class proved recalcitrant, her purple patches would show through their thick powdering, as her youthful countenance grew dark with passion, and—if only old pupils were present—she would scream rebuke at the entangled dancers, whilst the daughter, timid as a fawn, hammered away nervously at her piano.

Eventually he began to feel that Madame was getting tired of him, though certainly he had not yet attained to that perfection to which his guinea entitled him. Madame, who taught music as well, took a new pianoforte pupil, a bland-looking gentleman of uncertain age, languid and artistic in manner, and soft of speech, giving him rendezvous at the same hour as Christopher. Whilst the latter went spinning down the room, she would be superintending the five-finger exercises of the new-comer, mournfully assiduous and attentive to her instructions. He and Christopher soon grew to be on nodding terms, and as, whenever Madame flitted from the ball-room an instant, they were able to exchange a few words, each was a consolation to the other in his tribulations.

XII.

MR. BIRD had been living for some time past under the shadow of a discomfort that was singularly disconcerting to him. In his own student days the degree examination had been a much more elementary affair than it had since become, and he now began to find he had entered on a very perilous enterprise. He felt himself getting daily more and more out of his depth. The problems in mechanics were becoming quite too difficult for him; the turning of English into French was a trial to his nerves. Often forced to pass by points in silence, even when he suspected errors,—so unsure was he of himself,—he was now haunted by the fear of openly putting himself in the wrong and forfeiting the reverence of his advancing pupil.

Dreading to indicate faults in detail, he grew more addicted to general censure, and, by talking vaguely of a falling-off in Christopher's standard at every point, was able to maintain a show of efficient criticism. But, under these difficult circumstances, Mr. Bird chafed and grew irritable, and cast about for some means of beating a dignified and quasi-honorable retreat.

The position was certainly hard to handle satisfactorily. As he had conducted his pupil thus far, it was bitter, through so late a defection, to have to lose the credit for his success, and to forfeit the congratulations of her Ladyship and the management and the admiration of the world at large. Moreover, that very success would vindicate Christopher in the eyes of everybody against himself if he threw him over on grounds of scholastic deficiencies. And if he abandoned him for any other reasons, the withdrawal would inevitably carry with it some condemnation of the young man, injurious to his reputation and perhaps imperilling the remaining instalments of her Ladyship's subsidy. Having a certain gruff affection for Christopher, he did not desire that any harm or disadvantage should befall him, the sacrifice of his benevolent inclination being only less painful than that of his personal éclat. But his head-master's dignity must be guarded at any cost!

His opportunity was not slow in coming, and, as it offered him delightfully legitimate relief from embarrassment, he did not hesitate to seize it.

For as soon as Christopher had turned his back on Pompadour House, he no longer attempted to conceal his new accomplishment. By now somewhat tired of Madame Montmorency, he was only too glad of the prospect of joining parties of men and girls that went elsewhere, for the winter was now coming on, and the real dancing-season was beginning. He looked forward too to the great moment when he should be waltzing with Marjory!

It came to Mr. Bird's ears that Christopher had been tempted by the

pleasures of life and had swerved from the rigid path of labor. The shock was genuine enough, and the outraged austerity exhibited by him had so little hypocrisy in its composition that Mr. Bird was able to forget policy and to yield himself up to his spontaneous disapproval.

And one morning when Christopher approached his desk for his usual lesson, Mr. Bird, looking him hard in the face, announced he had a few words to say to him.

"Certainly, sir," said Christopher in some surprise.

Mr. Bird slowly and impressively fixed the second eye-glass on his nose, then, from his lofty perch, announced he had a very unpleasant duty to perform.

Christopher waited, but Mr. Bird seemed to prefer to convey his indictment in a gaze of deep accusation.

"You know of course to what I allude," he said at length.

"I haven't the slightest idea," said Christopher, quite unprepared for this sudden encounter.

Mr. Bird, in pursuance of his usual tactics, sternly refused to credit this profession of ignorance.

"You won't improve matters by deliberate falsehood," he declared severely.

"I'm sorry if I've given you any ground for complaint," said the puzzled Christopher, never for a moment suspecting the truth. "I assure you, sir, it was quite unintentional."

"Don't talk so much," exclaimed Mr. Bird. "How dare you talk so much to me, sir!"

Such manœuvring was difficult to meet, accompanied as it was by an extreme show of irascibility.

Christopher remained silent. His desire was certainly not to talk to Mr. Bird at all.

"The more you learn, the less sense you seem to have," proceeded Mr. Bird, accustomed to two decades of docile victims.

"May I ask of what you accuse me?" said Christopher, beginning to feel aggrieved.

"Come, come, let us not fence," rejoined Mr. Bird.

"Certainly, sir," said Christopher.

"'Certainly, sir!' What do you mean by 'Certainly, sir'? Now you are impudent."

"I am sorry you should take that view of my meaning," protested Christopher.

"Don't make speeches," shouted Mr. Bird, who arrogated to himself the monopoly of using more than half-a-dozen words at a repartee, and who looked on longer sentences as a mark of gross disrespect towards him. "That's just what I complain of—you have so little sense that you never know when you *are* impudent."

Christopher, on whom the years of study of Euclid had not been without effect, suddenly perceived in what his unintentional imprudence consisted from Mr. Bird's point of view, and felt himself called upon to explain clearly his own.

"I did not mean that I called on you to leave off fencing—only that I wasn't fencing."

"Oh, were you not?" queried Mr. Bird grimly, infuriated beyond measure that Christopher should dare to talk so much, and maintaining his tactics of forcing a confession of self-conscious offence. "Then why do you keep on fencing, sir?"

But now Christopher, who had yielded to this tyranny for years, rose in revolt against it. He felt himself a man now—had successfully taken a government certificate, was in love with the most beautiful girl in the world, and was not afraid to show himself in a ball-room.

"You forget, sir, I am not a child," he exclaimed with dignity; "and I certainly ought not to be treated as one."

"A child!" exclaimed Mr. Bird in passionate scorn. "You are a pig—an ungrateful pig. My efforts to raise you from the gutter have been in vain. Undergraduate as you are, and graduate as you may possibly be,—though I have my doubts,—you are nevertheless a pig!"

"All that I can say, sir," said Christopher quietly, "is that I'm very much astonished."

"Go, sir; go!" shouted Mr. Bird. "Your conduct is disgraceful beyond all belief. From this day forth, sir, you are not to approach me; we have nothing to say to each other—you understand? You'll do *your* work and I'll do *mine*. But I'll take the responsibility for you no longer. Go, sir: go at once!"

And, books in hand, exactly as he had approached Mr. Bird's desk, Christopher turned away from it again, and, not knowing what else to do, went home to dinner.

"What's the matter?" asked Mr. Shepherd breathlessly, astonished at his appearance an hour before he was due.

"What should be the matter?"

"Well, you look as if you've had a bit of an upset," persisted his father.

"Oh, it's nothing," said Christopher, too agitated to give a long account of the matter. "Mr. Bird's in one of his moods—bullies me and refuses to give me a lesson. I expect he'll be all right again to-morrow."

Mr. Shepherd looked serious. What had Christopher been doing?

Christopher only wished he knew. Mr. Shepherd shook his head sorrowfully and shifted the positions of two little saucepans. Looking to his son, now grown to manhood, with reverence, he did not feel he had the right to pursue the subject in face of Christopher's disinclina-

tion, but he suspected a far more serious collision than Christopher had confessed to.

"There's no need to pull such a long face, father," said Christopher with light unconcern, as they sat at table a little later.

"I don't know about that," returned his father. "I've had misfortunes in my time. Maybe they've made me a bit nervous."

XIII.

IN the afternoon Christopher did his work without his principal taking the least notice of him; and the following days passed with only that formal intercourse between them occasioned by their respective positions in the school. Christopher, though he believed things would be ultimately smoothed over, had made up his mind to assert himself in a dignified and manly way. He would be treated in future as an intelligent young gentleman had the right to expect. Of course he knew better than to imagine Mr. Bird would approach him first, but he was determined that when *he* approached Mr. Bird again—after letting a few days lapse to express his sense of his unworthy usage—he should make it clear that their future relation as master and student must have a reasonable basis. It seemed to him he was so unquestionably in the right that her Ladyship, acquainted with the facts, could not fail to sympathize with him as against the head-master.

True, he foresaw there was some little danger of the quarrel eventually costing him his position—as Mr. Bird's influence with the management was sufficient to effect the dismissal of any member of his staff obnoxious to him. But this point might be fairly excluded from consideration as the quarrel had no professional bearing, and the management, though interested, could obviously not concern themselves in a matter that had no relation to school affairs. Besides, his services were not so easily replaceable, as he was a first-rate teacher whose results at the annual government inspection were always admirable. So that on the whole he was risking nothing beyond a permanent rupture with his principal.

Still even this was disagreeable, and he was not at all ready for the event of Mr. Bird's proving irreconcilable. He did not like this derangement of the settled path towards his degree, now more than ever valuable in his eyes as the key to the golden future. If he could have delayed all pleasures till after the degree, he would gladly have done so; but no wealth of academic distinction, even to the tune of a score of affixed letters, no examinations, however eminent, would make life livable if Marjory in the meantime were snapped up by somebody else. The fear of losing her gave him such anguish that he could not abandon his intention to seek her company; palliating his conscience with the notion of extra hours stolen from night.

Each day his father looked askance at him, gloomy at the absence of any news of a rapprochement, and earnestly besought him not to suffer the estrangement to continue longer.

"Don't be obstinate about it," he urged. "I know what it means to have one's life ruined. Go down on your knees to him, if necessary."

The broken man trembled as he spoke.

"Whatever I have done wrong I am willing to make amends for; but I certainly refuse to be the victim of his crusty irrational tempers," persisted Christopher stoutly. "I am no longer a boy, and it is high time he began to understand it."

In the school, amazed at such unprecedented independence of attitude, developments were breathlessly awaited. Christopher, notoriously the last man likely to defy Mr. Bird, was held to have lost his senses. That such a bookworm should have blossomed into a dancing-man was merely shaking to the popular conception of him, but this later eccentricity called for desperate explanation. It was being whispered about that his work had been steadily going downhill for a long time; that he had kept his own counsel and had embarked on doubtful dissipation, and that now Mr. Bird, acting with commendable promptitude, had called upon him to choose between his personal interest and friendship and his own evil courses.

But Christopher continued to keep his own counsel, no one being able to draw him from his dignified reserve. A whole week passed before he decided that the moment had come for an understanding. His request for a few minutes' conversation with Mr. Bird was made with the calm assurance of an honest man addressing his fellow-man, but he was soon to understand he had a most intractable person to deal with.

"And pray what is your desire?" asked Mr. Bird, magisterial in every inch.

"I wish, with your permission, sir," said Christopher, "to go into the whole question of my work with you."

"And I, sir, have no wish to go into anything with you," retorted Mr. Bird. "For seven days now you have gone about flaunting your insolence in my face. I have never in all my career experienced such wilful rudeness at the hands of a subordinate."

Mr. Bird would not listen to another word, cutting the young man short with an absolute repudiation of him, in which, assuming, as was characteristic of him in renewed altercations, that the subject had already been fully threshed out, he was able to allude to the point at issue as if it had been distinctly formulated from the beginning.

"I must decline any further connection with you, sir. Your tuition is a responsibility which I cannot assume any longer. In the backward state of your work, and *leading the life you do*, you cannot expect me to associate myself further with you. Naturally I must inform her

Ladyship of the circumstances, and as to her continuing her bounty, that rests entirely with herself."

Mr. Bird's ambiguous phrase sufficed for Christopher's enlightenment, but it increased his indignation tenfold. He was so choked by anger that he would have found it difficult to say anything further, even if he had wished. How dared Mr. Bird interfere with his harmless amusements in that way? It was an outrage!

When he had turned away it struck him that her Ladyship might be easily misled by Mr. Bird's way of putting the matter, which might imply so much more than the truth. He wished he had thought of threatening Mr. Bird with a direct appeal to her Ladyship at once; for he was certainly not called upon, he considered, to stand by quietly whilst he were being calumniated. However, it would not be too late on the morrow to give his principal fair notice of his intention simultaneously to present his own version of the difference between them. And if, despite everything, the subsidy were discontinued, he had lived on dry bread before, whereas now, at the worst, there would be sure bread and butter.

Rapidly his plans suggested themselves to him. He would continue his work without Mr. Bird; and he did not doubt he could get along tolerably well. He would take his degree, if he had to struggle might and main for it. The books he still had belonging to his principal could be easily replaced, though he would have to draw for the purpose on the little store of savings.

But Mr. Bird had been beforehand with him, and, in one of his pompous epistles, had already sought to apprise her Ladyship that differences had arisen between himself and her protégé, whose progress he could no longer guarantee, since the young man had permitted himself to be seduced from his work by idle and vicious companions. He thought it his duty not to conceal from her the real state of affairs, and she must herself decide whether Christopher Shepherd was now to be the recipient of her bounty to the full extent of the original understanding. In either case he personally could take no further interest in the young man's career, since he had been treated by him with gross insubordination and want of respect.

Christopher that evening, with angry scorn, made up all Mr. Bird's books into a large parcel, which, however, he was unable to complete because of two or three volumes he had left at Harford's. It being rather too late to call there, he scribbled a note asking his friend to send round the books during the morning. He thus calculated to be able to send the parcel to Mr. Bird's house on the morrow.

Arriving the next day, as usual, a few minutes before the classes assembled, he found his colleagues in evident agitation. The seniors openly took Mr. Bird's side and censured Christopher's conduct in so

offensively turning his back on his principal for seven whole days. Mr. Woodman took him apart, impressing upon him that he was, after all, a young fellow, necessarily foolish and inexperienced, and ought not to oppose Mr. Bird so obstinately, and he even offered to act as a sort of intermediary. But Christopher, who was now wrought up to the heroic pitch, resolutely declined his services.

The war culminated that afternoon, Mr. Bird receiving a visit from her Ladyship's brother's secretary. Her Ladyship was ill and in the South of France, and could not be troubled. Had Christopher Shepherd actually abandoned his intention of sitting for a degree? Christopher, called forward, gave the suggestion prompt denial, whereupon the secretary announced he had been instructed to say that, since the payments had been provided for, her Ladyship's brother would continue them under his power of attorney. On top of this came Christopher's announcement that he had forwarded Mr. Bird's books by carrier during the mid-day recess.

As Mr. Bird had himself said not a word about the return of these books, he was able now to make out that Christopher, by this offensive procedure, was abandoning him, and not he Christopher. He insisted that the books had been "snarlingly thrown at his head," hinting that the breach had not been so utterly irreparable as Christopher had now made it.

Altogether, Christopher felt he had emerged victorious, and was able to comfort his father with the news that Mr. Bird had been unable to injure him, and the assurance that he would quite be able to take care of himself so far as his future studies were concerned. Flushed with the fever of contest, he fell a-dazzling the old man with castle-buildings.

"One thing at a time," said Mr. Shepherd prudently. "Put all your strength into the immediate task and the rest will come."

"Well, not till to-morrow, anyway," laughed Christopher; "for I'm going to make myself smart presently. I've to meet some friends."

He had, in fact, snatched at the opportunity of joining a little party, organized by his old friend Corry, to attend a special benefit dance at a West-End assembly hall; getting thereby the sensation of celebrating the occasion, and in a way that seemed to him to mark the zenith of triumphant rebellion. His father, who had always imagined that the extra time spent away from home had been occupied in work with Harford, made no remark. He recognized his son had a right to his own affairs, and he had no wish to pry into them.

During the tea Mr. Shepherd mentioned casually to Christopher that Dora Bucknill had that week lost her little place, as her firm were reducing their staff. The poor girl was very much distressed about it, as, insignificant as her earnings had been, the money was of importance.

A bright idea came to Christopher. Why should he not run round to the Bucknill's at once and invite Dora to join the dancing party? True, his personal relation with the family had been for a long time of the slightest, but the nominal estrangement was nothing beside the bonds of old friendship, of the reality of which, despite everything, he had suddenly an intense consciousness. He would just make the suggestion to her in person, and would return for her an hour later.

However, a surprise awaited him. Harford was taking tea with the little family, and betrayed some slight embarrassment at his friend's unexpected appearance. Moreover, far from manifesting any such dejection as Christopher had been expecting to find, all were chatting quite gaily, and he could not help noticing, as Dora suddenly struck him in a new light, that the girl, though somewhat pale and worn, was of a dainty prettiness, and her old shabby serge frock did not detract from it. She shook his hand with old-time heartiness, and he felt he liked her very much, and that the Bucknill's were very nice people. He wished, indeed, he had the time to see more of them. He found it, however, a little awkward to deliver his invitation before Harford, whose presence had both taken him aback and set him wondering; and so he slid instead into telling them of the climax of his heroic stand against Mr. Bird's tyranny.

Dora took Christopher's side with such evident sympathy that Christopher said she was a brick. Harford, though he likewise expressed his approval of his friend's high-spirited attitude throughout, was obviously somewhat ill at ease, and his constraint seemed, all at once, to spread to the whole group. Christopher thereupon hastened to rise, explaining he could not stay very long as he had promised to join some friends.

"We are going to Maberly's, near Oxford Street. I hear it is a beautiful place with really good musicians."

He hesitated, in indecision whether to broach the idea that had impelled him to come or not. Then, bolder, he brought it in as though an afterthought.

"Perhaps you might like to join us, Dora. If so, I shall be pleased to come for you in an hour's time."

Dora looked up and smiled at him.

"It is very kind of you to think of asking me, but I'm sorry to say I don't dance, as I never had an opportunity of learning."

"Oh," he murmured, surprised. "I took it for granted you had learned somehow—like other girls."

"No, indeed," she smiled again.

He looked disappointed, and murmured again that he was sorry.

But later on, as he hastened joyously to the rendezvous through a murky December evening, a pleasant hope came to him that had perhaps been vaguely present all along, and he found himself asking

whether it was entirely irrational to consider the possibility of Miss Tickton's turning up at Maberly's. And, toying with this hope, he felt pleased after all that Dora had been unable to accompany him.

XIV.

THE rendezvous was at the home of Corry, whose vapid, good-natured features were on a larger scale than of yore, though his thick-headedness, having years before reached the limits of increase, had necessarily remained stationary. The chief occupations of his life were coloring a meerschaum and being engaged to be married. His sister and his present sweetheart were of the party, besides another girl and two other young men.

Maberly's Assembly Rooms were not far from Oxford Circus, and Christopher's enterprising friends had long ago discovered this and other brilliant centres of pilgrimage, preferring to seek their pleasures amid the exhilarating throb of London's gayety, and disdaining the resources of their own quarter. Their knowledge of the metropolis—its thoroughfares, parks, concerts, music-halls, and theatres—was intimate and affectionate, and they had the air and the consciousness of being men of the world. The party was a well-dressed one—for each young man had a touch of the dandy in him—and their spirits, not abated a jot by the chill of low-hanging mists, felt in harmony with the town, warm with pleasure and a million lights.

They paid their half-crowns—the special fee for the benefit night—and passed in. In the luxurious dressing-room, hushed as a sanctuary, and amid stylish, speckless young men with curled mustachios—the Beau-Brummels of London's counting-houses—they put the finishing touches 'o their toilettes. Then they repaired to the ball-room, a lofty palatial chamber, resplendent with the crystal of hundred-branched chandeliers and the dazzle of gilded mirrors that rose from wainscot to ceiling. Off the right of the room ran a gallery, spacious as itself, with arm-chairs and lounges and a buffet; and hereon the company was fast assembling in its hundreds. Two masters of ceremonies, in elegant evening dress, portly father and slim son, gave a graceful suggestion of fashion against the fine polish of the deserted dancing-floor.

The scene was a blaze of enchantment to Christopher, fresh from years of midnight oil. He stood against the draped balustrade of the gallery, buoyant in his dancing-pumps, and longing to be a-glide on that splendid floor. The girls of the party were already engaged to dance with his friends, and, at the beginning at least, he would have to find partners.

"Gentlemen—partners for the polka!"

Thus the stentorian abrupt cry from the floor below.

An invisible orchestra played out a bar of lightly-leaping music. A

thrill and a stir, and the company began to throng down from the gallery, a thick cascade dispersing itself over the great ball-room.

The orchestra took up the theme again, and a hundred couples had already taken the floor, when Christopher, looking about him in hesitation, suddenly caught sight of Tickton, just appearing, ghost-like, after so long an interval, in the door-way of the gallery. And over his shoulder his sister's face flashed softly, surpassing all the idealized visions of her Christopher had dallied with in the interim.

She came sailing along, fair and marvellously beautiful, in the simplest of exquisite frocks amid whose faint grey-blue nestled silvery lights, with a bunch of violets at her throat, and a flaky fan in her white-gloved hand. Impulsively he went forward to meet them, but the girl, looking rapidly to left and right, did not see him at once. As yet, though the abrupt fulfilment of his hope was an event to stir his blood, he experienced nothing but a calm wonder whether she would know him again. He had already intercepted her brother, before her eyes, resting upon him, suddenly opened wider and sparkled delightedly. Then his heart gave a great throb.

Doubt vanished before her friendly hand-shake and the rattle of her hearty greeting.

"This is *truly* a surprise, Mr. Shepherd, but I am so glad we have met again. I was wondering really what had become of you all this *awfully* long time, and my big brother told me you were stuck over those *horrid* books. What a great scholar you must be. Of course, you can't enjoy the least *bit* talking to poor me."

Christopher was almost too breathless to reply.

"Please don't say such unkind things. I should enjoy talking to you the whole evening," he hazarded valiantly.

The sugar—in one large lump—appeared to her taste.

"Should you really?" she asked, giving him the full radiance of her eyes and look. Then, abruptly, "Your tie has gone *all* crooked—let me put it straight for you." Her long fingers fumbled for a moment at his throat. "There!" she said softly.

He thanked her, thrilled by the attention.

"Shall we dance?" he asked.

"Thank you," she said, and took his proffered arm.

In a moment they were galloping briskly amid the dancers below.

Christopher felt that till now he had never lived—he might as well have lain under six feet of earth all these years. He knew he was moving creditably—helped by the floor and his companion, light as the feathers of her fan that dangled at her side as she danced. The music ceased all too soon—they had lost so much time at the beginning.

Her hand still on his arm, they moved down the floor, now being rapidly deserted again. She, familiar with the place, instinctively took

the lead, and they found seats on a large landing outside, among couples, self-absorbed and mutually ignoring one another.

She toyed with her fan, looking down at her lap; he, with his courage coming and going, at moments admiring her furtively, at others scarce daring to look at her. But it was all wonderfully delicious. Only the most shadowy thought of the rest of the party remained in his head; he cared little where they were and what they were doing.

"Isn't this a nice place?" she began. "They *do* know how to keep the floor. In some places, one gets one's dresses ruined by the *horrid* wax."

He murmured something appropriately sympathetic and indignant. She looked up from her lap and their glances met.

"I should think it *is* disagreeable," she chimed in with him; "especially when mamma takes it into her head to make a fuss. And when does mamma *not* take it into her head? Heigho!"

Her head hung down again, and her sigh went towards her blue lap. There was a moment of silence.

"I am *so* glad you are here to-night!"

She made the abrupt remark with a charming spontaneity, a quick irresponsible freshness as of crystal waters welling into the sunlight; and the sentence melted into a little laugh of pleasure. The weary sadness that had lingered on her face, and made his own heart a-weary, vanished as she lifted her glance again to his, and he saw it was all bright with pleasure.

He was flattered by this pretty burst of enthusiasm—so thrillingly unexpected. If he might only kiss her hand, her hair—he would be content to die!

"I am more glad than you," he returned. "I had not the slightest notion I should find you here. Your presence is a special gift of Providence!"

"Ah, you men *always* say nice things," she declared, meditative, though her glance did not lose its sparkle.

"Some men always mean what they say."

"Of course I know *you* always do," she said, with soft penitence. "And so you *really* wished to see me again! And I was wondering the whole time whether you hadn't forgotten me!"

"As if that were possible," he murmured.

The couples around them were disappearing fast. The echo of the stentorian voice came to them sharply.

"Gentlemen—partners for the waltz!"

Christopher asked for the dance, relapsing a little into timidity with the consciousness of asking too much.

She took his arm immediately without any demur, and they had a long delicious floating waltz. He had never danced with so perfect a

partner—for the first time he was tasting the full delight of the ball-room. When the music died away, with a vexatious suddenness that made them both laugh, he led her to the buffet, where they refreshed themselves with strawberry ices—not included in the cost of admission. She gave him more of her confidence, claiming his sympathy for her grievances. Wasn't it a shame that her mamma couldn't give dances, just because her papa was fond of peace and quiet? And they had such a lovely large drawing-room, in which, at a pinch, you might make up eight sets without really crowding.

"Of course I am *always* getting invitations," she fibbed, in unconscious artistic perception of the ideal fitness of things. "We know so *many* people who give dances. But I am too proud to accept when I know quite well that papa will *not* allow us to entertain in return. Papa is *awfully* grumpy. Now don't you call that hard on *me*? And then I have so *few* friends here of my own age. Mamma *would* send me away from London, though I wanted to go to school here. I knew exactly how it would be—that I should have to leave all my best friends behind me at Bath. I had such jolly times at Bath. My aunt wasn't a bit strict. We used to have such fun, what with promenades, and tea-parties, and lawn-tennis."

Christopher sighed in envious self-pity. Pleasures, from the thought of which his soul had once shrunk away in horror, now caressed him with warm, seductive images. It was not a mere vulgar desire for enjoyment that made him yearn towards all his severe life had lacked, but rather a certain mystic glamour that drew him, a certain beauty pulsating through life that called to him louder and louder, and that found its supreme living symbol in Marjory.

"I am so fond of lawn-tennis," she rattled on. "I suppose now you get a good deal of lawn-tennis in the season?"

"No," he stammered, almost ashamed at not playing lawn-tennis. "I have so little time just at present."

"What a shame!" she exclaimed. "You ought to make up for it one day and enjoy yourself *furiously*. I know I should. We have a splendid lawn, and I am looking forward to getting some good games in the summer, when I shall have a full-sized tennis-court marked out. Then we used often to go boating—I and another girl used to go out by ourselves, and auntie would get so nervous. I suppose you are quite a great oarsman?"

"I wish I were," he said, airily evasive. "But all that sort of thing, you know, doesn't make a man a scholar. And scholarship," he added with a touch of pride, "is to be my business in life."

"But you skate, I suppose? At Bath one could get *real* skating, but in London there's nothing but slush. I'm dreadfully disappointed, so far."

"Gentlemen—partners for quadrilles!"

Christopher, glad her last question could go unanswered, was bold enough to offer her his arm again, and in response to her "Let's take 'tops,'" joined her in a gleeful, slippery scamper to a vacant position.

For an hour and a half Christopher and Miss Tickton danced together incessantly, she declining offers from various other admirers with a haughty, icy "Thank you, but I'm afraid I'm engaged for the next!" Her cavalier stood by, expanding with exultant triumph and worshipping the gracious ease with which, princess-like, she met the contingencies of social existence. The long interval having arrived, he invited her to sup with him, and they were swept by the pour of the huge company through the swing-doors and down-stairs into a vast refreshment-room. Christopher secured a comfortable corner at one of the tables and ordered the light sort of supper obtainable. His partner, buoyant and merry in this atmosphere of gayety, laughed and chatted and coquetted to her heart's content. It was only during this period of protracted refreshment that, with a start, he caught sight of the friends who had brought him, and of whom he had been all but oblivious, at best vaguely conscious of brushing past them in the ball-room. They were watching him with obvious interest from a neighboring table, and he felt certain at once that the tale of his devotion to his neighbor would be widely spread abroad on the morrow. But he felt recklessly happy; excelling himself in compliments, paid with many a pretty turn and apt quotation. They might talk about him as they pleased, he laughed to himself, as, looking in their direction, he saw Miss Corry nudge her brother, but he turned his eyes away immediately to bask in the animated play of Marjory's features. He knew many other men must be envying him, for he had heard enough of late to be aware how great a privilege it was to obtain the least mark of his neighbor's favor.

In the course of the supper interval a socially-disposed young Irishman sang a popular ditty to the piano accompaniment of a comrade, and other members of the company contributed similar entertainment, amongst them Corry, who posed as a wag and had a repertory of comic songs that went with laughter-provoking facial contortions.

After supper, the orchestra grew brisker and the fun faster. Marjory, who had given him some of her flowers as they passed up the stairway again, elaborately unfastening them from her throat and fixing them nicely in his lapel, likewise gave him all her dances for the rest of the evening with an easy, frank abandonment that intoxicated him. The dances came now in rapid succession. How they trod to the living music—music charged surely with the very joy of life! It sparkled and glowed and flew; it laughed and leapt and mocked. Now it seemed to him the reckless soul of merriment; now it passed to melancholy and wept with despair. Then, more solemn and elusive, it

was the echo of some strange infinite beauty, breaking across the human sea. It moved with the airy grace of swans sailing through still waters at eventide, it vibrated with the melody of sunset; then broke into the roystering, rollicking rhythm of country festivities.

The dream ended at last. Flushed and breathless from the final mad gallop, they passed leisurely out of the room with the last enthusiasts. Below he found his friends all ready dressed for departure. But Tickton and his sister pressed him to drive home with them in their cab. So he shook hands with the others, who were superficially cordial, though the young ladies of the party, furious at his neglect of them, ignored his proffered hand and bowed very, very coldly.

As the cab rolled away, Tickton declared he had had a jolly good evening, whereupon Marjory, rallying, began to press for details. Much pleasant banter followed, beguiling the time till the brother and sister descended at last at their own home. Christopher bade them farewell at the broad barred gate from which a carriage-way swept round to the house through a gray-gleaming patch of lawn and shrubbery. There was such a cooing note in Marjory's voice as she softly wished him "good-night," such a tender pressure of her hand on his, and she was, moreover, so witching in her long soft cloak, that he dreamed of taking her in his arms and kissing her.

But it was only a dream, brief and evanescent.

He turned away, noticing the pavements were wet and the air reeking. He stepped again into the now dreary cab and the driver, already paid, took him to his own door. He let himself in with his latch-key and floundered upstairs in the dark. His father was sitting up for him, half-dozing, with the Cyclopædia on his lap and horn spectacles on nose, and warming himself by the fire on which a kettle sang. The lamp-light shone on his aging, worn features.

"Not gone to bed yet, father?" he asked, with a sudden flood of pity and affection for the old man. Somehow he felt kinder to all the world.

"It's a raw night," explained Mr. Shepherd, "and I thought you might like something hot when you came in. I hope you enjoyed yourself with your friends."

"Yes, father, I've enjoyed myself very much," he said gently. "And a pretty lady gave me these flowers. Would you like them, father?" He unpinned the violets impulsively and held them towards him.

"Thank you," said the old man, sniffing at them delightedly. "They are beautiful. One doesn't see such flowers about, this time of year. I'll put them in water at once."

Christopher drank the cocoa that his father insisted on making for him and then bade him good-night.

"Father," he called at the last moment; "I wish I could make you happier!"

XV.

Now that Mr. Bird had thrown him over, Christopher's desire for success was a thousand times more ardent than before, and he was not without the perception that the appeal of life to his starved spirit, continually tempting him before he was through his allotted tasks, was a menace to his projects. Yet, in the depths of his heart, lay that passionate belief in some grand romantic destiny awaiting him. He could not reach it with his vision; his utmost efforts could discern only as far as he had discerned before, stopping short at an inspectorship of schools or the post of university examiner. But he was conscious of the spell of its distant splendor, and he lifted his face towards it, radiant with the rapturing assurance that Marjory cared for him.

She was superb. Her beauty, her sparkle, her sunny openness, her fine, bold, free, glorious movement, held his soul enchanted, and the intoxication of his young blood passed into scenes that were not of this earth and that were invested with an unknown light.

His fantastic confidence sustained him in his determination to win her. His life was to be worthy of her, and he need not hesitate to take such a mate by the hand before all the world. It was only at obtruding prosaic moments that he permitted himself to dwell on the danger, difficulties, and petty inconveniences of continuing the courtship in his present comparative poverty. In these rare instances of sanity he felt he could give up everything for the sake of succeeding—but not Marjory herself. He must keep in touch with her, join in her pleasures if only through fear of losing her; for was not everybody in love with her? And how could he dare to risk his place amid a host of pressing rivals?

Yet facts soon began to make him feel their sting. His first evening of pleasure had cost him seventeen shillings—an appalling amount that sternly proclaimed such expeditions an impossibility for him. Never before in one evening had he made so vast an expenditure for his own enjoyment. He would have been horrified with himself had it not seemed a sacrilege to mix thoughts of shillings and pence with the thought of his Marjory. To dwell on the extravagant cost in time was, however, less sordid.

His examination was in the autumn, and he could now count the remaining months on his fingers. The work at this stage—since he had never been aided by competent tuition—put a greater strain on his powers than the earlier studies, and had, moreover, to be grappled after the bread-gaining labors of the day. And when, despite all his emotions and dreams, he came to apply himself he grew feverish and restless, and made the most indifferent progress. He told himself he needed time

to breathe, to adapt himself to the new conditions. Then all would be well.

Gradually he succeeded in sliding into a new-ordered existence, though he could not quite smother the occasional qualms of disquiet. He now had the delight of seeing Marjory frequently, for her brother seemed to be acting as a good-natured intermediary, and to be putting opportunities in his way. Becoming close friends with Tickton himself, Christopher permitted himself to revive his athletic interests to the extent of watching that gentleman's achievements in the foot-ball field for an hour or so on Saturday afternoons, when, as invited guest, he would partake of tea under cover and chat with the hero's sister.

Marjory seemed content with his attentions, and willing, for the present, to slide along on a vague basis of flirtation, keeping him enslaved with kindness, with her eager enjoyment of trifles, with her fleeting expressions, and the whole gamut of coquetry. His intoxication grew; he thought of her as of the sunset, as a glory to be dumbly accepted and worshipped. He fed his passion by reading poems of sentiment, lingering in ecstasy on passages that reflected his moods; he began to make verses himself, recording his thoughts and impressions. And in the occasional notes that passed between him and Marjory—for they naturally fell into correspondence—were woven charming lines conveying elegant compliments.

He plunged deeper into gayety, working later and later into the nights to balance the hours spent in sweeter fashion. Always knowing beforehand when Marjory meditated dancing—the information was, as a rule, slipped casually into a note of hers, if he had not already had it from her brother—he could always be certain of finding her when it was possible for him to make the excursion. When the spring came he joined them at walks, and they would stroll through the pageant of fashionable London, stare at the shops, and get tea in Bond Street. Sometimes he was taken for a drive by the Ticktons in their father's pony-chaise, Tom exhibiting his skill at handling the reins. And occasionally there were expeditions to concerts and theatres, and crystal and red-brick palaces of pleasure.

The months raced past and to the chills of the London spring succeeded the abrupt insufferable heats of summer. Then the school closed for the long vacation, and all Christopher's friends went holiday-making. A large contingent was attracted to Southsea, Woodman and his wife kindly taking their niece, Dora, along with them, as she needed the change. Independently of this set, Marjory had been carried off by her mother to the same place; and, as in former years, Christopher was left to a studious solitude.

He had looked forward to the vacation as a grand opportunity of working, but when the time came he grew peevish and fretful, and, as if

to emphasize his discontent, the weather grew heavy and sweltering. He longed for a holiday, feeling that even two weeks of sea-air would set him up for the big effort to be made between now and the fateful October that loomed down on him threateningly. But he had not a shilling to spare. At the beginning of the year he had hoped to be able to save out of his now reasonable salary; alas, his expenses had not only exhausted the remnant of the old store, but had, moreover, encroached on his earnings from month to month. Five pounds had gone to replace the books returned to Mr. Bird—with whom his relations had successfully fallen into the cold, formal one of subordinate and principal—and, not long afterwards, the last remaining fruits of his mother's economy had melted to nothing. Desirous of looking smart and handsome in Marjory's eyes, he had replenished his wardrobe in a much better style than before. He had indulged too in a dress-suit, a good silver watch, new ties and gloves, and a luxurious walking-cane. Urged by his growing needs, he had passed from the first unwilling and self-conscious drafts on the little fund to a habit of spending without underthought. There was consequently no more money at his disposal just now than sufficed for rent and household expenditure. And the last instalment of her Ladyship's bounty, which was soon to be paid him, would have to be carefully put aside for his examination fee.

Towards the end of the first week of vacation, which he had passed entirely at his little work-table in the window of his back room, a welcome note from Harford invited him to lunch and to spend the Sunday afternoon at his house.

The entry of Marjory into Christopher's life had marked a turning-point in his intercourse with Harford, first involving a restriction of confidence, and ultimately the abandonment of their weekly evening together. Since Christopher had stumbled across him at the Bucknill's, they had met scarcely half-a-dozen times. Yet, as both were well aware, the falling-off was a merely external one. Christopher knew Harford was often at the Bucknills, and he had long since heard—for the whisper had got about—that his middle-aged friend was paying his court to Dora, not yet out of her teens. Though he ardently desired the happiness of both, the idea was not wholly pleasing to him. The difference of twenty-seven years in their ages struck him with consternation. Harford, on his side, knew quite well to what cause Christopher's pardonable defection was due, and he was sympathetically tolerant of it.

The meeting between the two was cordial, even eager. From Harford, possessed of private means, radiated a studious prosperity that surrounded Christopher soothingly. In just such a cottage villa as this he aspired to taste the sweets of domesticity with his Marjory, and his eyes took in all its details longingly. His friend and he had much to say to each other—it was so good to be together again!

Harford, who since the days when they had gone up to Burlington House together had made two further futile attempts at matriculation, now announced that he had finally abandoned all ambition in that direction!

"As one gets older one's ideas change," he explained. "Of course I've always loved the work, but the time comes when one feels the years slipping by, and there are other things in life to interest one."

Gradually, as they sat after lunch in the sweet-smelling little garden, there was effected an exchange of confidences, though Christopher had more to learn than Harford, the latter eagerly seeking the younger man's counsel.

"I've often longed to tell you about things," he said, "but somehow I always felt I oughtn't to bother you. It's true you're only a young fellow, but you know I never looked on you as on other young fellows. I have always had the greatest respect for your opinion. I tell you, Christopher," he went on impressively, "that, if my insight into character is worth anything at all, we shall be seeing you one day amongst the examiners."

"Nonsense," said Christopher modestly.

"Very well,—we shall see!" said Harford confidently. "But to return to our muttons. What I've been wanting to ask you is this: Suppose a girl refuses a man but tells him she esteems him highly; ought he to persist in trying to win her?"

"Certainly," said Christopher promptly.

"I'm glad to hear you say that," exclaimed Harford fervently, his face glowing. "Because I'm in a bit of a quandary. You see, Christopher, I was thinking seriously about my life some little time back, and I came to the conclusion I should like to settle down. 'I am forty-five,' I said to myself. 'Now is the time to marry or never! It's true, I'm not particularly good-looking, but I flatter myself I'm not quite a fool, and I can offer a girl a nice little home.' Now the Bucknills had always struck me as very superior people. The mother's a perfect lady—it's a pleasure to talk to her—and the two girls are so clever and refined. In a way, I've always been friendly with the family—I've known Woodman these twenty years. It seems only the other day I used to see Dora trotting along by her mother's side, a dear wee mite laughing to everybody, with her hair in long, golden curls. That was before the father died. She has grown up quite wonderfully. A very good and clever girl! I know I'm not *extraordinarily* clever myself, but I've enough brains to appreciate cleverness in others. Mary, the little one, copies all the pictures in her books most beautifully—she really ought to learn to draw. Well, as I was saying, I began to think matters over and made up my mind that, if Dora would have me, she

was the girl for me. To cut a long story short, she is just as nice as she can be, but she has refused me."

"I'm so sorry," murmured Christopher, moved to an artistic regret by the unhappy ending. But in his heart he felt a great relief.

"I'm worse than sorry—I'm utterly cut up," resumed Harford mournfully. "But that isn't all. Fact is, I've asked her three times, and I've been refused three times."

"Does she give any reason?"

"She says she doesn't love me, and, between ourselves, Christopher, I think she's quite right. There's not much in *me* for a nice girl to fall in love with. That's why I haven't the heart to persist any longer. I don't want to do what isn't right. But since *you* think I ought to try again, why try again I shall."

"There can't be much harm in doing so," said Christopher. "If she is set against it, she'll still stand out."

"But there's more behind it," said Harford glumly. "I pressed her and pressed her till at last she admitted she liked somebody else better."

"You didn't mention that before," said Christopher, pricking up his ears.

"One can't get out everything at once," protested Harford. "But straight, would you go on in my place?"

"That depends. She isn't engaged to the other man?"

"That I'm sure of," said Harford eagerly. "Should you say that makes any difference?"

"I should say it does!" declared Christopher. "*I'd* never give up a girl till there was *absolutely* no hope."

"It's easy for a lucky dog like *you* to talk," said Harford knowingly.

"What do you mean?" stammered Christopher.

"Ah well, there's a very pretty young lady we all know Master Christopher has his eye on," explained Harford playfully.

"Don't talk about that," said Christopher with affected pessimism. "It's all perfectly hopeless."

"Bosh!" exclaimed Harford. "From all I hear, she seems to be gone a bit on you too."

Christopher was as red as fire. "I'm not so sure about that," he said humbly; "but my company is certainly not disagreeable to her, and she has been really nice to me. But what's the use? It's true I may have prospects, but just now I'm so devilish poor I can't even afford a holiday. Heaven knows I want one badly enough, with three months' extra heavy work in front of me."

Harford clapped his hand to his forehead.

"Why don't you come along with me?" he roared. "I'll lend you the money. We'll go to Southsea."

"No, no, old man. You mustn't tempt me. I don't care about running into debt. I don't in the least know when I'd be able to clear it off."

"Ten pounds—a mere trifle," insisted Harford. "Pay me back next year—the year after, if you prefer it."

Christopher's fibre weakened.

"We'll take rooms together, we'll rise early to bathe, we'll take long walks in the country."

Christopher felt the exhilaration of sea-breezes; inhaled the odor of corn-fields.

"Or we can lounge on the beach and watch the pretty children, or we can take steamer-trips to the Isle. And then perhaps one day we might run up to the New Forest."

Harford's seductive programme poured forth irresistibly.

"You'll be twice the man after it. You'll get six months' work into three."

Christopher felt suddenly ill and worn.

"I've scarcely the strength to drag one foot after the other," he said meditatively, and Harford seized the moment to capture his man.

"And I'd be able to see a bit of *my* girl, and you could see something of *yours*!"

They discussed their plans for the holiday in detail with the pleased excitement of children, eagerly consulting time-tables, maps, and guide-books (with which Harford was somehow amply prepared) and drawing up lists of what they would need to take with them. When all was discussed, and settled, and discussed again, and when Harford had sufficiently discoursed on the beauties of the Isle with interspersed memories of former visits, he desired Christopher to listen to his latest drama.

It was quite like old times again, for, the evening now being advanced, they repaired to the study, where Harford started reading from his manuscript. But the play itself was a departure from the usual farce with its comic devil, for it was a serious love-drama with a tragic ending.

"I certainly shouldn't be discouraged if I were you," Harford enjoined on him as they parted. "What! A fine fellow like you not a match for a timber-merchant's daughter! The idea!"

Christopher expanded visibly.

"I mean to have a good try yet," he said airily.

"That's right," said Harford, giving his hand a last squeeze. "And I say, old man, you're quite sure I ought to try again?"

"Certainly," said Christopher.

XVI.

CHRISTOPHER rose white and shattered after a fitful and uncertain night; but the boom of living winds, salt-laden, smote his ears, and his lungs expanded with the suggestion of infinite invigoration.

His preparations were quickly made, for his wardrobe was well stocked. A few purchases of odds and ends, and he was quite ready when Harford came for him at the time appointed. Mr. Shepherd, trusting implicitly in his son, to whom he had long since unquestioningly confided all money arrangements, had not sought to inquire into the financial basis of the holiday. He was as agitatedly enthusiastic as if he were going away himself, and came to see them off at the suggestion of Harford. As the train puffed away he turned home with his eyes full of tears.

Christopher himself was doubly happy, for the morning's post had brought him an unexpected letter from Marjory. Moreover, it began "Dear Christopher," and maintained the intimate note throughout.

"It is very *beautiful* here," she wrote, underlining words even more liberally—and certainly more irrelevantly—than she accentuated them in speech; "and we have been *so lazy* all the week. I am alone with mamma, as *big brother Tom* can't be spared yet from the office. Mamma sits on the beach *all day* in a hammock-chair and reads novels. We get Wilkie Collins and Mrs. Henry Wood from the library. We bathe before lunch, and it is *such fun* every day *persuading mamma* to come into the water. We have nice lodgings, but the people are *horrid*, and mamma *quarrels* with them every day. Isn't that *tiresome*? I have seen *all your friends*, but mamma is *very strict* for a while every morning, and makes me stay by her, till I *tease* and *plague* her into letting me go *my own way*. Then I may do what I *please* for the rest of the morning. In the *afternoon* it's the same thing *all over again*. Once we drove out to Fritton and had tea in a *garden*, but the swarms of *green flies* and insects made mamma *very cross*. How *tiresome* it must be not to have time for a holiday, with the sun shining and all one's *friends* enjoying themselves. I wish you could come *here*. There are so many *pretty girls* that I am sure you would really *enjoy yourself*.

"Ever yours sincerely,

"MARJORY TICKTON."

"Oh, the wicked pretender!" laughed Christopher, charmed immeasurably by the last sentence. "As if she didn't know I don't care a fig for all the pretty girls in the world." And, with the letter pressed next to his heart, he went speeding on his way to astonish Marjory by the suddenness of his advent.

Harford had brought with him a luncheon-basket, and Christopher a large batch of verses, the double provision beguiling the journey pleasantly. Harford was now quite bent on asking Dora once more.

His large face shone as he announced that "something told him she would accept him this time."

They arrived at Southsea, and found rooms in a stucco villa in a newly built side-street, just off the sea-front, and a considerable distance east of Portsmouth. Then soon they were out on the long promenade in the warm, exhilarating dazzle of the sunlight, and Christopher felt a great joy in existence as he looked across the expanse of waters, sparkling under a fairy sky.

He was as pleased and as merry as these pretty little ones rioting in the curling surf. His fortnight stretched before him as an infinity of ecstasy. All oppressive thoughts fell away from him: he might have been a millionaire without a care.

They fell a-sauntering along the promenade, he eagerly scanning all this world for a sight of Marjory.

"There are some of our friends," said Harford at last, designating a group that lay at ease amid gleaming parasols.

And soon they had greeted the astonished Woodman and his smiling, affable wife, and another couple in whom they were less interested, and, last but not least, the sunny, sprightly Dora, all a-glow and unexpectedly suggestive of the high-spirited child of a few years back. Though impatient to find Miss Tickton, Christopher was glad to linger here and listen to the adventures and escapades of the week. Besides, being now fully cognizant of the details of Harford's love-affair, he was interested to see how Dora would greet her thrice-rejected wooer. But there was nothing marked in the encounter. She simply smiled lightly as she shook his hand with unaffected friendliness. Nor did Harford, on his part, betray any embarrassment, immediately seating himself on the beach by the side of Woodman. Dora gathered in her skirts and, smoothing a place on the stones, invited Christopher to come and talk to her.

He threw himself down with a sigh of content, she shading him with her pink parasol, whilst the breeze blew on him gratefully.

"I am so glad, Chris, you made up your mind to come after all," she began. "I was only just thinking of you when you appeared."

"That was very charming of you," he declared.

"In fact, I was rather worrying about you. It made me feel quite selfish to be here."

"It certainly was worth while coming, then—if only to relieve you of so unpleasant a feeling."

Though simply attired in a sailor's hat and serge dress, Dora was singularly piquant and attractive, and he let his eye dwell on her as his hands played idly amid flints and pebbles. And just because he felt so aloof from her destiny, and so certain of his own devotion to Marjory,—of whose letter, close to his heart, he was proudly conscious,—he per-

mitted himself the airy pleasure of something approaching to flirtation with his old-time little secretary. His intercourse with Marjory had made him a practised lady's-man, and he was almost surprised now to find there was a certain joyousness in applying his facility in some other direction.

She seemed just in the very mood for altercation.

"Oh Chris," she retorted pointedly. "What a pity your 'gallantry' isn't of any use for your exam. It's to be hoped you've studied your other subjects as thoroughly."

"I should fail even at 'gallantry' if you were not by to inspire me."

"And since when, pray, have I exercised this remarkable influence on you?"

"Always, my dear Dora."

"You are fibbing, my dear Christopher. Why, up to your quarrel with Mr. Bird," she added mischievously, "you were impervious to *any* influence."

He made a wry face and threw a friendly stone at her. She returned the compliment. Of course, she must have heard about him and Marjory, he told himself. Everybody knew it, except apparently his father, but then the Bucknills were *his* sole source of information, and they did not gossip. To be the favored suitor of a girl like Marjory was no cause for him to hide his head. And so, though he understood Dora's little stab at him, he could afford to smile at it. The exchange of stones seemed to be a confirmation of their olden friendship. He felt he should really like to confide in her—she could be so nice and gentle and sympathetic if the mood for teasing and plaguing did not come over her! He was sure that was the real Dora, the Dora who had worked so hard copying for him, and running errands for his mother, and basting accurately along the chalk-marks on cut-out little girls' frocks, the Dora who had been wont to meditate with tiny tongue protruding. Then he remembered the secret he had yesterday learned from Harford—that there was somebody she liked better than Harford. He wondered again who the man was, hoped fervently that things would come all right for her in the long run. Poor Dora! Of course, she would refuse Harford again. He would then speak to his friend; he must tell him straight out that he ought to look for a woman more suitable to his age. Harford was a good fellow, but twenty-seven years was an appalling difference!

"I like you, Dora," he said, impulsively. "I always said you were a good sort."

"But you never looked at me all the same," she complained reproachfully.

"Why, I have always been one of your most ardent admirers," he declared indignantly.

"You are fibbing again, Christopher," she said sternly. "What color are my eyes, for instance?" she asked, carefully looking away from him.

"What color?" he echoed,— "what color?"

"Confess you don't know," she exclaimed gleefully.

He vainly tried to picture her eyes; he had not the least notion what they were like.

"One is blue, the other green," she announced triumphantly. "Look! I am a horror, and you've never known it." She turned her face towards him again.

To his astonishment he found the colors really did not match.

"But why a horror?" he exclaimed. "The blue is exquisite, and so is the green. It is a distinction."

She laughed outright.

"I'm sorry I can't share your taste for odd eyes, you double-distilled gallant! I wish too I hadn't told you. I remember I used positively to stare at you for fun, to see if you would notice. I made up my mind never to tell you till I was forty. But Mrs. Woodman's eyes are looking at us restlessly. Her's are perfectly assorted, and I can read in them it is getting near tea-time."

The two friends had tea with the Woodmans, Dora presiding gracefully.

The afternoon passed without a glimpse of Marjory. True, one might spend a whole day without lighting on a particular person, but the disappointed Christopher felt that the chances might have been kinder to him. The Woodmans, Dora, Harford, and he were forming a friendly party and were already planning out excursions in common. They spent the evening on the pier, Harford now contriving to stroll alongside of Dora. Christopher, following with the others in their wake, and stepping buoyantly to the music amid the crowds of beautiful girls and stately women in soft costumes that shimmered in the last warm flush of day, fell into half dream-like meditation, touched by the passing light and the mystic sunset, the still air, and the swelling waters. Suddenly he discovered he had got separated from his companions. Not able to see them immediately, he continued his promenade, impelled to move from the crowded area and to look out to sea from the farthest point. As he was approaching the spot he desired to reach he caught sight of Marjory!

She was talking to a stalwart, sun-burnt young man—a perfect stranger to Christopher—in a sheltered out-of-the-way corner. She seemed to be laughing and in high spirits, whilst her companion hung his head gloomily. For an instant Christopher stood trembling; he longed to approach and greet her, but a heavy hand seemed to restrain him. The next moment he found himself passing on, and when, some

minutes later, he came again to the same place the couple had vanished. His eye sought Marjory in vain during the rest of the evening.

As if in recompense, he found her easily in the morning. She and her mother, ensconced in canvas chairs, were reading novels on the beach. He came crunching down the shingle to salute them, and was introduced to Mrs. Tickton, whose manner struck chills through the warm sunshine, despite the affability of her stereotyped phrases, uttered with a thin, severe deliberation that was intended to be lady-like. He was morbidly conscious of her eye taking him in as he chatted with Marjory in her overshadowing presence. Marjory had already heard of his arrival from various other acquaintances he had run up against on the previous afternoon, but, though he was disappointed of the delighted surprise with which he had imagined she would greet him, he was consoled by her whispered information that she would be able to get away from her mamma in the afternoon. Not that her mamma really cared, she explained, but she had got it into her head that it didn't look well for them not to keep together. Of course, he did not allude to his glimpse of her the previous evening, yet at one moment she apparently threw some light on the identity of the stranger in whose company he had seen her by casually remarking that they had been to the station that morning to see off a friend, who, running up to London from Bath, had followed them to Southsea specially to deliver a personal message from her aunt.

Reassured by her unconcerned reference to the man and her characterizing him as "prodigiously attentive," Christopher dismissed the episode from his mind altogether, and, later in the day, was quite content to sink his disappointment of yesterday in the delicious present.

For delicious the afternoon certainly was, and precursor of even happier times to follow. Marjory contrived to join his party for some hours daily, the mother reassured by the chaperonage of Mrs. Woodman, and perhaps only too glad to be left in peace with her novel. But the chaperonage was not a very rigorous one, and Marjory and Christopher had all the freedom their hearts could desire. Marjory too took an immense fancy to Dora, who did not repel her enthusiastic advances, and whenever real expeditions were planned she would skilfully inveigle her mother, hesitating to permit her to go so far afield, into joining the party herself. Mrs. Tickton, though haughty and distant in her general attitude, would occasionally unbend, and would chat to Christopher in quite a motherly way.

And so the first week passed, joyous with sea-baths and sun-baths; with circumnavigations of the Isle of Wight and a thousand other delights. Marjory and Christopher seemed to have come together closer than ever before. He breathed the large airs, intoxicated with the conviction that she was his—his, till death should part them.

XVII.

MRS. TICKTON, mindful of the wasps and green flies that had marred her last al fresco tea, could not again be persuaded to join a similar expedition, but, grown lax with the march of the days and the increasing heat, made no opposition to Marjory's going with the rest.

They squeezed into an open carriage, Mrs. Woodman, Dora, and Marjory on one side, Harford and Christopher facing them, Woodman himself taking his seat on the box alongside the driver. The farm at which they were to descend for tea was only three miles away, but they went designedly by a long, roundabout route through sweet-smelling lanes and stretches of beautiful country. Arrived at their halting-place, they dismissed their carriage, and, passing through a wooden gate in a hedge, entered a kind of old English cottage-garden with shabby green tables and benches on a lawn in the centre.

The tea was sipped by all with a pretence of enjoyment, second cups being in demand. But apparently the first supply had slaked their thirst sufficiently, for they were so long in getting through the second that, when they started to saunter home, the hedges threw their shadows across the roadway. It was a beautiful walk under the full sky in the cool, clear air. Woodman, walking steadily, headed the procession. A hundred yards behind him came Harford and Dora, followed by Christopher and Marjory as far to the rear again. Last of all came Mrs. Woodman, staying every now and again to gather a tempting wild-flower.

The intervening distances slowly increased, and all at once Christopher and Marjory were surprised to find themselves alone in the quiet landscape. They were walking hand in hand—far away, it seemed to Christopher, from the world he knew, from the age he lived in. This was a golden world, a golden epoch; and there were only Marjory and he, and a wonderful earth and sky.

"I loved you the first moment I saw you, Marjory. Somehow life was all changed for me. I want only to worship you—to live only for you. Be mine, mine," he pleaded.

She pressed his hand, laughing lightly.

"You know I have never cared for anybody else, dear Chris. You are my true love—you only."

Her echoing words touched his soul softly, loosing a flood of music, infinitely sweet, infinitely trembling. But one harsh note seemed to sound amid it, and some passion stirred in him, out of harmony with the ripe-glowing afternoon and the face of the girl under her pretty straw hat, laden with nodding corn-flowers.

The blood mounted to his head, his face twitched, he crushed her hand.

"Do you know what I should do, Marjory, if you cared for anybody else? I should kill him and I should kill you."

She laughed again, almost nervously.

"Dear, dear Christopher, how fierce you are!"

"The thought of another man touching you drives me mad."

Her eyes danced. She pressed his hand again. Then, irresponsibly, like a gleeful child, she made a dash towards a bit of common shot with heather and gorse, surprising his feet into a forced gallop. "What lovely heather!" she exclaimed. "Help me to pick some!"

She knelt amid the grass, but he still retained her hand, held it to his heart, covered it with kisses; and as, with her free hand, she held up a beautiful sprig her smiling, sparkling face upturned towards his, he bent, intoxicated, to kiss her lips. The universe melted into a sweet, far-echoing chaos.

It was his first kiss, and when he had snatched it, and the wonderful purple mist had faded from his eyes, and he saw again the afternoon landscape a-flood with mellow light,—the rich common, the fluttering corn-patches, the green of the earth, and the blue of the sky,—a lark thrilling ever so high in the air and winged insects soaring and darting joyously, he had a mingled sense of the ecstasy of life and his own breathless audacity.

Marjory was on her feet again, and had her hands free.

"Look, Mrs. Woodman is coming," she said, pointing to a figure, silhouetted small and black, an immense distance down the white road. "Let us wait for her."

When Mrs. Woodman at last came up with them, laden with the masses of flowers she had gathered, Marjory went into ecstasies of admiration, so that the simple soul forgot the playful remark about "You children" that was on the tip of her tongue. The three returned to the town together, and Marjory was restored to her mother direct from the hands of the chaperon, having promised to see Christopher on the pier later in the evening.

It was a gentle sunset; the sea sparkled softly, and wooingly caressed the land. All was subdued—the music and the breeze and the western sky and the points of light showing in the dusk. A calm as beautiful enfolded Christopher's spirit. In the past he had often thought tremulously of the moment when Marjory and he should recognize their love in clear words; it had always struck him as necessarily abrupt and awkward, whereas to-day they had glided into confession as naturally as a bud opens in the sunlight. But, after a further talk between them at their rendezvous that evening, he found that the abrupt and awkward moment had somehow moved ahead, and was yet to be faced. Mrs. Tickton had to be interviewed—she first, naturally, as she was so close at hand and had even spoken favorably of Christopher to Marjory.

So Christopher approached the canvas chair the very next morning

and made the usual salute, in doubt whether Marjory had found an opportunity for preparing her mother for his reception. Mrs. Tickton's manner, colder than usual, even inert, bored, and indifferent, ought not, perhaps, to have failed to enlighten him. It only stimulated him, charged with the new joyous responsibility for Marjory's life and happiness, to disdain all feelings of timidity, to assume rather the mood of highwayman crying "Stand and deliver!"

Mrs. Tickton's dull blue eyes played upon him uneasily beneath her showy bonnet; her withered lips were closed not quite agreeably. She looked as if highwaymen were not to her taste that morning. Her novel lay on her lap with an air of desiring to be resumed. Christopher did not long delay his point, arriving by way of an announcement of a special boat excursion that afternoon to Totland Bay and back.

"May I take Marjory?" he asked.

"Alone!" Mrs. Tickton let her hands fall to her side in resignation to what she perceived was about to follow.

"Well, there would be no harm," he urged smilingly. Marjory standing behind her mother's chair, nodded him encouragement; and it was a happy, laughing, sunny morning. "Marjory and I have become such friends, you know."

"Indeed!"

"The truth is," he laughed, "we like each other so much that we want to go *everywhere* in each other's company. In fact, we want each other's company till we die."

"I'm sure that girl'll send me into *my* grave," said Mrs. Tickton.

So funereal a conviction was a little chilling, but Christopher could not bear, without protest, that so cross an allusion should be made to Marjory.

"Why, she's the dearest and most beautiful girl in the world," he exclaimed.

"I'm sure I don't know what her father will say," continued Mrs. Tickton, picking her words cleanly, and summoning all her lady-like severity; "but I cannot accept any responsibility for her conduct." Then, turning to Marjory: "It can't be said that I haven't warned you all along not to go about so much with strange people your parents know nothing of. And all the while you threw dust in my eyes by——"

"Oh mamma!" exclaimed Marjory in hasty, indignant interruption, cleverly away from the point; "you *know* you liked Christopher. You said only the other afternoon that he was a nice and pleasant young man."

"Mr. Shepherd is certainly a most respectable and gentlemanly young fellow," conceded Mrs. Tickton, drawn off her trail. "Mind, I don't say a word against him. But, as I've said, I take *no* responsibility. I leave everything to your father. Dear, dear me—just when the air was doing my health so much good."

"Am I to understand, madam," insisted Christopher firmly, "that you decline to consider my desire to be engaged to Marjory?"

"I decline nothing! I consider nothing!" she broke in on him immediately. "Marjory is absurdly young, and—and—all this is really most disturbing. I never expected this to happen. I'm sure I thought I had brought up Marjory to have a better idea of what she owes to her position."

"Because she cares for me!" exclaimed Christopher indignantly. "Pardon me, madam, but you also once cared for somebody."

Mrs. Tickton shifted uncomfortably, doubtful whether to take the reminder as a hint that Christopher knew of *her* obscure married beginnings.

"My dear young man," she said, suddenly assuming a tone of conciliation, "you must not be unreasonable. Nothing can be settled now. Her father would be very much put out indeed if we came to any decision without consulting him. Meanwhile, I'm sure you will agree with me that it is best that you young people should not see each other."

"Oh mamma!" exclaimed Marjory.

"As we cannot now stay at Southsea any longer—of course, it would be wrong of us to expect Mr. Shepherd to leave—we had better be off this very afternoon," she continued calmly, addressing the remark to her daughter. "Dear, dear, I don't quite know where I am to find air to do me so much good."

"Of course, madam, if it is a question of your going or my going," put in Christopher, "do not for a moment think of inconveniencing yourself."

"It is most kind and considerate of you," murmured Mrs. Tickton politely, "but we must not part you from your friends. Now, Marjory, you had better say 'Good-by' to Mr. Shepherd, and then go straight home to pack."

"Oh, no, mamma!" pleaded Marjory still.

"Very well then—if I *must* go alone, then alone I go," threatened Mrs. Tickton; "unless you like to stay and sleep on the beach to-night."

There was no help for it. Marjory and Christopher could only just shake hands in gloomy silence.

"Now please understand, Mr. Shepherd, that nothing is settled—one way or the other. I shall write to Mr. Tickton about the whole affair, and must altogether refer you now to my husband."

She took up her sentimental novel again with an air of finality, red and all a-flutter with the great act of decision circumstance had imposed on her.

"I hope, madam, you do not look on me in an unfriendly spirit," said Christopher.

"Oh, dear, no!" professed Mrs. Tickton, fumbling impatiently with her book-mark. "Only we can't say what view her *father* might take

of the matter, but in case he *should* disapprove, you know——” She did not finish the sentence. She had already risen to the occasion, and resented having to exert herself further. Her dull blue eyes sought the printed page.

“Good-morning, madam,” said Christopher, turning away, miserable enough at being deprived of Marjory for the rest of his holiday, but too determined to be much daunted at heart. He meant to fight for her. He would have seemed despicable in his own eyes had he admitted that any insurmountable obstacle existed.

His deep faith in Marjory’s love sustained him through the remaining days, and, superficially, his enjoyment seemed unabated. His intention was to press his suit as soon as he returned to town. Marjory was already won—they could not force her to give herself to another. With her as his ally, victory was only a question of time. His sadness at her being snatched away from him was lost in the wonderful glow of happiness with which he recalled the moment of her confession, her light laugh, her sweet utterance: “You know I have never cared for anybody else, dear Chris. You are my true love—you only!”

But the sudden disappearance of Marjory and her mother—who had crossed by the afternoon boat to Ryde, that course apparently involving the least change of air—could, naturally not escape the observation of Christopher’s friends; and though nobody ventured to say a word to him on the subject, his cheerful demeanor caused them a great deal of perplexity. Dora, as though divining some calamity had befallen him, refrained from all teasings and altercations, and was charmingly sympathetic in a hundred little ways. But he could not prevail on himself to open his heart to her, though he knew she had always been dear to him. He thought again of the somebody she loved, and he longed, with a hope that was almost prayer, that happiness might be granted this frail, dainty body—as she seemed to him beside the glowing, swinging splendor to the admiration of which he was so desperately committed.

Harford, who alone had Christopher’s confidence, faithfully declined to pass it on to a vaguely speculating public.

XVIII.

BACK in town, Christopher, bronzed and hearty, had the remainder of the long vacation for entire devotion to his studies, and he began again with the cool assurance of well-matured judgment. He was aware that since his break with Mr. Bird—though not on account of it—his work had suffered incalculably, and as much from mental divagation as from actual loss of time; but he had now a large, heroic confidence in his power to succeed. True, there were only three months before him, yet, if the work still to be mastered was great in quantity, he loomed to himself gigantic. He felt he could lift the whole world on his shoulders.

Strolling out to take the air, two or three days after his return, Christopher came face to face with Mr. Bird, promenading the streets disconsolately. To his astonishment the head-master stopped and gave him a friendly handshake. For months they had preserved towards each other the merely official attitude, but Christopher felt now there was no call for him, with his heart full of benevolence towards the whole human race, to respond ungraciously to Mr. Bird's amiable advance.

The head-master, after inquiring about Christopher's health and the health of his father, proceeded, to Christopher's utter consternation, to invite him to accompany him home and partake of tea. Mrs. Bird, whom the young man had not seen for ages, welcomed him with effusion, and hastened to cut up an enormous cake, meanwhile entertaining him with a sweetmeat-dish full of flat, sugar-dotted chocolates that recalled his first dancing-lesson at Pompadour House.

They spoke first of Christopher's holidays, and then Mr. Bird, already driven back from his own, being unable to subsist without his every-day importance, which was lost in the larger world without, related in his dry—though genially-intended—manner various incidents that had befallen him.

"As for myself," continued Mr. Bird, "I am thankful to be back in my own home. Abroad one meets with nothing but arrogance and insolence."

Mr. Bird was imperceptibly working towards the subject he desired to broach, and for the sake of which he had made so sensational a departure from all precedent in offering his hand cordially to a young man who had defied him and had never since submitted. For years and years he had enjoyed the honor of being consulted by his subordinates and other admirers about all their intimate affairs—their quarrels with their landlords, or, may be, tenants, the marriages of their daughters, the education and delinquencies of their sons, and their family illnesses,—for which last in particular Mr. Bird had a great stock of prescriptions and remedies.

In originally taking up so bright a lad as Christopher, he had promised himself great pleasure from controlling his whole career. The break between them, necessary as it had been, was a great pain to him, and now that for some little time past he had been hearing the young man's name coupled with that of a young lady unknown to him, the need of discoursing wisdom to Christopher grew and grew within him. Their accidental meeting to-day had caught Mr. Bird at a very weak moment, he having already heard of the holiday-making of the pair at the same resort, and as he was also longing for an audience to his expatiation on the insolence of paid underlings at holiday places, the impulse to carry Christopher home with him had proved irresistible.

"We cannot expect, however," continued Mr. Bird philosophically, "to go through life without experiencing its evils. But a home of one's own is a fortress against the vexations which even the most virtuous of men cannot hope to escape. It is therefore a laudable ambition for every man to desire a home of his own."

Christopher expressed a general agreement with these sentiments.

"But a home without a good wife to illumine it is but as a dungeon," went on Mr. Bird. "I have been told, by the way," he added after a pause, "that *you* are contemplating matrimony."

"I!" stammered Christopher. "Have people been talking about me?"

Mr. Bird smiled indulgently.

"It is but natural that the world should interest itself in the affairs of young people who have their lives before them. You surely should not take it ill that human society interests itself in the affairs of its constituents. You ought rather to take it as a compliment."

"Oh, but people are apt to indulge in a great deal of premature gossip," protested Christopher, "and they may do no end of mischief. As a matter of fact, there is nothing settled yet, though I have written to Mr. Tickton to ask him to grant me an interview and am now awaiting his reply. However, the young lady and myself are pretty well agreed."

Mr. Bird exclaimed that that appeared to him a great deal to have settled, and by skilful suggestion extracted from the still not very willing Christopher a confidential account of how the affair stood. At a propitious moment he worked in the special piece of wisdom he had kept for the occasion: "In the olden time a man used to plant his vineyard and build his habitation before taking unto himself a wife: nowadays he takes unto himself a wife, and plants his vineyard and builds his habitation afterwards."

Mr. Bird put the point good-humoredly, thus making it clear to Christopher that he disapproved of his having engaged himself before taking his "B. A." Christopher was so far docile as to admit that he wouldn't have thought of getting engaged if he hadn't met Marjory, but, having met Marjory, he had to submit to his fate—which, for the rest, he was perfectly happy to do. Mr. Bird fervently hoped he would not be disappointed in his expectations, and, quantities of tea and cake having by now been consumed, they parted on good terms.

When Christopher got home he was at last impelled—and scarcely knew why he chose the moment—to tell his father all about Marjory and her acceptance of him. Mr. Shepherd admitted he knew something of the affair already, but had only learned of it for the first time during his son's absence. He had not cared to mention it first, but now, since Christopher had broached it, he felt himself free to discuss it. Chris-

topher was little pleased to observe that his father met his enthusiasm about Marjory with a doubtful countenance. Directly challenged, the old man gave it as his opinion that she was scarcely the sort of girl to suit his son. Since Christopher put the question, he felt it his duty to answer honestly.

"But what have you to say against her?" demanded Christopher.

"I have nothing at all against *her*," said the old man, "but only against you two marrying. If I speak at all, I must speak what I think."

Christopher vowed they were created for each other, whereupon his father shook his head again mournfully, and made as though to take up his Cyclopædia. But the young man, stung into militant mood by this unforeseen opposition, insisted on continuing the conversation. Then Mr. Shepherd, with a show of feeling, began to pour out his misgivings. The girl had been bred to every luxury, she was dressy, showy, fond of pleasure, and had never soiled a finger. Christopher retorted that *his* wife should *never* soil a finger.

"That sort of girl's very expensive to keep," urged his father. "You can't possibly support her. She must marry a rich man."

"I *will* support her. I'll get on. There's not another girl like her in the world—so affectionate, so true, so beautiful, so full of charms."

His voice rang enthusiastic with her virtues.

"There's plenty as good in the world," returned Mr. Shepherd.

"Tell me *one*," challenged Christopher.

"Why, there's Dora," said his father promptly. "You don't mean to say she isn't as good as your Marjory? Isn't she every bit as affectionate, as true, as beautiful, as full of charm? And then she's a girl who would be content to share her husband's lot, and take the good with the bad. She's handy and willing and not extravagant. She'd be a treasure to any man, and, with her brains, she would grace any position."

"But what have I to do with Dora?" exclaimed Christopher angrily. "This is all absurd."

"I once hoped," said the old man, "that you *would* think of her. Look what a friend she has been to us all these years. When I used to see you two quarrelling in the old days, when your poor mother was alive, you growling and savage, and she just good-natured and laughing, the little sprite that she was, I always used to think that you'd grow up sweethearts. Now I'm bitterly disappointed."

"Well, I never heard such nonsense in all my life!" ejaculated Christopher. "Why, Dora never cared a fig about me. I can't help it if you liked the girl."

"Dora was always fond of you," declared the old man stubbornly.

"Indeed!" said Christopher. "And anyway, I'm certain she's not fond of me now—not, at least, in that way."

"I'm not so sure," said Mr. Shepherd. "I say you could have had her if you had liked, and I know what I am talking about. Now you've let the opportunity go by, and most likely she'll be snapped up by somebody else."

"You're prodigiously mistaken then. She wouldn't accept me even if I were free to propose to her to-morrow," declared Christopher.

"Oh, wouldn't she?" said the old man sceptically.

Christopher laughed unconvincedly.

"Evidently she's *your* darling, and that makes you see things so fantastically. One can't fall in love so as to please everybody," grumbled Christopher. "But seriously, it's an outrage to expect me to marry a girl because she happens to take *your* fancy. It's the principle of the thing I object to."

"Well, well," said the old man, definitely taking up the Cyclopædia again, "I only spoke because you asked me. I never expected you to take any notice of what I said."

"So you say," said Christopher sulkily. "But all the same I warrant you are seriously annoyed at my disagreeing with you. I'm getting on for twenty-one, and I'm not free to choose what girl *I* like. It's incredible! I tell you, father, I will not allow anybody to dictate to me."

"I didn't mean to hurt you," said the old man, himself wounded. "I am satisfied with whatever you do. I have never wished you to consider me at all. I suppose I can always get my bit of bread somehow."

"There's no question of that," said Christopher sharply. "You know very well, father, we shall always live together, whatever happens."

There was a silence, vibrating with the jangle of angry moods and harsh misunderstanding. Christopher rose and shut himself up in his room. But the conversation had completely upset him; he was embittered by his father's attitude of disapproval. He grew suddenly faint and craved for the open air again. At last he yielded to the need.

Automatically walking in the general direction of the Ticktons, he came upon Marjory's brother swinging along jauntily. They welcomed each other affectionately, Tickton declaring that Christopher looked deuced well after his holiday, and envying him his freedom and opportunities of enjoying himself, whereas his own "old skin-flint of a governor" grudged him every moment, and worked him at the office like a slave. Although it was now half-past six, he was still expected to collect the weekly and monthly rents that were due to his father on that day from minor tenants. He was, in fact, about to proceed on the very mission. Would Christopher care to accompany him on the round?

Those of Mr. Tickton's tenants for whom it was rent-day, some score in number, were to be found scattered amid the little streets of a

neighboring sordid district, and thither the two friends turned their faces.

"By the way," said Tickton, after they had traversed a considerable distance, "I just posted a letter to you from the governor."

"Really," exclaimed Christopher, startled. "I'm waiting for that letter rather anxiously, you know."

"It's all right for you," volunteered Tickton. "The governor asks you to come and see him any evening you like to appoint in the week. I had to copy it, so I couldn't help reading it."

"That's encouraging news," said Christopher.

Tickton stopped at a one-story house and gave a loud single knock. The door was opened by a slatternly woman suckling a child. She held in her free hand a rent-book and a chipped cup full of silver coins, which Tickton counted and transferred to a canvas bag. He signed her book and they passed on.

"Marjory and you were pretty thick together—anyone could see that with half an eye. I'm jolly glad you two have come to an understanding, old man. She'll stick to you like a brick."

"I'm sure she will," assented Christopher, gratified by this testimony from her own brother. He had a vision of Marjory, in her nicest frock, pale, yet dignified and true under maternal tyranny. "She is just splendid!"

Bang!!! Again the one sharp fall of the knocker, though the door stood wide open. An aproned woman appeared in the little, narrow corridor, wherein tiny children were tumbling over each other. Tickton held out his hand, and she paid him from a purse in gold and silver. He signed her book and they continued the expedition.

"The mater wrote, bothering the governor about the business just when he happened to be busy. Don't you take the least notice of what she said. The mater likes a bit of flattery, you know. If I had only supposed things were going to be pulled off so soon, I'd have given you the tip. You ought to have laid it on thick while you were about it."

"But I seemed to be getting along with her all right," said Christopher. "It was only when I spoke about being engaged to Marjory that she didn't seem to think I was good enough."

"Bosh!" said Tickton.

Bang!!! A woman appeared with a rent-book and an earthenware mug full of money. Tickton held out his hand, poured the money into his bag, and signed the rent-book.

"But will your father think me good enough?" queried Christopher, the inequality of their material positions emphasized for him by all this easy in-gathering of shekels.

"What! A fine chap like you!" said Tickton. "I should think so, indeed. What better can he find anywhere? You're a first-rate

scholar, you'll have any number of letters after your name,—that ought to take with them,—you've good prospects for the future, and a good screw in hand now."

"A good screw!" echoed Christopher. "I'm afraid it's not so *very* good."

"Well, I wager you get more than I," declared Tickton. "I'm two or three years older than you, and I've worked for the governor for years now like a slave without ever being allowed a decent holiday—only just a few days and the weeks' ends in the summer. Now what salary do you think he pays *me*?"

"A couple of hundred a year," hazarded Christopher dubiously, fearful that this small conjecture might insult his friend.

"No, indeed—nothing like it!" said Tickton. "The fact is the governor doesn't give me a penny of regular salary. Whenever I want a five-pound note I have to ask for it. Now if I wanted to get married, I should be in a very unsatisfactory sort of position. I call it a burning shame."

"But surely you *get* the five-pound note when you want it," said Christopher, in astonished incredulity.

"Oh, yes," said Tickton. "The governor doesn't refuse, only one must take care to choose the right moment for asking. In a couple of weeks' time, for instance, I shall be coming down on him for a bit. I want some clothes, and besides I'm thinking of a little jaunt somewhere. I mean to stick out for a check for twenty-five pounds. He knows quite well I've a right to it. But, in the meanwhile, I'm stone broke."

They walked half a street's length in silence.

Bang!!! Tickton held out his hand, received the money, and signed the rent-book.

"I say, Christopher, old chap," resumed Tickton, "you couldn't lend me a few pounds just for the couple of weeks, could you? I've one or two little things outstanding and I'm being pressed to settle. You see, I don't want to go to the governor just yet, for fear of spoiling everything."

The sudden demand came as a shock to Christopher. It seemed to upset the natural order of things, for, from old-time association, Tickton always figured in his mind as a lender. It was also embarrassing, since the only ready money he had at his disposal was the just-received last instalment of her Ladyship's allowance, and of this sum there were five pounds at least he dared not touch, that being the amount of his examination fee.

"Well, I haven't much spare cash at the moment," he said frankly; but, not liking to refuse a request of Marjory's brother with whose situation in life he had been sympathizing, he asked how much his friend needed.

Tickton inquired if he could spare ten pounds, repeating the assurance it would only be for the two weeks. Christopher, who believed that assurance implicitly, and thought of the endless three months before his fee would be payable, finished by promising to let him have eight pounds the next morning. Save for a few shillings it was his whole store.

XIX.

THE old-fashioned brick house, with its semicircular lawn in front and its carriage-way that seemed to sweep round towards a new unexplored world, magnificent with servants and sideboards, and plate, and large, brilliant chandeliers, was familiar enough to Christopher.

He had been at pains to make himself look nice, had even been betrayed into delighted self-admiration as he beheld a handsome young nobleman gazing at him from his glass. He felt he belonged to a high sphere of existence, and, conscious of harmonizing with the Tickton luxury, looked down on the mirrors and mahogany of his head-master. Firmly treading the gravelled pathway, he knocked and rang with aristocratic intrepidity. A lovely maid-servant, a symphony in black and white, with soft, shining eyes and a sweet, cultured voice, threw open to his vision a long, charming hall, an illumined dream of Eastern rugs and dainty mosaic, of panelled walls and moulded ceiling. He followed her across it into the drawing-room, at first dim and vaguely crowded, the servant drawing the blinds and lighting the great gilt chandelier, whose jets of flame, nestling amid elaborate sprigs and leaves, were softened by the pink of fluted glass. The room was the grandest Christopher had ever entered in his life. The immense expanse of floral, velvety carpet, the concert piano-forte on great grotesque legs, the wealth of soft-padded arm-chairs,—all the showy agglomeration of suburban luxury,—flashed into life with the sudden illumination, struck away his breath, and sadly shattered his new-found assurance. He had an oppressive sense of his temerity in aspiring to the hand of a girl who had been brought up against so dazzling a background of splendor. He saw Marjory suddenly as the consummate expression of that consummate drawing-room.

Mr. Tickton soon appeared, a cigar in his mouth, his burly form clad in a cool summer jacket-suit of light rough wool. His ruddy features shone from their crisp frame of red hair and short red beard with the pleasant after-sentiment of excellent fare; and fine linen and big ring on fat finger and closely woven gold guard (suggestive of hundred-guinea watch) only emphasized the more the obvious self-made gentleman in the building line.

"Mr. Shepherd, I believe," he said affably in a voice that was full of resonant vibrations. "Happy to make your acquaintance. How do you do?"

He came forward, shook hands cordially, offered a cigar,—which the young man declined,—and sank with a luxurious crossing of legs into a big, soft chair close at hand. Christopher was aware of being shrewdly examined by keen eyes, deep-set under a high forehead that glowed in the pink light.

"Of course, I know quite well the reason of your visit," resumed Mr. Tickton, always with the same rich, good-humored resonance, and a clearing of the throat between every two words. "And I shall be quite happy to go into the matter with you."

Christopher mentally pronounced him charming, and disapproved of the son's irreverently dubbing him skin-flint.

"The matter from my point of view is simple enough," said the young man. "Marjory and I want your sanction to our engagement."

Mr. Tickton took his cigar from his mouth and smiled, as if scarcely taking the situation seriously.

"As you are no doubt aware," continued Christopher, "I have already approached Mrs. Tickton and she has referred me entirely to you, so that the thing now depends on your acquiescence."

"Ah, yes; but it depends very largely on Mrs. Tickton's acquiescence as well," laughed Mr. Tickton. "She came back to town this afternoon and will join us in a moment. You see she was too anxious about the affair to keep away."

Christopher did not quite relish the news. Marjory's father seemed so much more amenable than her mother.

"Then Marjory's back!" he exclaimed, as the pleasant inference occurred to him.

"No, indeed. Her mother thought it best she should go and stay with my sister-in-law for awhile."

That sounded ominous.

"At Bath!" murmured Christopher.

"That's the place," said Mr. Tickton jovially.

Christopher rose just then as Mrs. Tickton came rustling through the door-way in white, shimmering toilette, trailing a sweep of elaborate satin.

"Alexander," she said, with her most lady-like intonation, "you really ought *not* to smoke in my drawing-room. I have explained to you *ever* so many times that the smell gets into my curtains."

"Very well, my dear," said Mr. Tickton, uncrossing his rough-wool-clad legs and throwing the remainder of his cigar on to an ash-tray.

She drew her train across the room to give the caller a stereotyped word of greeting. In her own drawing-room she seemed the symbol of all that was glacial and fashionable, a strangely unreal development of the more human creature who, so little while ago, had spoken to him maternally, and laughed vociferously at trifles in the overflow of holiday expansion.

"Of course, Mr. Shepherd must understand," added Mr. Tickton, after explaining to his wife the extent to which they had so far proceeded, "that we know absolutely nothing about him. He might, for example, have a wife knocking about somewhere already, for all we know to the contrary." He broke into a rich gurgle of laughter.

"Alexander!" exclaimed Mrs. Tickton, her sense of the gravity of the occasion outraged by his levity.

"However, Tommy says that he has known you for years, and that you're a good fellow; and, altogether, we're willing to take it that you're a most respectable and unexceptionable young man and all that sort of thing," resumed Mr. Tickton. "But one question still remains."

"But one question still remains," echoed Mrs. Tickton eagerly.

"Frankly," pursued Mr. Tickton, "we have reason to suppose that your position in life is far from satisfactory. Our girl has been brought up to have every pleasure, but, putting luxuries out of the question, we do not see—so far as our information goes—how you could support our daughter even moderately."

"Even moderately," muttered Mrs. Tickton's lips, the words charged with all the icy hostility of her fashionable costume.

"It is true, sir," said Christopher, "that my material position is, at present, not anything to boast of. But I am young, am in a profession where I may hope to rise. The world is before me, and I am ready to work ever so hard."

"All of which is highly speculative," urged Mr. Tickton.

"*Highly* speculative," repeated Mrs. Tickton in her sharp treble.

"In what direction, for example, do your hopes lie?" inquired Mr. Tickton.

Christopher pulled himself together for the effort of hypnotizing his listeners into his own feeling about his golden future. But the growing perception that the task was an awkward one, and that his hearers lacked some necessary imaginative quality, wisely urged him to keep on lines of concrete detail; and he set himself to explain how, with experience and reputation, he could be certain of commanding a better post than his present one, and that his degree, moreover, would enable him to take private pupils. That was only by way of beginning. With the degree of Master of Arts, which he hoped ultimately to obtain, he might aspire to a head-mastership and pupils at lucrative rates. This, however, would not satisfy him. He would write first-rate text-books; all those of which he had had experience were execrable, and fortunes had been made out of some of *them*. But his ambition went further—he had ideas of "doing something" in the world. He might one day stand for Parliament if he succeeded in making money enough.

"That seems all very nice," commented Mr. Tickton, obviously

sceptical; "but suppose we come to definite figures. How much a year do you calculate you would have to start life upon?"

Christopher considered.

"Well, I shouldn't actually think of marriage till my position showed a real improvement. I know Marjory wouldn't mind waiting for me a couple of years if necessary. I should not yet have ventured on any engagement, sir, but I could not bear the thought of losing Marjory."

"I see. You wanted to make sure of my girl. Still, you haven't answered my question."

"Well, we might begin on a small scale with, say, a hundred and fifty a year," said Christopher, who hoped to find a more lucrative assistant-mastership immediately after his degree, and judged that, with extra work after school-hours, he might reasonably count on the income named in a couple of years' time.

"A hundred and fifty a year!" exclaimed Mrs. Tickton, wringing her hands. "My God!"

Christopher winced with the guilty consciousness that at the moment he could boast of little more than half that income,—even though he knew from his father's *Cyclopædia* that his earnings far exceeded the computed average annual income of the adult male for all Europe.

"Well, well," said her ruddy-faced husband, good-humoredly gurgling again. "I don't know that it would hurt the little minx to start small. You and I, Sarah, began life on less than that."

The public reminder was unfortunate. Mrs. Tickton's blond complexion became a deep purple. The others looked at her in alarm—she appeared to be choking. She closed her eyes, fell back in her chair, slowly opened her mouth, then emitted a series of hysteric cries, whilst her hands beat the air spasmodically.

They rang for water and tried to soothe her. The crisis lasted full five minutes, softening into sobs and tears and laughter.

"My daughter shall never marry that young man," she exclaimed as soon as she recovered her speech. "How dare he come here! Oh, no, no, no! Marjory Tickton has been brought up with very different ideas. Oh, no, no, no! He's not the young man for Marjory Tickton. And she threw dust in our eyes—she kept us quiet with other hopes. And her brother too was in the plot. Oh, no, no, no, no! He's not the young man for Marjory Tickton! How dare he come here! How dare he come here!"

If Christopher had before realized that in civilized communities courtship was necessarily public, he now further perceived that marriage, like the rest of life, was necessarily correlated with sordid issues. Alas for the purely decorative conceptions abstracted from the complex verities!

Nor had Mrs. Tickton exhausted her energies, the violence of her sentiment against the proposed engagement, and her snobbish fury at having been put to shame, finding expression in an endless ringing of the changes on the three statements: that Marjory Tickton had been brought up with very different ideas, that Christopher was not the young man for Marjory Tickton, and that Marjory had thrown dust in her eyes.

Christopher, puzzled as to what the last might mean, saw her and heard her as a fashionable toilette spitting venom.

But she had a good deal more to say, as, recovering herself a little, she broke into a lady-like current of severe declamation that had the character of angry thought rather than of remark particularly addressed. She had no idea that her daughter would ever have condescended to run about with people below her station—she was sure she had done her best to bring her up as a perfect lady. And now the young scatter-brains wanted to disgrace her family. "Oh, no, no, no! he's not the young man for Marjory Tickton," she began again. The statement had by now settled itself into a sing-song.

In the teeth of such a storm assailing him unawares, Christopher scarcely knew what to do. But Mr. Tickton, shrugging his shoulders, motioned him to come into the hall, and dismissed him as considerably as possible.

"You see yourself that Mrs. Tickton is set against it," he said. "So perhaps we had better let matters stand over for the present. I can't tell just now whether she may not come to take a different view, and in that case I should let you know. For the present, and to avoid any bother, it is just as well perhaps that Marjory should remain with her aunt."

"Very well, sir," said Christopher. "You have been very courteous to me, and I am grateful for it. But I have no intention of giving up Marjory. We love each other, and no one has a right to stand between us."

Mr. Tickton looked at him in half-amused indulgence.

"We'll talk about that another time," he said, in a tone that was more conciliatory than the words.

Christopher left the house, gloomy but determined, his head bursting with hustling suggestions of desperate measures.

XX.

THE next morning came an enthusiastic note from Harford—his copperplate handwriting transformed to a shaky, spidery scrawl—announcing that Dora Bucknill had confirmed his presentment by accepting him at the fourth proposal. He was the happiest man in the world, and she was the dearest girl. And it was Christopher to whose

encouraging counsel everything was due! He wished him good-luck, and was *most anxious* to hear how his affair was getting along.

Christopher tried hard to be pleased, but the news distressed him. He could think of Dora only as a child, and his sense of romance was shocked by this astonishing development. People would talk, would say that she was marrying Harford for the sake of a husband in a good position. It was hateful that she should be the subject of spiteful gossip. A large, chivalrous feeling possessed him; he would knock down the first man he heard impugning her motives. But would not such gossip have a basis of truth? he could not help asking himself. Was it not a fact that she had accepted Harford whilst admittedly caring for somebody else?

It afforded Christopher a temporary diversion from his own depression to repeat the announcement to his father. The old man received it with a sort of mournful resignation.

"Ah, well, she's a good girl, and I'm heartily glad she has found a good husband," was all his comment.

"Your looks belie your words," suggested Christopher quizzingly. He had recovered from his annoyance of yesterday, and looked upon the foiled pet scheme to which his father had confessed as merely fantastic and only calling for a smile.

"I'm glad in one way, but not in another," said Mr. Shepherd.

"You're glad for her sake but sorry for mine," said Christopher in obvious jest. He was anxious to atone for the bitterness of their last discussion.

The old man shook his head.

"I'm sorry for her too in one way."

"How so, father? She couldn't possibly be fonder of him than she is?"

The old man shook his head again mysteriously.

"I suppose you still insist that she's in love with me!"

"Come, come," said his father. "We have talked about her enough. Her prospects are now settled, so let us hope she'll be happy."

The subject dropped. Christopher's head still whirled with struggling ideas, and they recommenced their buzzing immediately. The notion of defeat—of absolute rejection—seemed too terrible for thought. But he did not weigh the chances calmly. The rebuff had brought in reaction a hot, impetuous urging towards his desire. The loss of Marjory meant the rude checking of life at its very flood, the shattering of his strength and ambitions. His whole soul cried aloud at the threat. The wonderful happiness, the dream of which had transfigured his existence, and to which he had come so near, was surely not to be snatched from him now! Marjory loved him,—she was his—his! He could hear her voice again, sweet and full of music, speaking to him in

sacred assurance: "You know I have never cared for anybody else, dear Chris. You are my true love—you only." He saw her all radiant in the golden light as she knelt on the purple common. He held her hand in his, he held it to his heart, rained kisses on it. Then his lips met hers!

The glory of that moment still thrilled in him. Let that glory fade, and he would not wish to live!

She would be noble, sacrifice the luxuries for his sake, and live with him and his father on what he could earn. He would take a cottage, prettily smothered in honeysuckle, some little distance from town. Life would be splendid, and he would work for her. He would rise! he would rise!

Happily for him it was holiday-time, so that his frenzy passed unobserved by outside eyes, keen-searching for gossip. He had a wild plan of going to Bath and inducing Marjory to elope with him, but this was rendered pitifully impracticable by the loan he had made to her brother. A fortnight hence, when his money, as he confidently believed, would once more become available, the heroic scheme would again be thwarted by the wind-up of the vacation and the consequent necessity of returning to his duties. Balked by the unutterable sordidness of things, he paced his room helplessly, torn at the thought of his Marjory grieving for him and broken-hearted.

He wrote to her passionately; besought her to make clear to everybody concerned her own devoted attitude. When they understood that she would never marry anybody else, then surely they must cease their opposition.

He directed the letter to Bath, the aunt's address being known to him.

There came no answer.

A week after the scene at the Tickton's he called there again, borne by some hope that things might have turned in his favor. The Ticktons refused to receive him, and he turned his back on the slammed door, sick with the growing apprehension that the opposition was meant to be absolute.

He wrote again to Marjory, beseeching her to give up everybody else for love of him. No one had the right to keep her a prisoner—they were no longer in the dark ages. Why should they not marry at once, in defiance of this wicked persecution?

But again there came no answer.

Then he began to realize with rebellious astonishment how effectually he was chained up; he could do nothing but beat mighty blows at the air.

He wrote to Mr. Tickton, asking him to plead with Marjory's mother, but again no reply. A third passionate, pleading letter to Marjory herself met with the same fate.

The vacation was on the point of ending. He had looked forward to substantial progress during these weeks, but the luxury of whole days instead of mere evenings had, since his call at the Tickton's, been entirely unutilized. His turbulent impulse to strong action, foiled in every direction, wore him out physically. Again he recalled the divine moment when his lips had touched hers, and it was as fresh and vivid to his soul as if he had but just parted from her. Could all that sweet, enchanted dream be irrevocably a thing of the past? Impossible! Yet undeniable!

His eyes looked out on a dull, drab world of streets and shops and people; his ears took in the heavy rumbling of omnibuses and carts and vans. Everybody had by now returned to town. In a day or two the large, terrible eye of the world would be upon him, the flood of gossip would be loose. He shrank from his friends as much as from the general crowd; he had neither called to congratulate Harford in person nor had he been to see the Bucknills. Now that Harford was so occupied with his own happy affair, he did not like to intrude his misery upon him. He shrank too from Mr. Bird, now on so confidential a footing,—shrank from his bombastic consolations, from his sentiments better fitted for syntactical exercises in dead languages than for living flesh and blood.

The idea that all was over had been slowly sinking into him; taking possession of him, even as his love for Marjory had once taken possession of him; becoming his master. If the blackest moment arrived so rapidly, it was only after an infinitude of suffering during days of long-drawn idleness and nights of long-drawn despair.

Marjory was false! Why had she not written to him of her own accord from the very beginning? She must have known he needed to be comforted and sustained in the struggle.

He threw himself on his bed in an agony beyond all bearing as there rose before him the vivid image of a stalwart young gentleman hanging his head gloomily whilst Marjory sat and laughed unconcernedly. He could see them together in that snug corner of the Southsea pier; he could feel the mocking glory of the evening. And she had herself told him without a tremor—the consummate actress!—of a “prodigiously attentive” young man from Bath.

She and this young man—were they not both at Bath now?

XXI.

CHRISTOPHER had not again broached the subject of Marjory to his father, and the latter, humble before his grown-up son, had, according to his habit, refrained from any initiative interference with his life. But all the same he had been watching him narrowly, only too well aware what must have happened; he himself had never expected that the purse-

proud Ticktons would consider Christopher a match for their daughter. It cut his heart to see his boy pining away, but he waited in patient silence for the first grief to subside.

Solacing himself the last few days with the pages of his beloved Cyclopædia, Mr. Shepherd, lighting by chance on an article about "Poisons and their Antidotes," had found himself morbidly fascinated by it. He had read it through often enough in former years, but the printed column, thrown on to his retina through his horn-rimmed spectacles, had never really touched him. Now, in his alarm for his son, its statements filled him with supreme emotion.

Day after day he reverted to the same page, and phantasmal phials of colored powders and globules and bright liquids danced and floated before his vision. He felt afraid, with the sickening fear of a man in a dream seized by a grisly demon. He searched daily for secreted bottles, seizing the moments of Christopher's absence to invade sanctuaries he would otherwise never have dreamed of peering into.

On the day before the reassembling of school Christopher withdrew after tea, shutting himself in at his table. Mr. Shepherd—who now had little to do in the evenings, as their increased means commanded the services of the help for a longer period daily—mechanically took up the Cyclopædia again and settled himself to read. The book opened of itself at "Poisons and their Antidotes." He read through the familiar page again and yet again. Once more that terrible fear assailed him. Suppose something should happen in the home! The variety of poisons enumerated in the article was appalling, and many of them acted fatally in a few minutes; to be sure of combating any contingency one needed impossible resources.

Mr. Shepherd had never interrupted Christopher till supper-time, but he was too much wrought up to wait longer. He put down the book and went solemnly on tip-toe to the door of communication, which, on turning the handle softly, he was a little relieved to find unlocked. As he pushed it open he beheld Christopher bent forward from his chair, his face, hidden in his hands, flat on the table amid a litter of papers and open books.

The old man's heart gave a convulsive leap. Perhaps all was over! He stood in the door-way, spell-bound by the rigidity with which the boy maintained his posture. In the dim, mystic evening light that filled the room the motionless Christopher loomed uncanny. At length Mr. Shepherd stole across the room and laid his hand on the boy's shoulder. But his vision grew clouded and he almost fell. For there on the table stood just such a little bottle as had become so terribly familiar to him in thought, and it was labelled "Poison" in big black lettering on a red ground.

Christopher rose to his feet, overthrowing his chair, and clutching

hurriedly at the bottle, but his father seized his wrist frenziedly in both hands.

"What is in that bottle?" exclaimed the old man in stricken tones. "I want to know what is in that bottle."

"Let go, father," said Christopher hoarsely. "I say, let go!"

"No, no," said the old man. "Give me the bottle—I must have the bottle!"

"Never," declared Christopher. "I tell you I mean to do away with myself."

There was a scuffle in which neither obtained the upper hand. They paused, breathing heavily, but the father had not let go his hold.

"Where did you get that from, you wicked boy?" asked Mr. Shepherd sternly.

"Never mind how I got it," said Christopher doggedly. "I've got it, and I mean to keep it."

They renewed the struggle, though both were trembling violently. Holding Christopher's wrist with one hand, the old man tore with his other at the fingers that were closed round the phial, standing his ground firmly against the vigorous buffets of his son's free arm, and succeeding in forcing his grip. The bottle fell on to the rug, neither breaking nor losing any of its closely stoppered contents. There was another lull in the scuffle.

"Christopher, you are breaking my heart," said the old man.

"Mine is broken already," returned Christopher, maddened. "I have nothing to live for. Let me have my prussic acid. How dare you interfere?" He made a movement as if to recover the bottle, and the struggle recommenced.

"Prussic acid!" exclaimed his father pantingly, pushing him back, and with a skilful reach of his foot sending the phial rolling towards the door. "It is deadly—it kills in a few seconds."

Finding himself gaining ground, he made a supreme effort, and, summoning strength that was not his, forced the boy against the bed.

"I tell you, father, I don't wish to live," broke out Christopher again, almost petulantly. "Give me my prussic acid."

Breathless, he had ceased for the moment being aggressive, and his father now wound his arms about him, half holding him in custody, half straining him to his heart imploringly.

"You must be brave, Christopher, and bear up under your trouble. You must live for my sake—you are all I have. You must not leave me alone in the world! Promise me you will not leave me alone! Promise me, promise me, Christopher! Your pain will pass—time will heal your wounds. See what I have suffered in my life. Was not my own sweetheart snatched away from me? Yet I lived—for your sake! Live, Christopher, live for my sake!"

The old man poured all out in a breathless torrent. Christopher closed his eyes, exhausted, and lay limply in his father's arms.

Mr. Shepherd lifted the boy and laid him on the bed. Then, his head still swimming with excitement, he picked up the phial and slipped it into his pocket.

"Prussic acid!" he gasped, all in a perspiration. "Pour water on the head or spinal column and apply mustard-plasters to the feet and stomach. Do not let the patient go to sleep. Prompt measures are necessary, else death follows in a few seconds." His mind mechanically gave out its erudition, overwhelmed by the narrowness of the escape.

Meanwhile Christopher lay quietly. The old man poured out a glass of brandy—a bottle was always kept for emergencies—and forced it between the boy's lips.

The crisis was over.

XXII.

IN the conciliatory conversation and opening of hearts that followed in the stillness of the evening, during which Christopher, still weak and trembling, sipped agreeable hot fluids prepared by his father, the young man was coaxed back into acceptance of the full years of existence that might be allotted to him. It was as if he had been dragged through depths of sea-flood, and now lay exhausted, bewildered at the substantial earth and the free air.

With the passing of the crisis, the enveloping life of the by-gone year seemed to have fallen away from him, leaving him with a sense of resuming the threads of interrupted realities.

Marjory's fresh enthusiasm for all the pleasure that the world could offer her, her ardent enjoyment of every delight, were it ever so trifling, her constant succession of exquisite dresses, had associated her in his mind with all that was soft and beautiful and joyous in life. And now in a flash she had disappeared: the shadows had closed in again.

He rubbed his eyes as, vividly, the phantasmagoric riot of the year swept past his vision. It was like a grand orchestral fairy dream with as grandly rude an awakening.

He felt he could still live and breathe, nay, he had even some relief at turning away from the glare amid which she was always a-flutter. An immense sense of repose possessed him.

"I shall never leave you, father," he said. "But I am tired of living here. I need a change. As soon as I have my degree, we must take a cottage a little way from town. I shall never marry now. I only want to continue my studies."

Mr. Shepherd smiled to himself, but did not contradict his son's mood.

And so the sobered Christopher went to his daily work on the morrow and faced the world freely. It was already known that Marjory

had been packed off to Bath, and nobody had any difficulty in deducing the truth. But no references to the affair were made in his presence, though he divined himself the object of half-pitying glances, and the atmosphere was full of awkward restraint. Mr. Bird alone ventured to interrogate him openly about his rejection.

There was little for Christopher to explain. "I was too poor for them, but now I am resigned."

"Resignation is certainly to be commended," pronounced Mr. Bird. "He is a wise man who bears adversity with equanimity." Otherwise the head-master gave no other intimation of sympathy beyond lowering—for Christopher only—the key in which his gruffness was usually pitched. But the boy was grateful, knowing how much that implied.

The demands of friendship and his own desire caused him to call on the Bucknills at tea-time the next Sunday. Harford was there, and all were glad to be united again. Dora's bright face, lighting up in welcome, was set off by a becoming dress of a soft shade of gray—a generous engagement present from her uncle—and a jewelled ring sparkled softly on her finger. Her quiet life had preserved her simple dignity, and she was so girlishly young as now to give the idea of a child masquerading as its own elder sister. She had, moreover, an habitual expression of thoughtfulness that melted in the flash of her smile. Christopher, though he was cheerful without effort, was yet gratified by the sympathetic pressure of her hand and the deep, tender pity in her look.

He was soon chatting away at his ease, finding a gentle comfort in the warmth and peace of this little family circle. When ultimately Mrs. Bucknill fell into a confidential conversation with Harford, Christopher, with the permissible attention of an old friend, monopolized the latter's *fiancée* for a conversation at least equally confidential, Mary being forced to have recourse to "Midshipman Easy."

"Tell me, my poor Chris," asked Dora, "is your heart really broken?"

He was glad at this entry of hers on sacred ground, glad at last to give her his confidence. He told her the whole miserable story.

"And so you don't love her any more!" she exclaimed meditatively. The tip of her tongue protruded between her little teeth. He noted the old trick.

"I can scarcely say," he answered. "I am bewildered; everything seems strange to me. I just see her before me, sweet and beautiful, but no more living than a painted picture. She does not make my heart beat fast."

"Do not be hard on her, Chris." The pity in her voice almost brought the tears to his eyes. "One ought not to judge unless one knows everything."

He looked across the room, and could not help noticing that Har-

ford was considering them uneasily whilst affecting to listen to Mrs. Bucknill.

"Don't forget we are always your friends, Chris," whispered the girl. "Whenever you feel lonely you must come to us—as in the old days."

In a moment the conversation had become general again, but Christopher did not stay much longer, being anxious to put in a couple of hours' work before bed-time.

For he was now working again with all his heart and soul, making a last convulsive effort for success. Time was oppressively short, but he had covered all the ground,—though in a loose and unsatisfactory sort of way,—and it only remained for him to strengthen and perfect his hold on the subjects. His solitary self-tuition was not inspiring. Without a guide, without contact with other minds following the same route, and with only text-books to instruct him, he had scarcely any means of gauging the quality of his knowledge. The near approach of the week's sitting at Burlington House found him determined to make the great leap and to trust to providence.

Now Tickton, though the two weeks had lengthened to two months, had not yet been inspired to return him his money. Christopher, placing absolute trust in him, could not conceive it possible that the few pounds would not be restored in time for the purpose for which they had been intended; and when, in reply to a letter of reminder he eventually was forced to write, Tickton assured "My dear Chris" that he could rely on hearing from him the following week, and, after embarking on two sheets of plausible excuses and explanations, remained "Ever your chum," he, having but little experience of men's borrowings and lendings, was content to pin his faith to this new undertaking. He had already fixed a date for the payment of his fee and the entry of his candidature for the Bachelor degree, and as the day approached and Tickton's promise was still unredeemed he began at last to feel nervous. A second reminder elicited no immediate response, and Christopher, now forced to realize the gravity of the position, was reduced to despair. Closely confined to his studies now, and not going abroad at all, he had no opportunity of lighting on his debtor.

A call at the Ticktons' house or office was not to be contemplated, and certainly was unlikely to produce any result, for, he argued, if Tickton were able to pay him, his letters would surely have been effective.

Having in the meanwhile been able to save comparatively little from his salary,—though perhaps the requisite sum might have been secured by semi-starvation, if only he had foreseen the necessity,—Christopher was confronted by an unscalable wall.

He felt desperately called by honor to justify her Ladyship's confi-

dence and liberality by sitting for the examination within the original time-limit. Omission to do so might lend itself to evil interpretation: he shrank from the brand of broken faith, perhaps of dishonesty. And then there was his need for self-vindication in the public eye anent the break with Mr. Bird! His father, to whom he had been forced to explain the situation, sat as glum as he.

Coming home one afternoon, Christopher found the door locked against him. As he had not a duplicate key, he was forced to take a turn till his father should appear. Half an hour later he found the old man in tranquil possession and the afternoon kettle boiling on the little gas-stove. Christopher made no remark; his trouble almost made him forget that he had not just arrived straight from school. Yet as he took his usual place at table he had a vague feeling of something external disturbing his distraction.

He had been trying all day to hit on some scheme for meeting his difficulty. The old family treasures they had once come so near losing, though convertible into cash, were, however, quite insufficient. Shy of borrowing at all, he could not think of running into further debt with Harford, nor did he relish the notion of soliciting aid from Mr. Bird. There seemed no resource but a money-lender. But the very word caused him to shudder, and the process—in which, in default of sureties, his father would have to figure as principal and their furniture probably be mortgaged—savoured alarmingly of formality and complication.

"You *do* pull a queer face," said his father suddenly.

Christopher stared at him. The old man produced a bright shining sovereign and laid it on the table. Christopher transferred his stare to the sovereign.

"That's a beauty," said his father; "fresh struck from the mint. But here's another almost as bright."

Christopher gazed at the two sovereigns, whilst Mr. Shepherd rubbed his hands gleefully.

"This one's quite dull, however!"

"But whence this shower of gold?" asked Christopher.

"You've eyes of your own," said Mr. Shepherd, continuing the shower, till at last ten coins were scattered resplendent on the table-cloth.

"You have been to see his father!" exclaimed Christopher, horrified by the apprehension.

"The idea!" exclaimed Mr. Shepherd indignantly. "Use your eyes and find out. Look at the mantel-piece!"

Christopher looked. The mantel-piece struck him as usual, though he felt dimly some haunting incompleteness about it.

"Where are the two little figures your poor mother made such a

fuss about because I gave a shilling each for them? She said they were rubbishy bits of chalk," chuckled the old man.

"Ah, that's what was bothering me when I came in," exclaimed Christopher, now alive to the absence of the tiny shepherd and shepherdess that had stood on the mantel-piece for several years. "The figures have gone. I felt there was a difference somewhere."

His father explained the discovery he had made, how, taking up the Cyclopædia the evening before, he had reread the article on "Old English Potteries"—a page that always brought back the happy flavor of his boyhood, when his father, as foreman of an artistic pottery, sometimes took him to the painting-shop to watch the flowers and birds laid on to the glazed body. Noticing with some attention the specimen marks given in the book, he had been impelled by mere curiosity to examine the bottoms of the figures, which he had always thought were "beautifully shaped," though it had never struck him to attach great value to them. Surely enough, clearly impressed on the clay were significant cabalistic symbols, which, according to the book, *might* mean "Bow." Now he had remembered reading some little time back the report of an art sale, wherein a pair of Bow figures had sold for fifty guineas. If those were "Bow"—then it would be all right for Christopher. So far, however, he had refrained from basing any real hopes on the supposed discovery, but he had thought the thing was worth inquiry. Accordingly he had recourse to his old fellow-apprentice, the foreman of the stained-glass factory in Lambeth, to whom he explained the case, and his friend suggested the figures should be shown to one of the partners who was an enthusiastic collector, and to whom, eventually, on the guarantee of the foreman that he—Mr. Shepherd—was a highly respectable man and had owned the figures for years, he parted with them for ten pounds. The buyer, however, would not admit they were absolutely authentic, insisting that an element of speculation entered into the transaction.

"As he would not risk more than the ten pounds, I thought it best to accept, especially as he succeeded in making me so nervous that I began to think it possible your poor mother might have been right after all. Thinking it over since, I believe the rogue knew very well what he was buying."

"That Cyclopædia's valuable," said Christopher thoughtfully.

XXIII.

BUT his father's gift did not bring the luck which, with a fancy that was poetic rather than superstitious, Christopher found pleasure in associating with it.

After the week of sitting at Burlington House, of desperate cramming morning and afternoon up to the very stroke of the hour and the

opening of the swing doors, Christopher had only the most confused notion of what he had written in his papers. He had answered well, badly, indifferently, and not at all, but he could make no general estimate of his performance. He was anxious, yet had a strange infatuate belief that his number would appear this time as it had appeared before; it seemed unnatural that the continuity should be broken.

An immense suspense pervaded his world, for whom the astonishing circumstances of the case constituted a drama unprecedented in its experience. It literally saw Christopher in the foreground of things with a huge sword hanging over his head. Would it descend or not?

It descended. But everybody was thrilled through by the blow more than Christopher. His first feeling on assuring himself that his number was not on the list was one of incredulous surprise. Then, shrugging his shoulders, he realized he could bear anything. As he turned away and descended the broad steps to bear the evil news to his father, who had the whim to wait at the same spot where some years before he had waited with Dora, that old scene when he had tasted the first intoxication of success was more vivid to him than the consciousness of his present failure. The intervening time seemed never to have been. He could feel the caress of his father, the impulsive, quick kiss of his little girl-friend. Dora was not there now, but he felt grateful to her—her old kiss seemed to soften his bitterness. He could see her as she had stood with flushed, eager face and shining eyes; he stretched out his arms in the crowded streets with a longing to take her to his heart. She was dear to him—yes, dear! He needed her warm, living sympathy.

The thought of her came as a relief in the darkness. His mind, flying off from the calamity of the moment, busied itself with Dora. Who was the man she loved? And how absurd was his father's insistence that she loved him too. As if she could be in love with two men at once!

From the moment Harford had spoken of the "somebody else" that Dora cared for, Christopher had externalized the "somebody else," given him form and substance. He had always carried with him the picture of a vague, young man going his way in the world, loftily unaware that a heart was breaking for him.

For the first time a doubt crept into Christopher's mind about this other man he had always taken for granted. Suppose his father was right! Suppose there was no other man after all!

His brain eagerly seized on the speculation. But no, he himself could *not* be the man. The idea was impossible—unthinkable! If Dora had all along refused her present *fiancé* because she loved *him*, why had she accepted Harford just at a moment when she must have known that the affair with Marjory was coming to grief, that he would

be a free man again? She was quick-sighted and clever, cleverer than he, cleverer than anybody else he knew. Surely she must have foreseen then—the time of Mrs. Tickton's withdrawal from Southsea—as well as he knew now that Marjory could never be his!

Yet though he persisted that his father must be mistaken, the doubt remained in his mind.

"Well," said a voice anxiously.

Startled, he came to a sudden stand.

"I've passed," he said. "No, I mean I've failed."

The two went home in silence.

The deep thrill when his failure was known did not re-act on Christopher, for, grimly self-centred, he bore himself proudly, and heeded not the storm of excitement.

In discharge of any final duty that might rest upon him, Mr. Bird had written to her Ladyship announcing the result—from which, as he reminded her, he had long since disassociated himself. He did not lose the opportunity, however, of figuring as a fair-minded man, for he attempted to reinstate Christopher in her Ladyship's estimation, giving him full credit for his return to the path of virtue, and expressing his conviction that he would not desert it again. Her Ladyship, now convalescent, thereupon wrote a kind, consoling letter to Christopher, hoping he was not discouraged, but that he would try again the following year. She rejoiced that, as the result of his steady application to his profession, he was now self-supporting, and she hoped to hear great things of him in the future. Christopher replied appropriately.

And now his plans were simple enough. Though coveting some little rural retreat where study would be pleasanter and his father would have a nice garden for his care and amusement, he decided to postpone the change till after the degree, which another year's work must make a certainty. He wanted to move into a new home with a sense of something notable accomplished: it would be so much fresher, so much more of a pleasure. At a little conference he and his father arranged to save a small fund, out of which Harford might be repaid his balance—five pounds had already been returned him from the proceeds of the Bow figures—and the fee taken for his re-examination. Then, once more, he settled to his stern tasks.

The months again filed past, but the huge, living, passionate London, in the unregarded corner of which he pursued his quiet strivings and his quiet walks abroad, called to him with but the faintest murmur. The old zest of his boyhood came back to him, the enthusiasm for lexicon and grammar, for complicated geometrical diagrams. The echo of music was dead in his ears; the longing to glide in dance over polished floors disturbed him no longer at his books.

And all this time he heard nothing from Tickton, but he was too

proud and too disgusted with his old friend to send him any further reminder.

XXIV.

YET in the following spring a rumor of the Ticktons reached him. Marjory was to be married at Bath to a young gentleman of the town, the event being so imminent that the family had left London for it.

The news came through Harford, whose informants were strangers to Christopher. A day or two later it was common talk.

He had been too intensely involved in his old love not to be moved now. His stoicism failed him; there were chords of suffering that had vibrated too deeply to be silent under such a reminder.

His conviction of Marjory's faithlessness could have had no surer confirmation, but her conduct still perplexed him. How could she have professed to love him, and then immediately be reconciled to giving him up?

It was too great a puzzle for his aching brain. But gradually other rumors, travelling by he knew not what route, came to enlighten him somewhat. Marjory was marrying a rich man to whom she had already been engaged before she had left Bath, and with whom she had had a quarrel. He had renewed his attentions directly she had reappeared.

Christopher, now slipping in his extra link, was quite sure it was the same young man he had seen at Southsea, and who had gone there, he surmised, in a vain attempt to win back Marjory, she then having her mind set on him—Christopher. Her mother's mysterious words about Marjory throwing dust in their eyes and deceiving them with other hopes recurred to him and seemed easily explained. Marjory must have kept her parents quiet by letting them imagine she ultimately meant to make it up with the old suitor, and that she was only punishing him. Anticipating no danger of a *mésalliance*, they had not supervised her too closely! And whilst he—Christopher—had supposed himself to be living through a great love-idyll, he had only helped to make a subordinate episode, mere trivial by-play, amid the intricacies of a larger affair!

Mr. Shepherd heard the news independently, and recounted it to Christopher. He scarcely liked mentioning it, he said apologetically, but he wasn't sure whether Christopher knew.

"I don't mind it at all: she is nothing to me now," averred Christopher.

There was a meditative silence. Then with a sigh the old man let his thought slip out: "If you could only have taken Dora whilst you had the chance!"

"Oh, well," returned Christopher good-humoredly, "it always seemed to me *you* were the one she was fond of."

"She had no father to love," said Mr. Shepherd. "She used to

come and tell me all her little troubles. I feel as if she were being taken away from me!"

"We musn't grudge Harford his happiness," said Christopher thoughtfully. "He's a good fellow."

XXV.

SOME fortnight after communicating the news about Marjory Harford wrote again, to ask if Christopher could come to see him the following evening. For the second time in their intercourse a spidery scrawl supplanted the perfect copperplate handwriting, and invested the mildest of messages with alarming crookednesses.

Complying with the request, Christopher was shown up into the familiar study and found Harford on the top of a stepladder, busying himself about the open mahogany bookcase, half of whose contents were scattered on the table.

"Hullo!" exclaimed Christopher. "Bothering with your books again! I thought you had locked them up for good."

"So I had supposed," returned Harford; "but one gets drawn back to them in spite of oneself. The fact is, I'm thinking of going up for matriculation again next January."

Harford, still on his high perch, had turned his face towards him, and Christopher was struck by the lugubriousness of his tone and features.

"Well, if you still attach any importance to it, there's certainly no harm in sitting again," he said, vaguely connecting the decision with the spidery scrawl and waiting for further confidence to be bestowed on him.

"You know I was always fond of the work," resumed Harford. "But so far I've always read by myself. In future I should vastly prefer reading with a tutor—a man I could rely on. Now suppose you accept me for your first private pupil. You must be pretty well forward with your own work this time, and I'm sure you could very well spare me three or four hours a week. Of course, we shouldn't quarrel about the terms."

Harford came down from the ladder and threw the book he held among the rest on the table.

"If you really wish it," said Christopher, "I shall be delighted."

Harford paced the room agitatedly.

"What an idiot I am to keep you standing," he said suddenly.

"Fact is, my wits are quite gone."

Christopher hastened to settle himself into a position of flaunting comfort.

"Oh," he laughed, "in that case you needn't stick to the bargain, you know."

"The truth is I've put the cart before the horse," explained Harford. "I wanted to leave the question of my matriculating till the end. A far more serious question has to be settled first."

"Any help that I can be to you——" murmured Christopher, alarmed and perplexed.

"I'm in a confounded quandary," continued Harford. "It has been wearing my life out for the last few days, and now I must put an end to it."

"I'm sorry there's anything to worry you," said Christopher sympathetically.

"If I could only settle one way or the other, I should at least have peace."

"Well, settle one way or the other, and at this very moment," urged Christopher, still awaiting enlightenment.

"Christopner, old man, have you ever known me to act otherwise than fair and square?"

"Never!"

"Then you'll believe I want to act fair and square this time?"

"You don't think I could doubt it."

"That's a good chap," said Harford, comforted. He stood thinking a moment, with head hung down, as if searching for a beginning; then, as the sadness of his expression deepened, he silently resumed his nervous peregrination.

Christopher waited impatiently. His pulse worked heavily, as if beating into his brain some apprehension of what had happened. Harford's prolonged silence mesmerized him into vague, aching thoughts of his own, even though his eye did not quit his friend.

Harford came to a stand-still at last, and blurted out the truth so abruptly that he caught Christopher quite unprepared to hear him.

"Dora wants me to release her from the engagement, but she'll marry me, she says, if I hold her to her word."

Christopher, aware he had spoken, stared at him askance. The words had hit him too hard for him at once to take in their meaning.

"She'll marry me, she says," repeated Harford huskily, "if I hold her to her word."

Then Christopher became aware he had heard well enough the first time.

Harford again resumed his pacing of the room. The air seemed charged with agitations, emotions, feverish, formless suggestions.

"Christopher, I haven't a word to say against her," he broke out at length. "There's not another girl like her in the world—she is as good as gold. I tell you she has been frank and honorable throughout. She refused me three times. She gave me to understand all through that she didn't love me—that she loved somebody else. I pressed her and

pressed her till at last I persuaded her into admitting the possibility of her growing to care for me in time. But now, when it comes to the point, she finds the marriage all but impossible. I've been a fool all along. I ought never to have thought of her. But she was so good and clever and charming, I was carried off my feet in spite of myself."

He poured all out in a breathless flood, and sank brokenly into a chair.

"I'm sorry—very sorry," said Christopher. "It's a miserable position for both of you. I wish I could do more than sympathize."

"But she won't insist if I hold her to her word," repeated Harford. "The onus of decision is thrown upon me. It is terrible."

"It's a miserable position," said Christopher again; "but you ought to make up your mind at once."

"Christopher, I can't give her up!" Harford's voice was almost a wail.

Christopher knew not what to say. His friend's distress was heart-rending. And as he realized the case more and more clearly, he could only murmur again that it was a miserable position. He himself had always been hostile to the engagement, and though he had long since perforce resigned himself to this coming marriage, he was curiously wrought upon by the present development. He could not endure the thought of either of his friends suffering.

"But there's more behind it," resumed Harford suddenly. "She still loves the other man, loves him truly, deeply!" He let his gaze rest on Christopher, as if to read him through and through.

"Did she tell you that?" exclaimed Christopher hoarsely. The crowd of thoughts were no longer to be resisted, and he bowed his head beneath them. The position had become a thousand times more miserable than it had seemed just now. He too loved Dora; had known it ever since that bitter moment of failure, when his soul had gone out to her with the memory of that old kiss of her childhood. It was a love, deep-rooted in the past, strangely moving and beautiful; not a mere vain intoxication, such as he had already experienced, but a love to last as long as life itself. Though he had averted his eyes from Harford, he moved uneasily, conscious of that troubled look that rested upon him.

"I tell you she was frank—she told me everything. You will say now that I ought not to hesitate about respecting her wishes. But she assures me she has not the least hope that he'll ever think of her in that way, and, as it is better for a girl to marry than not, I still think it possible I could in time make her happy. She has given me time to decide."

Christopher was silent, still shrinking under his friend's gaze.

"Christopher, I trust in your judgment. Advise me!"

"No—the responsibility is too great."

"I had relied on you to help me," said Harford gloomily; "to point out the square thing, to force me to make up my miserable mind. Remember, you are the only real friend I have."

Christopher looked up again, instinctively feeling that Harford had withdrawn his gaze.

"Has she yet told you who the man is?" he was impelled to ask, with a sudden, desperate, reckless desire to have things out.

"Yes."

The answer came sharp and clear, and Christopher, despite his spurt of resolution, recoiled perceptibly, as before a pistol-shot.

"Then who is it?" he pursued, recovering himself immediately.

This time Harford hung down his head evasively.

"I'm sorry, but I may not tell you," he said very quietly. "She only told me because I pressed her so much, and then only on condition that I should never, never betray her secret to anybody. I would rather bite my tongue out than break faith with her."

There was again a silence.

"You *must* help me, Christopher," recommenced Harford at length. "Decide for me. Bid me do the square thing and I'll do it."

"You are asking a hard thing. The responsibility is too great," repeated Christopher.

"Surely one may ask a hard thing of a dear friend."

"You come on me so suddenly," said Christopher, wavering. "I must have time."

"That's a good fellow," said Harford eagerly. "Only promise to advise me, and I'll wait as long as you like."

"I must have time to think," Christopher could only repeat vaguely.

"I only wish for her happiness," resumed Harford feelingly. "I would kill myself rather than stand in her way. If I had the least reason to think the other man cared for her in the slightest degree, I should not hesitate for a moment." He clapped his hand to his forehead—his usual trick when struck by an unexpected idea. "Look here, Christopher," he cried; "it's almost like a position in a play. I couldn't have invented a better one myself. Suppose I write her a letter saying I agree to break off, and suppose you take it along with you, and think things over, and decide whether you shall post it or burn it. I shall trust your judgment absolutely."

Christopher considered. Then, in a burst of light, he seemed to understand everything. He himself was the man Dora cared for! His old speculation anent her acceptance of Harford recurred to him, and, so far from finding the idea that she had nevertheless loved *him* "unthinkable," he was as certain about it as if he had had it from her own lips. He had been the victim of a stupid obsession, whereas his father had known the truth all along.

He had a flash of subtle insight into what had before puzzled him, and he now seemed to know—feeling rather than comprehending—that Dora had accepted Harford, despite that she saw *his* affair breaking down, through a certain delicate feminine pride that shrank from the idea of a happiness, even though merely visionary, to be made possible by somebody else's faithlessness. He believed that she now honestly found she had made a mistake, and if she could not marry a man she did not love, it was certainly without any eye to other possibilities, in which he was sure she honestly had no belief. He approved of her action with all his heart.

He comprehended too why Harford now was so eager to put the decision on him. He accepted the sincerity of his friend's desire for Dora's happiness, and perceived he was adopting a delicate method of testing him without violating her confidence. His treatment of the letter would be looked upon by Harford as a declaration of his feelings towards the girl, and in any case as a square, independent judgment of the position. Nevertheless, made giddy by the tangle of subtle possibilities and the flux in his breast of selfish and quixotic impulses, he was about to refuse the responsibility finally, when suddenly a brusque impatience seized him.

"Very well," he said, deciding abruptly. "Write your letter; I'll post it or burn it."

"If you tell me you've burnt it, then I hold her to her word," said Harford, drawing a chair to the table. "If you post it——"

"Then you'll start reading with me for matric.," said Christopher, affecting jocularity.

"Yes," said Harford, mournfully reflective; "it was a mistake all along reading without a coach. There are some things I've never been able to understand clearly—those systems of pulleys and those awful laws of motion. Only, of course, I never liked to say so."

"Go ahead—write your letter," enjoined Christopher, anxious now to end this trying interview, and to think once again in the calm airs without.

Harford wrote a few lines of abnegation and renunciation—in the spidery scrawl again—and sealed and stamped the envelope. Christopher slipped the pathetic letter into his pocket, and the two gripped hands.

A moment later the younger man passed through the little patch of front garden, gleaming gray in the early night, and stepped abstractedly into the lamp-lit perspective of the suburban road.

The cool air blew on his forehead gratefully; he walked along slowly, pondering the position. He was determined he should decide on no selfish grounds, even though Harford had designedly put that into his power.

Post or burn—which? He took out the letter, weighing it on his palm, as if to draw inspiration from it.

Harford must be considered. If Dora married his friend, the marriage might be a happy one, despite everything, and this possibility must not be excluded. To arrive at an unbiassed judgment on the pure merits of the case was, he felt, almost beyond his power, and again he regretted not having persisted in his first impulse of refusal.

At this moment he found himself passing a red pillar-box at the corner of the road. With the instinctive movement of a man who has come out with a stamped letter in his hand, he slipped it mechanically into the box, and walked on still pondering.

"Let me see: I was saying that it *might* turn out happily after all. But then it might *not*. She doesn't love him as a woman ought to love a man before marrying him. The idea is horrible. But I musn't let my feelings carry me away: I must look at things in cold blood; I must not allow the least tinge of selfishness to affect me. True, there would be certain happiness for Dora and me if one day—— And father would be so happy; it would almost make it up to him for everything. But keep still, you selfish brute! Don't pretend it's father's happiness that you're clutching after. You are not the least bit worthy of her; you have nothing to offer her. Harford deserves her a thousand times more than you, and she would have a good home. She esteems him highly, admires his character, and in time—— No! but the idea is horrible; she and I would be happy. I might dare to think of her after I had tried to show myself worthy, after at least I had achieved something. Achieve something! What am I ever likely to do? I have no position, I am nobody, I haven't much brains. I couldn't even pass the 'B. A.' I've no right to take her away from him. I couldn't even offer her a decent home."

He stopped suddenly and stood aghast as the vivid picture of himself slipping the letter into the box rose before him. In horror he retraced his steps and gazed stupidly at the pillar-box till his returning wits told him the act was irrevocable. That a letter posted must be delivered is as the laws of the Medes and Persians.

"Ah well," he mused, drawing a long breath as he resumed his homeward walk. "It's rather selfish, and perhaps I shouldn't have done it. But Harford *did* say he only desired her happiness, and that, if the other cared ever so little for her, he would be content to give her up. And really it was Providence, not I, that posted the letter. There is a Providence, after all, that shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we will. Poor Harford! I really must pull him through matric. in January."

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

BY ALBERT H. SMYTH

Author of "The Philadelphia Magazines and their Contributors"

TWENTY years ago Richard Grant White referred to the learned editor of the New Variorum edition of Shakespeare as "Mr. Horace Howard Furness, who, although he is doubly a doctor, can afford to be spoken of as if he were only a gentleman." Since that time Dr. Furness has added seven volumes to the imperishable monument he is rearing with such infinite pains and patience, and he has proceeded to many of the "sweet degrees that this brief world affords," and is now quintuply a doctor. He has come to be universally recognized, at home and abroad, as the foremost literary scholar of America; and Harvard, Columbia, and the University of Pennsylvania have conferred upon him the highest honors which they could bestow. The University of Halle (with the famous Dr. Pott presiding on the occasion) granted him the honorary degree of Ph.D.,—the first time in the history of that great university that the degree was given in recognition of English studies,—and now the fivefold blazon is complete with the tribute of the highest literary honors from the English University of Cambridge.

It was on the thirteenth of June, 1899, in the Senate House of the University of Cambridge, that this signal honor was conferred upon the first of American scholars. Dr. Hill, of Downing College, vice-chancellor of the University, presided, and J. E. Sandys, the Public Orator, presented the candidate. Cambridge has two honorary degrees: LL.D. and Litt.D. The first is conferred upon those who have rendered important public service and who walk conspicuously before the general eye—upon Arctic explorers and military heroes, upon bishops and soldiers and statesmen. Not seldom have Americans—clad in the flaming gown—played their part in this great ceremony. The polished Everett, the handsome and scholarly Motley, the eloquent Lowell, have been among the recipients of this honorable degree.

The other degree Litt.D. is reserved for those whose fame has been derived from purely literary toil, and it has rarely been conferred upon American men of letters.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, describing the proceedings in 1886, when he donned the long red gown and the vast black velvet hat,—which Motley said was "something between the Doge of Venice's cap and a large coal scuttle,"—quoted the Latin speech of the Public Orator, saying, "There will be here and there a Latin scholar who will be pleased with the way in which the speaker turned a compliment to the candidate before him." Following such eminent example I may quote the felicitous words of Dr.

Sandys at the Congregation held at noon on June 13, in presenting Horace Howard Furness for the like degree,—Doctor in Letters *honoris causa*:

“Adest hodie e fratribus nostris transmarinis rerum divinarum interpretis humanissimi, Afrorum libertatis per vitam longam vindicis acerrimi filius; adest poetae nostri summi interpret indefessus, qui Shakespearii fabulis undecim per libros fere totidem accuratissime recensendis et non sine interpretum plurimorum auxilio eruditissime explicandis, annorum triginta labores dedicavit. Laetamur reipublicae maximae transmarinae civem ad interpretandum poetam, qui aequoris Atlantici in litore utroque linguae nostrae communis inter decora conspicua numeratur, tantam eruditionem, tantum ingenium, per tot annos contulisse. Laetamur poetae tanti interpretem in hâc praesertim Musarum sede laureâ nostrâ hodie coronari, ex quâ poetae eiusdem textus Cantabrigiensis ab alumnis nostris duobus, ab oratore quondam nostro et a Collegii eiusdem socio quem adhuc superesse gaudemus, primum voluminum complurium per seriem editus, deinde unico in libello inclusus, per orbem terrarum totum exivit. Poetae nostri in fabulâ quâdam, ab hoc viro haud ita pridem editâ, ubi aetatis mediae somnia nocturna lepidissime narrantur, e faunis silvestribus unus intra horae unius spatium orbem terrarum totum vinculo uno sese cincturum esse audacter pollicetur; quod si, aetatis in hâc horâ meridianâ, etiam nobis licet aliquantulum gloriari, nos hodie in multo minore temporis intervallo, in hoc ipso temporis momento quo reipublicae maximae transmarinae citem egregium, poetae nostri summi interpretem eximium laudamus, orbis terrarum partem utramque vinculo novo inter sese coniungimus.

“Duco ad vos virum et nobis et Britannorum poetae summo coniunctissimum, HORATIUM HOWARD FURNESS.”

It is only upon such great occasions that we have a right to intrude upon the modest life of a busy and retired scholar, and, for the nonce, he must submit to the intrusion, for the distinguished honors conferred upon him are honors no less to his country.

The work to which Dr. Furness has dedicated his life is a task which the longest life would be too short to complete. The first volume, “Romeo and Juliet,” of his exhaustive and authoritative edition of Shakespeare appeared in 1871; the twelfth volume, “Much Ado about Nothing,” has just appeared in November, 1899,—eleven plays in twenty-eight years, and every word weighed, every expression analyzed, every phrase sifted. Instances are rare of such single-hearted devotion and life-long application. Forty years lie between the first and the tenth volume of Bancroft’s massive history of the United States. Francis Parkman began the study of the French and English in America while yet an undergraduate, and completed his “Series of

Historical Narratives" after a half-century of application with the publication of the "Half-Century of Conflict." F. J. Child gave thirty years to the ten volumes of his "English and Scottish Ballads." Dr. Furness's attempt is to condense a whole literature into a certain number of pages. The twelve thousand volumes in the Shakespeare Memorial Library in Birmingham, and the ten folio volumes of titles in the catalogue of the British Museum, give some notion of the magnitude of the undertaking. When he began his studies the old Shakespeare Society still flourished, and Payne Collier, Alexander Dyce, J. O. Halliwell, Peter Cunningham, Charles Knight, Harness, Ingleby, Staunton, and Singer were studying the text of Shakespeare with keen sagacity and reverential love. Of all that brave company Aldis Wright and Dr. Furness alone survive,—the last of the old race of editors, for Lee and Wyndham and Gollanez were boys at school when the New Variorum was begun.

Dr. Furness dates his first enthusiasm for Shakespeare to his fourteenth or fifteenth year, when he heard Fanny Kemble read. We can never forget the verses in which Longfellow poured forth his gratitude for those magnificent readings:

"O precious evenings! all too swiftly sped!
 Leaving us heirs to amplest heritages
 Of all the best thoughts of the greatest sages,
 And giving tongues unto the silent dead!
 How our hearts glowed and trembled as she read,
 Interpreting by tours the wondrous pages
 Of the great poet who foreruns the ages
 Anticipating all that shall be said!
 O happy reader! having for thy text
 The magic book, whose sibylline leaves have caught
 The rarest essence of all human thought!
 O happy poet! by no critic vexed!
 How must thy listening spirit now rejoice
 To be interpreted by such a voice."

Furness attended both series of Shakespearian Readings which that gracious lady gave in Philadelphia between 1847 and 1849, and to which with characteristic generosity she invited him. The lad of fifteen who listened with an attent ear—at each ear a hearer—was from that time a member of the Shakespearian Club, which, Christopher North says, is "many millions strong."

It happened that a Shakespeare Society existed in Philadelphia in those days, and in 1860 Dr. Furness became its dean. It may not be amiss to state that it still flourishes in perennial youth, I believe the oldest communion of the kind in the world. Each member had a copy of Boswell's Variorum edition of 1821, in twenty-one volumes. The enthusiastic Philadelphians as they drove afield, under the open-

ing eyelids of the morn, found that much of their labor had been anticipated by a brave army of workmen who had come gleaning after the junior Boswell had put by his sickle. A mighty literature of interpretation had sprung up in many lands and in many languages. To gather the comments of the critics involved no small amount of labor and much delay. Booth's "Reprint," Staunton's "Photo-Lithographic," Ashbee's "Fac-similes," and the Cambridge "Shakespeare" had not yet appeared.

It was fifty years since the last Variorum edition, the time seemed ripe for a new one. And so it happened that Horace Howard Furness took up the tremendous task.

Everyone knows that a Variorum edition is so called because it presents all the various readings of the text which all previous editions have contained, and likewise all the contributions which editors and commentators have made to the critical study of the text. Such editions of Shakespeare had occupied Johnson and Steevens and Malone in the eighteenth century, and two such editions, each in twenty-one volumes, appeared in 1813 and 1821.

Dr. Furness planned his undertaking on a vaster scale than his predecessors. The Variorum of 1821 had its position chronologically among the rest, but was not the starting point whence Shakespearian criticism should begin. Notes and comment from all sources, which either elucidated the text or illustrated the history of Shakespearian criticisms, were weighed and considered. It was not mere compilation; it was a task which required minute philological knowledge, thorough critical training, and constant and most delicate exercise of judgment. If works of sterling worth abound in the library of Shakespearian commentary, books of freakish disposition do much more abound. Through all the waste places, through the valley of dead bones,—antrès vast and deserts idle,—Dr. Furness has kept on unclouded and unperturbed, always judicious, always helpful, and whatever dull things he must needs report from the critical ineptitude of others he has never been dull when he has spoken for himself.

The eccentricities of Shakespearian literature are without end. Here is a book written to prove that Hamlet was a woman; here another to explain all difficulties by "appearances in the moon;" Karpf is convinced that the "galled kibe" of the courtier, in "Hamlet," is the same as the "frozen toe" of Thor; Wieland, staggered by the bitter blessing of Timon upon his feast of warm water,—"uncover dogs and lap,"—has all his doubts resolved when he learns that "lap-dogs" are household pets in England—at once the phrase becomes a stage direction. "At this point the covers are removed, and the dishes are found to be filled with dogs of various kinds!" It is usually the Teutonic scholars who stray so far, and Dr. Furness has often occasion to rebuke their boast-

fulness and to correct their blunders. Tiessen, commenting upon the lines,—

“Where is Demetrius? Oh how fit a word
Is that vile name, to perish on my sword!”

says, “We would be grateful to editors if they would only tell us why the ‘name’ of Demetrius should be thus referred to. Is there a covert reference to *demit*,—i.e., to humble, to subject,—or to *meat* which is stuck on a spit?” Furness’s comment is: “‘De-meat-rius,’ I suppose. This insight of the way in which a learned German reads his Shakespeare would be interesting if it were not depressing.” Through all this matter, rich and poor alike, the careful editor goes,—

“With a broad and powerful fan
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath mass or matter, by itself
Lies rich in virtue and unmingled.”

In every volume of his Variorum edition Dr. Furness has introduced some important and original studies, either such a masterly excursus as that upon “runaway’s eyes,” in “Romeo and Juliet,” or the note upon the “mermaid on the dolphin’s back,” in “The Midsummer Night’s Dream,” or such an essay as the analysis of the dramatic time in “Agamemnon” and “The Merchant of Venice.” Surely it is not only a great but a blessed thing to have guided so rich a craft through a controversial sea, where shallow bauble boats make their way with those of nobler bulk, and to have pursued the course without one touch of asperity, arrogance, or spleen.

The history of American scholarship has in it but one other literary monument as ambitious and as complete as this. Professor Child’s edition of the “English and Scottish Ballads” alone ranks with it in wealth of knowledge, critical acumen, and patient research. Scholarship in America has been a species of martyrdom. Opportunities for learned research have scarcely existed. Schools and colleges have exhausted in stupefying routine and fatiguing labor intellects that could well have added to the world’s small store of great books. Our cities have not been nurseries of the arts

“Where in the beams . . .
Of warm encouragement, and in the eye
Of public note, they reach their perfect size.”

All honor to the pioneers who have blazed a way for the endowment of research, and who undisturbed have kept their course until the world has come to recognize and understand them. Professor Goodwin has brought order out of chaos in his enlightening study of the Greek modes and tenses; Professor Gildersleeve has put the world forever in his debt by his masterly study of Pindar; Professor Gudeman

has given us an edition of Tacitus that compeers any classical study of the century.

We take the measure of our great men after they are dead. The world knows now that William D. Whitney was the head and front of all Indian philology,—the sinew and the forehead of our host. But in Philadelphia few students are aware that we have still with us the most learned mediævalist now living, one whose work is appraised at its full value at the Vatican, the Sorbonne, and at Oxford and Cambridge, and is comparatively unknown at home. Cope, Brinton, Leidy, Lea, and Hare are among the chiefest ornaments of the nation, and they are the glory of Philadelphia, but they have rarely been honored at home. At one time we had with us Henry Reed and George Allen, men of unsurpassed scholarship and literary intuition; the one was the best interpreter of Wordsworth, the other the foremost American Coleridgean. Professor Reed could never so far free himself from the monotonous toil of the teacher as to cross the ocean to Rydal Mount, and he never saw the great poet whose works he had made known to the American people. Class room cares forever prevented George Allen from accomplishing the ambition of his life, and the world therefore still lacks its edition of *Æschylus*.

Fortunately for the world Dr. Furness has been unharassed by such necessities, and his life is a splendid example of the great qualities of American scholarship, and his work an inspiration to those who shall follow him.

RAINLESS

BY CECILIA BEAUX

WHEN August burned upon the year's decline,
 I stepped within the whispers of a wood,
 Whose whitest day, pricked back by darkest pine,
 Made shimmering tumult where the thick stems stood.
 Some scent of withering sap—a seething wine—
 Made incense of the balsam-breathed drouth,
 Sweet as the sigh of summer in the South,
 Athirst for autumn and the purple vine.

My feet pressed down the mosses' fibrous gray;
 A dry twig cracked upon a drier stone;
 All parched hues of lavender and brown
 Died in the channels of the rocky way;
 And in the famished covert, I alone,
 Knew in what floods the thirst of life may drown.

A STAKE OF ZION IN THE WILDERNESS

Second in the Series of Mormon Stories

BY MRS. J. K. HUDSON

THE village was nestled in a curve of the great mountain baseline, and towering slopes rose up on three sides of it, like a protecting hand about a tiny fledgling. A score or more of adobe-brick houses, scarcely higher at the eaves than a man's head, lay along the wide regular streets that mark all the Stakes of Zion in Utah. The mountain water, guided through little ditches so cunningly devised by Mexican laborers, and taught to all the more recent settlers of the arid west, trickled its way along the rows of trees, and slipped through many a little sluice-gate to freshen the clematis-vine that had been transplanted from the cañon to the door-way. Young orchards made faint showing here and there on the whitish ground, and two ward meeting-houses of the plainest architecture stood at opposite ends of the new settlement.

The "ward" is the unit of all divisions in Utah,—not only the towns and cities being divided into wards, but the country districts as well. Salt Lake City is the Modern Zion, the only Zion, of many of the Mormon people, and other Mormon towns are "Stakes of Zion."

This new Stake in the wilderness had great expectations of its own, and the Stake President was a man of ambitions. He lived on the corner, over against the Second-Ward Meeting-House, in a little 'dobe that had but one front door and one window, which meant that he had but one wife. The President of the Church of Latter Day Saints, Brigham Young, in his last tour of inspection to the outlying Stakes in the Territory, had told Brother Peter that this must not be. It was scandalous that a Stake President should not set the proper example to the brethren in regard to celestial marriage.

Brother Peter explained that he was only waiting until the new and larger house on the lots adjoining the space reserved for the tabernacle could be finished, when he would be sealed to Sister Martha, whom the President had met that day. In proof of his good faith he called Brother Brigham's attention to the fact that the nearly completed house of which he spoke had, besides its main portion, consisting of two front rooms, a wing extending back along the side street provided with a door and window of its own at both the front and rear.

"Yes," Brother Brigham admitted, "I have noticed that, but delays are pernicious. If you were at Salt Lake I could show you many houses that have five and six doors and windows in this addition, and the husbands of these women are men no older than yourself. There is not

another instance of a brother in so responsible a position being so remiss in his own life. Precept alone will not do with us: you know that we follow the Bible in example as well. Go home and read the Word, and get thee another wife, or more than one, before I come again."

Miriam, the wife of the Stake President, had long cherished the delusion that her husband's rapid promotion in the church would give him certain privileges, as well as increase his power. First in her mind was the hope that he might be permitted to abstain from plural marriage, as he had repeatedly and solemnly promised her that he would do. But when the foundation of the parsonage was laid, she knew. The subject had not been referred to between them since the evening when the family all walked over to see the beginning, and the children had run around on the foundation-stones and talked of the big house. The look that passed between the husband and wife at that time was eloquent of the heart's deepest feelings, and no words were needed. Ever since then Miriam had been depressed, and had worn the absent, hopeless expression that one who has looked into the faces of the Mormon women never forgets. She went about her household duties as usual, being, if possible, more punctilious than usual in having everything prepared as nearly as possible according to her husband's liking, and without doubt speaking to the children more and more tenderly as the days went by.

Brother Peter had increased duties outside among his people after the visit of the head of the church, and was much from home. There were new settlers coming in, and it was rumored that the wicked words of an apostate had been heard in the town, and the tithes needed looking after. Brother Peter's policy of being lenient in that matter with the newly arrived immigrants was demoralizing and must not be continued. But for these distracting subjects, conversation at Brother Peter's table between himself and his wife would probably have been confined to monosyllables and sad looks. But he came home and told in detail all the incidents of his work, and dwelt especially on his duty to the church and the strong calling he felt to "live his religion." These ominous words always meant to live "in polygamy." Miriam herself, in the only visit she had ever made to Zion, heard Brother Brigham preach a sermon in the Tabernacle. He began by reading from the "Doctrines and Covenants" of the Mormon Church.

"Whatsoever they (the Mormon priesthood) shall speak when moved upon by the Holy Ghost shall be Scripture, shall be the will of the Lord, shall be the mind of the Lord, shall be the word of the Lord, and the power of God unto salvation."

The President of the Church then admonished his hearers to bear this great truth in mind while they listened to the reading of extracts from the "Revelation" received from the Prophet Joseph Smith many years ago.

"The Revelation has been read from this pulpit many times," continued Brother Brigham, "but it seems necessary to repeat it again and again for the guidance of this wayward people. We believe in the principles spoken of in the Revelation. Many others are of the same mind, and walk accordingly; still others have criticised the church for teaching and practising the ordinance of celestial marriage. It will now be seen of all men that we were justified in everything that we have done and sanctioned. For this Revelation saith, as pertaining to the law of the priesthood, 'If any man espouse a virgin, and desire to espouse another, and the first gives her consent, and if he espouse the second, and they are virgins, and have vowed to no other man, then is he justified, he cannot commit adultery, for they are given unto him; for he cannot commit adultery with that that belongeth unto him and to none else; and if he have ten virgins given unto him by this law, he cannot commit adultery, for they belong to him, and they are given unto him; therefore is he justified.'

"Now I ask you again to carefully note that before reading the extract from this sacred Revelation, I read you from the equally sacred book of Doctrines and Covenants, that whosoever shall speak when moved upon by the Holy Ghost, shall be the will, the mind, the word, and the power of the Lord. But I must explain to you, my children, that this passage means that when any one shall so speak in *this* church, having first been endowed with grace as a high priest in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, then shall his word be the same as God's word. Therefore, when I say unto any man that it is good for him to enter into the celestial marriage state, he need have no fear. Moreover, he may feel that I, his father in the church and the representative of his Heavenly Father, know what is best for him, and he will act accordingly."

Much more to the same purpose was said during the sermon by which it was expected that Miriam would be greatly edified, but she heard no more. The horrible doctrine of polygamy, so plainly put, closed her senses to the more mandatory language which followed. She went home from the visit that was to have been a pleasure crushed in spirit, and constantly apprehensive of the spectre that hovers over the life of every Mormon woman. Then came the beginning of the new house, and the visit of Brother Brigham to the Stake over which her husband presided. The atmosphere of the little home grew more and more stifling each day. Miriam rarely met her husband's eye now, and he was as little as possible in her presence. She knew that he received a letter by special messenger from Salt Lake that had greatly troubled him, and her sore heart naturally surmised that it pertained to Brother Peter's shortcomings in the matter of adding a new member to his family. Though she waited with a throbbing heart for every word her

husband addressed to her, she was stunned when at last the dreaded message came. He sent it home to her in a note one day, telling her that he had been hurriedly called out to the mountain settlement, and adding in as few words as possible that his counsel from Brother Brigham, just received, was peremptory, and Sister Martha must be made a member of the family at once. At the very last, calling her by an endearing name, he said: "For your religion's sake, and mine, you will visit her to-day and invite her to take this step. It is the custom of the church, as you know, and since I have been already severely censured, a failure on our part to comply with all the requirements of the Lord's people would subject me to still greater blame. I do not say this because I think you will decline to do your part bravely, but to impress upon you the importance of all the details in the step we are about to take,—the step that can no longer be avoided. Be a helpmate to me, Miriam, my wife, as you have always been, and the Lord will bless you for it."

The first thought that came to Miriam's mind after the cruel blow had stabbed her was that her husband was a coward. But she added: "It shows that he has some heart and feeling left. He could not tell this to my face. He could not ask me to go and do this thing. He had to write it, and go out of town. Yes, he is sorry for it." And then the tears blinded her, and she buried her face in her arms and wept.

No woman can prepare her heart for the fall of the heavens, and often as Miriam had lived this scene in imagination, she was dazed when she found herself in the midst of it. In all the pictures that she had drawn of the final struggle she had never seen herself alone,—Peter had always been beside her, encouraging her, and finally winning her to the perjury of the hated marriage vows, or exchanging with her recriminations that would embitter both their lives forever. She felt deserted and injured, but before the long and fearful day was past she realized that she had gathered strength and prayed that it might be sustained. She had gone over the subject a hundred times, and in her love for her husband and her children could find no name for the proposed celestial marriage but a desecration of her home. Her conscience rebelled as strongly as her heart, and she felt that every prayer she uttered gave her new power to insist upon her rights and her children's rights. The Mormon religion sank into insignificance beside the fierce demands of nature for justice, and the carrying out of the promises her husband had made her long ago.

Had Miriam been one of the thousands who have been born into the Mormon religion she would have dutifully accepted her husband's request as a command, just as he accepted the counsel of Brigham Young, but she had brought with her from New England a memory of the life of her ancestors and a bit of the spirit that animated them. She formulated her conversation with her husband, upon his return that

evening, many times, repeating over to herself both what he would say and what she must say. All day she lived over the heart-burnings of the inevitable hour. She felt as if she could not wait for the dragging day to pass, and yet trembled at thought of the end.

It was quite dark when she heard his step. The children were in bed asleep, and the stillness was oppressive. She went to meet him with the lesson she had conned all day ready to fall from her lips, but just as she opened the door and saw the weary look in her husband's face, something rose up in her throat and choked her speech. None of the things happened that she had been living over all day. Instead, she wept on her husband's breast, speechless with woe,—woe unutterable when it came to the test. In this way she claimed the protection of his strong arms, and he, overcome as well by the crisis that he had been for days trying to fortify himself to meet, said at last: "It shall be as you say, Miriam. If you think that my first duty is to you and the children, so be it. I have promised, and I will abide the consequences. I promised you before I gave my word to the church, and one should be as sacred as the other. I will not go into polygamy, and you need not fear that I will break my pledge. But, Miriam, we shall not prosper."

Brother Peter's voice grew hoarse and unnatural, and he looked more grave than his wife had ever seen him. "You remember Brother Samuel," he continued, "who was given a mission to a foreign land, and who, because his wife begged him to remain with her, disregarded the counsel of Brother Brigham, and tried to make up in other ways for his disobedience. He did indeed perform many good works. It was said of him that his right hand did not know what his left hand did in the way of kindness and charity to the poor. But while he was giving freely of his worldly goods, the brethren were turning the cold shoulder to him. His store was deserted, and some said that his former customers had been advised to buy elsewhere. Perhaps they were not told that they must cease to patronize him exactly, but they were counselled to purchase everything at the branch of Zion's Coöperative Mercantile Institution, which was opened immediately after that time. It was a sad day when he had to sell out the remainder of his stock to the Z. C. M. I. on its own terms. But it taught a lesson to this community that has lasted until now. No, Miriam, we will not prosper. Everything will go against us."

"Oh, my husband, do not look upon the dark side. It is all fair and clear to me now. Life has attractions that an hour ago I thought it could never hold for me again. Everything is beautiful and encouraging. We will do our best, and I will be content with anything, now that I have your promise not to take another wife. It seems dreadful just to say it, like an awful blasphemy of our love. You can never know what I have suffered in these last few months at the bare thought

of sharing my place with another woman. And now I am so happy. Do not fear for the future. We will face it together, and all will be well with us."

In the course of a few days Miriam's cheerfulness wrought a great change in Brother Peter. The companionship that he so sorely needed, and the old-time happy freedom that he felt as soon as he was within the walls of his own home, beguiled him into the belief that he was at peace with all the world, and at liberty to order his life as seemed best to him, if only he tried to walk in righteousness. He went to work earnestly upon the sermon that he was to deliver on the following Sunday at the First-Ward Meeting-House. Miriam kept the children quiet and out of his way, for she was as anxious as he that it should be an unusually good sermon. The brethren should see that he relaxed none of his efforts to discharge his duty towards them.

Brother Peter soon found himself drifting into a dissertation on obedience. In spite of all his efforts to turn his thoughts in another direction, they would recur again and again to the subject which he knew to be most inconsistent with his recent actions. He was too honest at heart to boldly carry out in his sermon what he could not practise in his daily life, but he had built up so fine an argument that he called Miriam into the living-room and read it to her. This small inner room in time of need served as a study, and they were quite alone after Miriam had closed the door. It was not so much to test the effect of the discourse on his wife, as to unburden his own mind and clear the way for a new line of thought, that Brother Peter resorted to the familiar solace of the sermon-maker. But she took it to heart, and appropriated the entire preachment to her own case. In the effort to soothe her wounded feelings, Brother Peter had quite enough of the topic, and frankly acknowledged that it was his own shortcomings—not hers—that urged him to dwell upon the theme. It did not mend matters greatly with Miriam for her husband to emphasize the direful consequences of his own disobedience in this particular instance. But she was easily comforted nowadays, and the reading of the sermon certainly had the effect of turning Brother Peter's mind away from the subject. The new channel into which he determinedly guided his pen was concerned with the paying of tithes.

He took for his text Jacob's vow, from Genesis xxviii:

"And this stone, which I have set for a pillar, shall be God's house, and of all that thou shalt give me I will surely give the tenth unto thee."

It is true that more sermons are preached in the Mormon Church on these two subjects than on any and all others, for the vital reason that they are the principal tenets of the Mormon religion. Obedience to

the priesthood, who speak for the Lord, and strict observance of tithing-day, constitute the perfect organization boasted of by the Latter-Day Saints. When either of these strong points grows lax, the church totters. In justice to Brother Peter it must be said that he composed an excellent sermon on the tithing, and learned it verbatim, for every word spoken in the church must be extemporaneous! The preacher is "moved by the spirit," and no man knows when he may be called upon.

When the Sabbath Day arrived, and the little family were all arrayed in their best garments, Brother Peter felt proud. He could not help noticing his wife's good looks and the children's bright faces and neat clothing. He was a handsome man himself, even under the broad, flat brim of his Mormon hat and enveloped by the long skirts of his loosely hanging coat. It chanced, they observed, that they walked rather apart from other groups going in the same direction, but they held some pleasant converse on the way. Miriam told her husband that she knew he would preach a good sermon. What it was to be about did not much concern her, since the objectionable subject of obedience had been dropped. In her mind that referred only to the doctrine of plural marriage. And she assured him that he would be honored and advanced, as so conscientious and able a man deserved to be. It was all very sweet to Peter, and he felt inspired to do his best. When they arrived at the Meeting-House the rather sparse congregation dampened his enthusiasm somewhat, and he waited a few minutes longer than usual for others to come in. The ones for whom he especially looked, however, did not appear, and he opened the services with an earnest and lengthy prayer. He delivered his sermon well too, but Miriam felt that it was labored, and in some indefinable manner fell short in its effect, compared with the result she had fondly looked for. When the singing was over and the benediction had been pronounced with genuine feeling, Brother Peter stepped down among his brethren, extending as he did so the cordial hand of fellowship to the right and the left. But from the first advance he felt that he was not met half way. The response to his hand-clasp was not hearty, and the embarrassment grew as he passed through his flock. Outside the door, where there was a group that he had not had opportunity to meet inside, he found an aloofness that he could not overcome. After a few formal greetings he gathered the children's hands into his own and started home. Miriam walked timidly by his side, and when they were out of hearing said, "The brethren evidently did not know that you were going to preach, Peter, or more of them would have been present."

"Yes, they knew, Miriam. That is the reason of their absence. Retribution has begun."

The silence that ensued was like a heavy cloud. Miriam's heart was protesting against the injustice. She could not bear the thought of

being again plunged into the fears and despair of the last few weeks. Her mind groped blindly in every direction for a means of escape. She could think of but one: that was flight from the Territory, and she knew it was useless to mention it to her faithful husband. It was questionable too whether they could make their way back to the States, even if he were willing to try so desperate a measure. She knew that her husband was at heart a Mormon, and she felt that his suffering was more for his religion's sake than for hers, or for any unhappiness that might come to them as a family. All the long afternoon and evening he was moody and silent, and her constant efforts failed to arouse him. The Sunday-night meal that she had prepared with loving care for the tastes of her husband was slightly passed over, welcome only as a part of the routine that would obliterate time. After the children were put to bed no loving communion was held by the husband and wife, and as the sky grew darker overhead the depths widened and blackened between these two lonely hearts. Miriam remembered how beautiful the mountains had appeared to her when they were on their way to the Meeting-House. Their green slopes, so soft and moss-like against the dark-brown masses of rock, and their snow-capped heights pointing heavenward, as if in token of her new happiness. Now, in the twilight, they seemed like nothing but a hideous barrier, impassable and enduring. She said as much at last, out of her bursting heart. Her husband turned slowly towards her, and with the sadness of years in his voice said, "Yes, Miriam, the way of the transgressor is hard."

Miriam sat long into the night and watched the stars and the flying clouds, and mourned for her husband and her children and herself. But she sat alone. Peter went into the house to pray. The next day the elders of the town came to Brother Peter's house in a body,—five of them, all attired in the costume that to them represents the tiller of the soil, and hence humility. Peter saw them coming and took his seat back against the wall, with bowed head, like a criminal at the bar. Miriam glared at them as they approached her door like a mountain she-wolf guarding her home. But the priestly delegates from the head of the church paid no heed to her. They halted not at the threshold, but entered as if with authority, and seated themselves facing the culprit. Miriam stood at the door of the inner room, and evidently none was averse to having her listen to the verdict. It is not probable that even the tyranny of the Mormon Church could have forced Miriam's husband to lay the blame of his shortcomings at her door, yet it was plain enough that she was suspected. The oldest of the five men coughed with an effort, as if there were no appropriate words with which to call the assembly to order, and at the same time drew a documentary-looking paper from his pocket. It was soon disclosed that this was a letter from Brother Brigham, and its contents were made known

with heartless directness and without waste of time. Stripped of its senctimonious prologue and wordy iteration, it bestowed upon Brother Peter a mission to be undertaken at once. The field of his labors was to be in the far-off islands of New Zealand, in the South Seas, and the season of his endeavor was to last two years. During that time he was confidently expected to send to Zion many souls that would otherwise be lost, and to report finally, when his work was done, that he had been a good and faithful servant to the church.

This time both husband and wife realized that it was obedience or death. Peter immediately set about his preparations for the long journey, or rather for his long absence, for when he began his pilgrimage he went without raiment except that which he wore, and without money, as was required by the rules of his religion. In his great humiliation he went farther than the discipline required, and carried his coarse shoes in his hand, marching barefooted through the streets, where all might see his penitence.

Miriam was afterwards visited separately, and informed that a tithe of her earnings would be received by the church authorities at Salt Lake and forwarded to Brother Peter, who as a stranger in a strange land might find it difficult to live on the cold charities of an alien people.

Miriam had known the Lord's people to donate generously from their family stores to the support of the missionary's wife and children when, at the bidding of the church, he was sent away, and they were left without the bread-winner. She had known other instances of the most biting want at home made harder still by the constant demands for aid for the absent laborer in the Lord's vineyard. Had there been anything in the little town for her to do that would bring in even a small pittance above the amount necessary to keep her children from starving, Miriam would only too gladly have sent it to the father of her babes. But there was nothing,—nothing. Turn which way she would, every door but her own was closed to her. She did not blame the women for this. She knew that they were bound by solemn vows—indeed, by fearful oaths—to see her punished to the uttermost of human endurance. She had sinned against the holy ordinances of the church, and she was a woman. She had had her opportunity, and wickedly turned away from it. There was no salvation for her but death. Not peaceful death, that comes as a sweet angel of mercy and folds the hands over a broken heart. Nothing could atone to the God of the people who call themselves the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints for Miriam's awful crime but the shedding of her blood by an avenging hand.

THE SQUIRE

AN ELECTION STORY

BY FRANCIS CHURCHILL WILLIAMS

WHEN one looked at the Squire's back it was hard to believe the stories told of his power. Five feet six of slender body, stooping shoulders and sunken head, the thin, white hair scantily covering a seamed, red neck, did not seem to be the physique of a man who could cow a mob by sheer strength. But when one looked the Squire in the face the whole thing was plain. The slender body was a frame of steel muscles, the drooped shoulders lent the pose of a crouching animal to the figure, and the head thrust forward, with aggressive chin, brought into greater prominence the lean face, thin, tight-lipped mouth, beaked nose, and keen, penetrating eyes of pale blue overhung by bushy white brows. His enemies likened his visage to that of a vulture, but flinched before it. Prudence kept others from drawing such comparisons, though they too knew of times when they had quailed before that face. But a flicker of light in those blue eyes, a humorous twist of the thin lips, were more welcome to his followers than a ten-dollar bill slipped into a hand unconsciously convenient.

The Squire himself stood squarely on his feet as an American citizen, and his right to the title had been earned by long and arduous labors in the service of his country. He had been a leader, though, as long as man could remember. The earliest recollections of him were of daring feats. As foreman of the famous Neptune Hose Company, of the volunteer fire department of the city, he had run to fires, exhorting his company to outdo competitors at pumping, and, trumpet in hand, had fallen on these same competitors when precedence in the highway was in dispute. He had beaten them and been beaten by any weapon that was handy. Whatever the Squire went into, he went into with all his might, and he always succeeded in the same, to the joy of his followers and the discomfiture of his foes.

Thus, by virtue of that quality which makes a man recognized as a ruler of men,—a commingling of self-assertion, foresight, shrewd wit, and understanding of human nature,—the Squire developed his power, now dominating them by sheer bullying, now winning their admiration of courage by some ferocious attack on an enemy or by indifference to threatening danger, now gaining their affection by helping them in a tight place, or by a word of sympathy for a personal misfortune or grief. He called them all by their first names; made it his business to know the history of each. He knew that Bill Harrison knew that the police were eager to lay hands on one "Harry Bell" for flagrant election

frauds, and that Bill accordingly never ceased to fear that some smart detective would note the similarity of his initials, "B. H.," and those others, "H. B." He knew that Andy McGregg had a pretty Irish wife, who, next to his twin babies, Kate and Mary, was the pride of Andy's heart. And therefore he would often ask with serious face, when Bill was present, how the search for "Bell" was progressing; and on the first birthday of the twins he arranged that two silver spoons precisely alike, marked respectively "Kate from the Squire" and "Mary from the Squire," should be delivered at Andy's door.

The process of evolution observed in the Squire clearly exemplified the survival of the fittest. As he grew from a foreman of the fire-company into a man who could influence certain votes, then into a leader who carried a political division, and finally into a ward boss whose word was law to his followers and whose approval was essential to any political enterprise within his party,—the process of evolution was fitly illustrated. Thus with increasing years the Squire waxed more powerful, but with his prosperity he never once neglected those tactics by which his success had been won. "Look out for th' small things in politics, and th' big things'll tumble into your lap," was a favorite bit of advice of his, which he rigidly followed himself.

But there came a time when, through various causes, a remarkably vigorous reform movement sprang into being in the city, and the Squire found his own domain, almost for the first time in his remembrance, invaded seriously, and realized that it would require all his generalship and energy to overthrow this opposition. And so he promptly "threw off his coat" and went vigorously to work.

The leader of the reform movement in the Squire's ward was a tall, upstanding man of past forty, by name Albert Barker. He was a physician by profession, a cultivated, honest man, whose genial manner and intelligence had won for him a profitable practice and the respect of the community. The Squire had known him for some years, and regarded him as a decent fellow, though a bit stuck up. But he never attempted to make him one of his own followers, for the very good reason that Barker told him, upon the occasion of their first conversation upon politics, that such a thing was out of the question. "Look here, Squire," he said quietly, while his usually calm, gray eyes twinkled behind his glasses; "I know you're not in politics for your health, and I am finding no fault with you for it. But whatever I do in politics will be done for health, pure and simple—for the health of the city; therefore we're going to be fighting each other from start to finish. And we may as well understand each other right now—and not be breaking the peace by any dispute on the subject hereafter," he added, the smile dying in his eyes, and his lips closing firmly.

The Squire understood, and he put out his hand and shook the

other's heartily. "I like a fellow that stands up for his colors," he said. "Go ahead and fight me. I like fighting, and, I guess, I'll take a pile of licking." And to himself he added, "It amuses you, and it doesn't hurt me."

But now the Squire realized that, far from amusing him, the fight that this big reformer was leading was a dangerous one, and night and day he labored to avert defeat, and each day found defeat growing more probable. The contest in his ward centered on the choice of candidates for City Councilmen. One man was to be elected to the upper branch and two to the lower; and for these three places the reformers had running three strong men.

At five o'clock on the afternoon of the primary elections the Squire entered his private room at the head-quarters of the ward committee and, chewing on an unlit cigar, awaited news from the polls. Of the twenty-three election divisions of the ward he knew that fifteen were in danger of returning a majority of votes for his opponents; the remaining eight he felt no doubt would support his own candidates. The polls opened at six o'clock and closed at eight. At seven o'clock, when one of his men entered, he leaned forward eagerly. "Well?" he said.

"The Seventh, Eighth, Eleventh, Thirteenth, and Fifteenth Divisions will go against us," the man announced. "All our people have voted. Some of Barker's haven't. They'll overcome our lead before the polls close."

For a moment the Squire made no reply, but rapidly scratched some figures on a pad that lay before him on the table. Then he looked up, and said, "We'll have to make use of those Republicans. There are twelve of them that'll vote in th' Seventh Division, eight in th' Eleventh, seven in th' Thirteenth, and seven in th' Fifteenth. That ought to be enough to beat Barker in those divisions. Let th' Eighth Division go to th' devil, and see that th' votes I named are turned in for our side. I saw those men personally, and every one of them is ready to take oath he's become a Democrat. But, if you have any trouble, let some of our men make affidavit. You know where to lay hands on th' men you want. They're all at home to-night, according to promise. But don't lose any time, and let me hear from you as soon as they have voted."

An hour later the Squire got his report, and when he got it for a moment he swore so savagely that the man who told him shrank from him. Despite every effort he had made, two of the four divisions he had sought to save had gone against the Squire—the ward giving thirteen divisions to the reformers and ten to the regulars. The nominations for Councils in the Squire's ward accordingly would be dictated by Barker's faction. But the Squire, after that momentary outburst, seemed like a man just starting out on a campaign, rather than one who had just lost the first fight in it. When he received the men who worked

under him in the ward there was no trace of despair in his face. He heard their reports of the voting, he read carefully and slowly the lists that they laid before him, and he asked them many questions. When one of the men ventured to condole with him on the defeat he quickly cut him short.

"Did y' ever hear th' story of th' Irish woman who had been beaten by her husband with a poker until she had to take to her bed? Well, one of th' neighbors came in and began to sympathize with her, and call her husband names. But th' Irish wife sat up in bed and told th' other woman to stop it, for she was wastin' her breath. 'Sure an' I'm beaten, an' that can't be helped,' she said. 'An' there's no use of y'r tongue lashin' Mike, for he ain't here t' hear y'; an' 'twouldn't hurt his feelin's if he did. As fur meself, I'm in need of congratulations an' not sympathications, for now I've learned t' grab th' poker first when Mike an' me has a shindy. An', what's more, there's plenty o' toime left me t' lick him yet.' That," continued the Squire; "is just th' situation we're in; and so, you see, we'd better stop kicking and saying hard luck, and look ahead."

He had every man in the room laughing when he finished, and not one of them, as they parted from him that night, doubted that the Squire had a card up his sleeve which would make Barker and his crowd look sick when it was played.

At half-past nine the following morning all of the reform candidates to the Ward Convention had assembled in the meeting-place. At the door were two policemen, who examined the credentials of the delegates as they presented themselves. At quarter of ten a compact body of fifteen men, the Squire at their head, arrived at the meeting-place. The Squire stood by and watched the men pass in. Five of them had entered when a discussion arose over the papers presented by the man then seeking admittance. The Squire stepped forward. "What's th' matter?" he asked.

"There's some mistake about these papers, Squire," said one of the officers at the door.

"They're all right," returned the Squire. "Hurry up, now, and let that man in; we're late as it is."

"Sorry, Squire, but I can't do it. Why, look at th' papers yourself; you see they're not signed right."

The Squire took the papers, and gave them close attention for a minute. "I guess you made a mistake," he said. "There's nothing wrong with these credentials. Come, now, we can't lose any time. Go on, Jenkins," to the man who had been halted.

Just then Barker came to the door. "What's the trouble, Squire?" he asked pleasantly.

"They won't let one of my delegates in," replied the Squire quickly. "You're not going to try to play any bunco game on me, are you?"

"We're not going to play any game on anyone," said Barker. "Let's see the man's papers."

"No you don't," retorted the Squire. "We need these papers ourselves." There was a general laugh at this.

"What do you mean?" asked Barker quickly.

"Never mind what I mean," said the Squire. "Are you going to let us into this convention, or not?" addressing the officer.

Barker spoke before the latter could reply. "Look here, Squire," he said, trying not to show his rising anger at the other's insinuations. "Every man who's got the proper credentials comes in here, as you very well know, and I haven't got any wish or power to stop him. But no man's going to be admitted who isn't a fully attested delegate, and the law will see he doesn't. It isn't my business to stop him. The officer here has his instructions, and he'll follow them, so there's no use blaming the door-keeper or me,—and there's no use trying to bully us, either," he added warningly.

The Squire knew that his bluff had failed. Jenkins was *not* a qualified delegate to the convention, neither were four more of the men in his crowd who yet awaited admission to the hall. He had had some idea that he could force them through the door by a show of confidence. Once in the hall, he had planned to try to stampede the convention in his favor. But he was not surprised at what had happened, and he was prepared for the contingency.

He pushed his way to the door and stood face to face with Barker. "So your game was to bully us?" he said in a loud voice. "You know you'd be beaten if every duly elected delegate was admitted to this convention, and so you're going to shut us out on a technicality. It's a smart move, but th' Democrats of this ward are not going to be bullied like that. This is a Democratic Ward Convention. I am a delegate to this convention, and so are these men with me. I demand admittance to this hall for myself and them. Are you, or are you not, going to let us in?"

Barker made no reply, and looked at the policeman in the door-way. The officer shifted from one foot to the other, and his face wore an unhappy expression. But he knew his duty, and stood by his orders. "I'll pass everybody who has th' proper papers, Squire," he said slowly. "But, y' see, I'd be turned down if I passed anyone without them."

The Squire scarcely waited for him to finish his speech.

"That's enough," he cried in an angry voice. He intended that every one in the crowd should hear his words. "You all see how Democratic delegates have been shut out by force from a Democratic convention," he went on, turning about so as to face the crowd. "But

we're not going to start a row. We came here for a peaceable convention to nominate candidates from this ward, and we mean to have such a convention—a legal convention, too. Whatever goes on inside that hall to-day," shaking his finger at Barker; "will not be legal, and that crowd in there knows it. Here are fifteen delegates from th' divisions of th' ward driven from th' meeting-place fixed by th' party. Th' fellows in there who call themselves Democrats can't force their delegates on th' ward by a minority vote, and you know it. Th' legal convention will be held right away in Matthews Hall, on th' corner above here,—and that's where we're going now." The Squire was not much of a speaker, but long experience had told him how to gauge the temper of a crowd like that now about him, and, as he turned and made his way out into the street, he heard a chorus of cheers which drowned out the hisses and groans that came from some quarters. He raised his hat in return, and never looked back. Then, followed by all of the men who had come with him, he moved up the street. Some of those who had been hanging about the hall door brought up the rear.

"The Squire's a fighter to the last," remarked Barker to a friend as he left the door-way.

"Yes, but we beat him badly this time, and his day is going by," returned the other.

Barker opened his lips, then changed his mind and said nothing.

But the leader of the reformers threw himself with enthusiasm into the work of the convention, and when, an hour later, after a harmonious meeting, the thirteen delegates representing a majority vote of the ward had duly made nominations for the various city offices within their jurisdiction he was ready to echo the statement that the Squire's dominance had been broken. The convention was a legal one, as he knew, and the men it had nominated were the candidates of the party which had controlled the ward for years by a large majority, and they now had only to deposit their votes to put those candidates in office.

The work of the past weeks, however, had been trying to mind and body alike, and when eleven o'clock struck that evening Barker felt oppressed and disinclined for bed. He thought that perhaps a walk would freshen him up a bit, and put on his hat and overcoat, and started out. It was a fine, frosty night, and he walked at a fast pace, so that presently he found himself a dozen blocks from home in a part of the city occupied by the houses of workmen and an occasional tenement. Suddenly he heard the sound of running feet and some one crying fire, and instinctively hurried in the direction of the clamor. Rounding a corner, two blocks farther on, he came upon the fire. It was in a five-story brick building that stood somewhat apart from the neighboring buildings, a tenement-house of the better class. Thin tongues of flame already were licking the frames of the second-story windows. The

fire apparently had started in a front room, spreading fast towards the sides and back of the house. So far, however, it was confined to the first and second floors; for, while the smoke poured from some of the third-story windows, the windows higher up were as yet clear.

In front of the building was a crowd of people which grew every moment. Two policemen pushed their way through the crowd. Some one said a lamp had been overturned in the house, and that the flames had first been noticed by a passer-by. An alarm had just been sent in, but the nearest fire-station was a good distance off. Another man said excitedly, "It'll burn like paper. Th' place's a reg'lar tinder-box. It's luck they're all out."

"Nobody in the house, then?" asked Barker.

"Only Andy McGregg, who lives on th' fourth floor. He an' another man are saving what they can. Andy's family an' th' folks on th' other floors got out early. Th' McGreggs are over there in that house. Mrs. McGregg took th' children there, while Andy brought th' things out of their rooms. Th' McGreggs saved most everything, but some of th' rest's not so well off. There comes th' engine."

The crowd swayed back as the fire-engine was pulled up not far from the building, and the hose was quickly attached to a plug. But quick as the firemen were, the fire had been quicker, and it was now plain to the eye that the building was doomed. Every window of the three lower stories belched smoke. From the lower two rows of windows ribbons of flame curled. A steady roar from the interior of the building told that the fire had broken through the partition walls and was making a chimney for itself of the hall-ways. Two men darted out of the smoke-shrouded door-way, their arms filled with household goods. They were McGregg and his companion, and a shout went up from the crowd as they were seen to emerge in safety. McGregg immediately made his way towards the house where his wife was.

Just then Barker's attention was drawn to a movement among those nearest to him. He saw a man pushing his way through the crowd. It was a short, sparsely built figure. A battered derby hat was pulled low on the man's head; an overcoat, partly buttoned, disclosed through its bulging openings the collarless shirt and half-braced trousers beneath. But, if the President of the United States had at that moment walked into the crowd and they had all recognized him, he would not have got as much attention.

"Hello, Squire, y're just in time." "Hard luck fur Andy, isn't 't, Squire?" "This way, Squire, I'll let y' through." These were the greetings that came from all sides, and more than one hand was extended to the new-comer.

"Let the Squire through there," yelled a man right ahead of Barker, and the latter saw the people in response fall back promptly, so that,

brushing by him, the rusty overcoat and hat moved along a narrow, open lane to the outskirts of the crowd. As he passed, Barker got a glance under the hat-brim, and looked into the Squire's face. His lips were tightly closed, the muscles played nervously about the jaws; his eyes, sweeping from the burning house to the engine, seemed to comprehend and pass judgment upon the whole situation. On the very edge of the crowd the Squire halted, and as he did so a fearful cry came from down the street. A man burst through the onlookers. It was Andy McGregg.

"Kate! Kate! Whose seen me baby, Kate?" he cried. The question ran through the crowd, and on the instant there fell a hush on all. Two firemen hauling forward the hose-pipe stopped short. The man directing them wheeled about. "What's that?" he yelled. "Anyone in th' house?"

"Yes, it's me baby—Kate, me baby," McGregg returned in a frenzied voice. "She was left in th' house in me rooms on th' fourth floor. Save her! Save her! Oh, won't some of y'——"

But at that instant he saw the Squire close beside him, and he whirled about and thrust out his hands. "Squire, Squire, y'll save her. I know y' will. She's up there in th' flames. But y' can get her, I know y' can. Fur God's sake save her! Me baby, me darlin'!"

The Squire grasped him by the shoulder. "Shut up, Andy," he said sharply; "shut up!" McGregg's agonized appeal died away in his throat. It was as though he had suddenly been smitten dumb.

"Tell me, quick and plain, where is th' baby? No blubberin' now; where is she exactly?"

"In me room on th' fourth floor back," the other gasped.

"How d' y' know she's there?"

"Mary, me woife, saw her there last. She thought I was bringin' her with me; I thought she had taken her with her."

"Couldn't some one else have brought her out? Think now, man; be quick!"

"No, she was there when I brought th' things out of there, an' th' door went shut behind me. I thought Mary was bringin' her. An' she's there, she's there, burning t' death. Squire, O Squire, fur God's sake, save her!"

The Squire dropped his hand from McGregg's shoulder, and faced the fire-chief. "You heard," he said. "Can you get th' child out?"

The fireman threw his arm out towards the burning building. "No one under God's heaven could save th' child, if she's there," he said in a low voice. "They told us every one was out, but we've been back of th' house, and it's all flames there. They've eaten th' place clear through. 'Twould be death t' anyone tryin' t' reach th' fourth floor, and nothing would come of 't."

The Squire raised his voice. "A thousand dollars to th' man that brings out th' baby!" he shouted. There was only silence from the crowd, and a mounting roar from the fire.

"Two thousand!" yelled the Squire still louder. But there was no response, and the hissing of steam, as the water from the hose beat through the windows and fell on the flames, seemed to voice a challenge to the crowd.

The Squire stood a moment silent, his face lifted towards the people as though expecting even yet that some one would spring forward to take up his offer. Never before had he made an appeal in vain. For the first time he had found something that money could not buy, and as he realized this the inborn leadership of the man came to the surface. Once again he saw before him a thing that was to be conquered by sheer courage and strength of will.

He wheeled about, and scanned the burning house and the adjoining buildings. The next moment he had sprung forward and was running towards the house next to the one that was on fire. A fireman, half suspecting his intention, tried to stop him, but he slipped past, and disappeared within the door-way of the building.

It was done so quickly that, almost before they understood that he was gone, he appeared once more, this time on the roof of the building he had entered. They watched him walk to the edge of the flat tin roof and look across to the flaming house. Twelve feet of empty space intervened between the eaves of the two buildings. Clouds of smoke puffed up from the windows below. But the Squire never faltered. He stepped back a few feet, and, running forward, leaped from the edge of the roof. A cheer went up as they saw him alight safely on the farther side. Almost at once he was shut out from their view by the smoke. Three minutes went by, and still he was not to be seen. "I guess th' Squire's gone," said a man in a low, strained voice close to Barker, as a fierce blast of flame ate its way into the woodwork of the fourth-story window and a shower of cinders went high in the air. A moment later, however, as the smoke was whirled sideways by the wind, a voice from the crowd told that they saw him again. He had just come out of the scuttle which led from the roof of the house to the floor below, and from this already the smoke was pouring. Now he stood on the edge of the roof at the spot where he had landed from his perilous leap. His overcoat had been torn open, his hat was gone, a spark glowed here and there on his clothing. But his awkward figure had that about it which made it heroic. In his arms he held a covered bundle that every one knew must be the baby he had gone to save. But the spectators were silent after that first cry. They knew that the man above them was facing death, and they knew him so well that they waited for him to decide what should be done. For the Squire would understand this,

as he understood everything else, much better than they did. So they watched him, and waited.

And the Squire did understand the thing much better than they did, now as before. He saw that with the burden he held he never could hope to make that leap in safety again, and the thought of abandoning what he held never entered his head. Moreover, a sheet of flame was beginning to pour up the side-wall of the house, and his escape in that direction was cut off. Through the flames on the other roof he saw two firemen who had come there with the hope of aiding him, but they could do nothing for him with that barrier of fire between him and them.

He ran to the front of the house, and looked down. A curtain of fire wrapped everything below him as high as the fourth floor, and every moment it mounted higher. On the remaining two sides of the house the flames, he knew, cut him off in like manner. He saw firemen below running with a ladder, but he realized that they would have to abandon that plan as soon as they tried it, for no man could pass down the face of those walls alive. For half a minute he stood there, one leg advanced, hugging the child to him, his slight figure framed in smoke, starred with flying cinders, silhouetted against the glare from the flames back of him. Yet there was not a line of his pose that bespoke the despair that his situation bred.

Then, all at once, his eyes fell upon a thin black line that traversed the space between the edge of the roof upon which he stood and the roof on the opposite side of the narrow street. It was a heavy wire rope from which a banner—one of the Squire's own campaign banners—had lately been hung, and it was fastened with stout spikes driven into the roof of either house. The flames as yet had not reached it. The Squire's quick glance took this in, and also the fact that directly below where the rope was fastened on the other side was a window. In a trice he had thrown off his coat, and had stripped the child of its covering, a blanket, and knotted this blanket under its arms, and tied the ends together, making a loop through which he thrust his head and one arm. Then, with his burden swinging over his shoulders, he bent down, and lowered himself over the edge of the roof, and, grasping the rope, slowly began, hand over hand, the journey across the gulf between the houses. Back of him he heard the hissing of steam as they played water upon the wall where the rope was made fast.

It seemed to him, for the time being, that thirty years had rolled back, and that he was again a young man, a member of the invincible Neptune Hose. His muscles all grew pliant at the recollection and he swung along, scarcely feeling the terrible strain he endured, or realizing the peril he faced. To those below it seemed as if he would never reach the other side.

292 A Day with a British Militia Regiment

But at last he was over, and when he arrived opposite the window he was seized about the body by the men who had gone to his rescue, and was hauled in with the baby on his back. When he came down the steps of the house the crowd pressed about him, and the Squire stood once more among his own.

It was among his own people, too, that the Squire stood one evening a few weeks later, and heard that they had elected his candidates in the ward by rousing majorities. There was a quiet smile on his lips as he listened to their shouts of triumph; but he was thinking not so much of the victory itself as of the bitter things that his opponents would say in their chagrin. Yet, after all, this was not a matter for opinions, but a thing logical and plain. Man for man, the Squire had shown his people that he was their leader. Man by man, they owed to the need of his master hand.

A DAY WITH A BRITISH MILITIA REGIMENT

BY HERBERT HUDSON

A Late Militia Sub

"Majors know nothing and do nothing;
Captains know everything and do nothing;
Subalterns know nothing but do everything."

Militia Proverb.

WHY will writers of military stories persist in the idea that, on the first faint streaks of dawn the clear notes of *reveille* ring out, and the sleeping camp instantly springs to life? Anyone who has passed a few days under canvas might know that even if the full band was suddenly to strike up at the very heads of the tired Tommies, not a man would stir a moment before the time that will allow him the minimum number of seconds to bundle on his uniform and to shuffle down to parade. No, the men wake by the same instinct which makes the subaltern slumber on in the full confidence of being roused at the right moment by his soldier servant.

The first thing I hear in the morning is the rasping draw of the lacing-rope against the dew-tightened canvas, a sickening sound that strikes terror to the heart of the newly joined sub, for it is the certain precursor of one of two evils, either the midnight "Run Up," or the scarcely less dreaded call to parade. Then, "Six o'clock, sir," precedes the swish of cold water as my trusty henchman fills the bath. A brief wrestle between doze and duty, and I roll out of bed into the refreshing tub. Hastily putting on my things, I rush down the hill to where the company is drawn up awaiting inspection. I pass down the ranks, calling attention to a missing button, an unbrushed tunic, or an occa-

sional dirty rifle. Being detailed for target practice, we march to the butts, and I ensconce myself with the musketry sergeant-major in one of the shelter-boxes to register the hits. At first the position is far from agreeable; the volleys of lead come unpleasantly near as they whistle by and plump into the brick wall, sending showers of mortar and bullet splinters into the shed. Seeing that I am new to the business, the old sergeant begins relating to me, with blood-curdling details, casualties he has witnessed at these very butts, and shows me the scars that have been inflicted by eccentric bullets fired by inexperienced militia-men. But familiarity breeds contempt; soon the monotonous hum of the projectiles begins to make me feel quite drowsy, and weaves itself into a tune; the tearing roar of the ricochets playing a continuous bass to the wild shriek of the misses as they sail yards away over the top of the wall, the desultory hits beating time as it were to the whole, my morose companion the while keeping up a sorrowful chant:

"Oh, these militia lads, when will they learn to shoot? 'Arf on 'em funks it, and the other 'arf don't care."

At last comes the welcome "Cease fire," followed by "Wash out," and we emerge from the butts dusty and hungry. It is half an hour to breakfast, and I accompany the orderly officer of the day, whose duty it is to supervise the serving out of rations. This operation is performed at a long table, behind which officiate the chief butler and baker of the town, having before them respectively huge carcasses of meat and pyramids of loaves. Having gone through the farce of examining these articles, Second Lieutenant Tweedles, who is quite as competent to inspect dressed beef as he is to lecture on Darwin's "Evolution of Species," declares them fit for human food, and the work of cutting up begins. After the portions have been duly weighed out, the cooks of each company stand around and receive their shares, this part of the business being superintended by the quartermaster-sergeant and the adjutant's dog.

Presently the bugle goes "Pick 'em up, pick 'em up, potatoes hot, potatoes hot," that lively call which serves alike for breakfast, dinner, and tea. The orderly sergeant comes up, and precedes us through the two big mess tents where the men are busily engaged at breakfast. As we pass down he raps with his cane on each table and shouts, "Any complaints?" to which the reply is always the same, "None, sir." The guard's breakfast having been visited in like manner, we are at liberty to eat our own. Save for the signing of various passes, there follows an hour and a half of idleness. If there are any prisoners, they have to be examined by their company officers prior to the investigation of the colonel in the orderly-room at a quarter to ten.

As a rule, the captains are not yet out of bed, so this duty devolves, with other company duties, on the unfortunate subaltern. The charge

294 A Day with a British Militia Regiment

against the offender is generally "drunkenness," and I know of few more touching sights than that of a young lieutenant,—himself obviously suffering from the effects of the previous night's libations,—holding forth to some half-dozen gray-haired delinquents on the evils of inebriation, pointing out the foolishness of excess, and appealing to their better sense of what is right. I shall never forget the first time it was my painful duty to reprimand some men of my company. It was necessary to draw on my imagination, but think as I would, no idea came into my head. I glanced towards the color-sergeant, who was standing rigidly at attention, wearing that vacant expression of automatic intelligence as laid down in the drill-book for the use of non-commissioned officers and privates. Then I mumbled something about it being very stupid to get intoxicated, and advised them not to do so again till next time, dismissed them, and hastily retired.

As ten o'clock strikes, a podgy-faced bugler tootles out the stern summons of "Defaulter's Call," which sounds like, "I called him, I called him—he wouldn't come, he wouldn't come; I called him, I called him—he wouldn't come, he came, came, came." He prolongs the final notes with a grim satisfaction, as much as to say, "Now you are going to catch it; I wouldn't be in your shoes for something."

The colonel having taken his seat in the orderly-room, the first prisoner is marched in between two privates, the subaltern of his company bringing up the rear; the latter places himself at the colonel's elbow, ready to attest to the delinquent's character from previous entries against him in the defaulter book.

Military administration has the advantage over its civil sister of being more speedy in action; no unnecessary time is wasted over the quibble of garrulous counsel, and rarely more than five minutes elapse from the time when the offender is brought in to the moment when the sergeant-major clenches the proceedings with his "Escort and prisoner, right turn, quick march."

The camp now begins to assume a more warlike appearance; rifles are polished up, bayonets brightened, and button-paste and pipe-clay are the order of the day. Presently a bugler sounds; then fierce cries come from the officers' lines, "Jenkins, my sword." "Jones, give me a brush." "Lewis, what the —— have you done with my —— glove?" And thus the braves struggle into their war-paint. Men begin to hurry down the hill to parade, followed more leisurely by the subalterns, and still more leisurely by the senior officers.

As soon as the men have fallen in and the roll has been called, the captains proceed to inspect their companies. Having completed his inspection, the captain hands over the company to his subaltern and strolls across the field to have a chat with another captain. The said subaltern forthwith proceeds to put the men through a series of evolu-

tions, varying in intricacy with the proximity of the stage prompter,—to wit, the color-sergeant. As suitable opportunities occur,—i.e., when the senior officers are deeply engaged in discussion as to the way in which some manœuvre should be carried out, each backing up his respective argument with a drill-book of different date, the subaltern gives himself temporary leave of absence and makes his way over to a neighboring subaltern for a conference on some less scientific subject, or they watch the antics of the field officers' chargers, which are being broken to fire.

This performance greatly enlivens the monotony of the morning's parade and helps to keep the men in good humor. The fiery war-horses which are hired for the month are in reality, perhaps, less nervous at the report of a rifle than the militiaman himself, as they have been volunteer officers' mounts for the last two years, and in some cases have been grazing for months in the fields next to the rifle-range; but they know very well that it is incumbent upon them to appear frightened for at least three weeks in the training, and on all occasions to emit the regulation snort of terror when firing commences. The eccentric prancings of these mettled steeds, though a bit automatic, would be quite sufficient to unseat certain militia colonels, so the duty of breaking the horses in devolves upon their grooms, who ride about the parade-ground with all the dignity of field-m Marshals. As the days draw near to the general's inspection, the mounted officers begin to think it time for a dress rehearsal, and accordingly climb into the saddles themselves; one major in particular always causes much amusement by first buckling his sword around his groom's waist, in order to see what effect will be produced by the banging of the scabbard against the horse's flanks. Strangely enough, as soon as the animals feel their masters on their backs they at once drift into the regular routine of drill, and very often know it a good deal better than the officers themselves.

After parade the men are paid out by their captains. Then comes lunch, after which everyone is at liberty to do what he likes for the rest of the afternoon,—save only the unhappy subaltern on duty, who has to stay in camp to see that the tents do not blow away, and who, if he is sensible, will have had the forethought to invite some of his fair friends to tea in the veranda of the mess-hut.

At seven o'clock, while he is inspecting the picket, which has been told off to patrol the town on the lookout for drunks, his more fortunate brother officers, who have been enjoying themselves in a variety of ways among the youth and beauty of Slopeshire, are returning to camp in time to dress for dinner.

As the sun sets "Retreat" is sounded, and the union-jacks floating over the officers' quarters and the sergeants' mess are run down with stage-like effect.

296 A Day with a British Militia Regiment

The drum-major brings up the band, and after sounding the "Officers' Dress" marches up and down the tents discoursing sweet music, and thereby drowning the shouts of discord which issue from the throats of the "Trusty and well-beloved, whom Victoria, by the Grace of God, has by these presents commissioned, etc.," are struggling with refractory collar-studs.

Ten minutes later "He's Got 'em On" changes into "Oh, the Roast Beef of Old England," and then the buglers announce that "Officer's wives get puddings and pies, but the soldier's wives only cold skilly," and the centurions and the leaders of the cohorts of the Slopeshire Militia, in their scarlet mess-jackets, with nice clean shirt fronts and little black ties, troop into the dining-room. Twice a week, on guest nights, a sprinkling of sober-clad civilians is invited to partake of their hospitality, but by the most sacred traditions no woman may enter here nor be spoken of save the Queen, whose portrait hangs above the regimental colors behind the president's chair. After the guests have filed in, a somewhat indecent scramble occurs as the subalterns rush to the farthest end of the table in a bunch, where, enfiladed from the colonel's eye by a bank of maidenhair ferns, they can enjoy themselves and carry on as only subalterns are capable of doing.

The Slopeshire Fencibles are proud of their mess plate, and if quantity and age are any criterion they well may be. It has ever been a rule that officers on promotion or retirement should present something to the mess having their names inscribed thereon as a sort of memorial of themselves, so that the light of the wax candles glints on quaint old beakers dented and worn thin with use, on massive salvers once the glory of the silversmith's skill, and on grotesque goblets bearing the names of former chiefs whose spirits are incorporated as it were with the regiment,—the regiment that lives forever.

A guest-night dinner is a very ceremonious affair; many courses have to be eaten and a deal of conversation to be made; but the strains of a good band are inspiring to the imagination, and the pop of the champagne-cork cheereth the heart; so that an hour and a half slip by unchallenged. When the dessert has been placed on the table, and the groggy-wheeled juggernaut-car holding the wine-decanter has been passed round once, the captain of the day rises with a curt, "Mr. Vice, the Queen," and the pink-faced and very self-conscious subaltern at the other end, raising his glass, echoes, "Gentlemen, the Queen." A scramble of chairs, everybody springs to attention, and the band outside, breaking off suddenly, it may be from a popular waltz, strikes up those soul-stirring bars,—

"God save our gracious Queen;
Long live our noble Queen:
God save the Queen."

A Day with a British Militia Regiment 297

A brief pause, and then "The Queen, God bless her!" rings as one word from twenty-two throats, and twenty-two inverted wine-glasses twinkle for a moment in the air. The black-coated civilians also rise and also tip their glasses, most of them generally before the music has ceased, for they do not understand.

With the second round of the wine, cigars are lighted up, the buzz of conversation rises higher and higher, and the reserve rank rubs off under the congenial influence of port and good-fellowship.

But the colonel rises. We go outside, and if you don't feel inclined for a game of pool, or for taking a hand at the doctor's whist-table, we will accompany young Tweedles on his visiting rounds. "Last Post" went an hour ago, that grand old call which comes as a benediction at the close of day, that touching requiem which, finer than any general salute, wails over the narrow trench after the last of the three rounds with blank have been fired.

The night is dark, and guy-ropes and tent-pegs are not comforting to the shins, so we will let Lieutenant Tweedles precede us to the guard-tent, where a pale lantern casts shadow pictures as of men wrapped in slumber. A militia subaltern on nearing a sentry always warns him of his approach by clanking his sword and clearing his throat with a gruff "Ahem." It saves him from many embarrassing discoveries which would not look well in the guard report next day.

"Halt! who goes there?" comes a gruff challenge, given in a muttered tone as though the challenger was a little uncertain about the pitch of his voice.

"Visiting Rounds."

"Advance, Visiting Rounds, and all's well."

"Guard, turn out."

A scramble of shuffling feet on the floor-boards, mingled with subdued imprecations, and the guard reliefs bundle out of their shelter and fall into line for the officer's inspection. The silent figures wobble and sway in the gloom, and may I never taste another peg if the aroma that arises from them is not the reek of Irish whiskey; but the orderly corporal reports that all are present and correct. Second Lieutenant Tweedles trips briskly down the ranks and says, "Very good; you can dismiss the guard," and clatters off to go the round of the sentries in order that he may truthfully write in his report next day, "I visited the sentries by day and night; they were alert on their posts and acquainted with their orders." The second clause of this contract has usually to be effected by means of a compromise.

Private Thomas Atkins, of the militia, can, with a little trouble, be persuaded to hit a target once in seven shots if his beer-money is stopped till he does so; but to get him to learn by heart the list of orders for sentries which are neatly pasted on a board and provided in every

298 What gives a Popular Song its Vogue?

sentry-box is quite a different matter. Consequently an orderly officer has to interrogate him as to his orders rather in the fashion of a fond mother getting her infant prodigy to recite a poem before strangers, something after this style:

Orderly Officer.—“To take charge of this post, and all government ——”

Sentry.—“Property.”

Orderly Officer.—“Salute all officers according to ——”

Sentry.—“Rank.”

Orderly Officer.—“In case of fire, alarm the ——”

Sentry.—“Guard.”

When the orderly officer has run down the list of orders he says, “That will do; I dare say you know them all right,” and proceeds to the next sentry, while the orderly corporal bellows some unintelligible command which to an untrained ear sounds something like “Shewlder hup. On your pewst, queek-marrrch.”

A little later and silence creeps over the sleeping camp, and the last sound that falls drowsily on the ear is the joyful challenge of the weary sentry hailing the approach of the changing guard.

“Halt! Who goes there?”

“Relief.”

“Advance, Relief, and all’s well.”

WHAT GIVES A POPULAR SONG ITS VOGUE?

BY HENRY T. FINCK

Author of "Wagner and His Works"

ONE afternoon, when I was watering flowers in the back yard, a boy in the street whistled a tune that I had not heard before.

Had he been within reach I should certainly have turned the hose on him, for the infliction of that tune on my unwilling ears seemed as great an outrage as if he had thrown a rotten potato in my face. It made me, to use a colloquial phrase, “mad as a hornet,” not only because of its offensive vulgarity, but because there was something in the nature of that mephitic air that made me feel certain I should hear it a thousand times during the summer. And my prophetic soul divined the truth. In the course of a week or two every boy in town was whistling that tune, every other man humming it, and every tenth woman playing it on the piano. I fled from New York and buried myself in the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky. In course of the ten-hour trip a young man in our party whistled that tune half-a-dozen times, amid the sublimities of subterranean rivers, vault-

ing domes, and bottomless abysses. I went to the highest habitation east of the Rocky Mountains, the Cloudland Hotel, on top of Roan Mountain, on the border of North Carolina and Tennessee. For several days there was peace, and life once more seemed worth living; but ere long a young woman arrived to take charge of the piano, and every other piece she played was an arrangement of that detestable song. I changed my room from North Carolina to the wing in Tennessee, plugged my ears with wax, and continued my literary task. In September I went to the mountains of Maine and took a room in a farmhouse. There was a cottage opposite, with a piano and a young lady, and—but why continue the harassing tale? The song, I may add, was "A Hot Time in the Old Town," which May Irwin, I believe, was the first to perpetrate in this country, though I don't pretend to be an expert in criminal history.

What is there in the nature of that song that made it thus ravage the country like an epidemic from east to west, from south to north? In other words, What makes a vulgar song popular, or gives a popular song its circulation? Or, to put the question in a still more comprehensive form, How can we account for the surprising vogue of certain songs and pieces that are not a bit better than a thousand others of their class not successful, and vastly inferior to many gems of the great masters that are neglected except by the chosen few?

There is the "Blue Danube" waltz, for instance: why is that so much more popular than any other Strauss waltz? It could hardly be called a vulgar or trashy piece, yet it is certainly one of the poorest of the four hundred and fifty or more dance pieces the Waltz King has written. Some of the Strauss waltzes are enchanting, immortal, but the "Blue Danube" is not one of these. It lacks the inspiration, the smooth, melodic flow, of its companions. The jerky, skipping character of its chief melody rasps my nerves and makes me take flight whenever I hear it. Yet of this piece more than a million copies had been sold two decades ago; more than a hundred copper plates, each capable of printing ten thousand copies, had been worn smooth; and to-day, if you ask any one "What is Strauss's best waltz?" he will surely reply, "The Blue Danube." Why?

The history of this waltz is curious and extremely instructive. It was first played in Vienna in 1866, and was a complete failure, though Strauss was already the idol of the public. Usually when he produced a new waltz the audience was frantic with delight and demanded half a dozen repetitions of it; but this waltz was damned with faint applause and redemanded only once, merely out of courtesy to the composer. All the conditions had been favorable too, the performance being excellent, and, what is more, it was the first time that Strauss had made use of a chorus in one of his scores. This chorus sang about

300 What gives a Popular Song its Vogue?

the "blue Danube," which alone ought to have aroused the public, but it did not. The singers themselves were so disappointed that, as Eisenberg relates, Dumba, to whom the waltz was dedicated, had to use all his influence to keep it on the programme and to prevent the singers from betraying their lack of sympathy. After this first performance Strauss repeatedly played the new waltz at his regular concerts; but while all other pieces by himself or his brothers Eduard and Josef were warmly applauded, the "Blue Danube" seemed to give the audience the blues. Strauss himself finally accepted the situation, remarking to his brother, "The devil may take it, for all I care—I am only sorry for the *coda*; for its sake I had hoped that the waltz would have a genuine success." The publisher gave him only one hundred and twenty-five dollars for it, and that was frankly considered on all sides more than it was worth.

Now the Viennese public has been known to make mistakes in its judgment of symphonies and operas, favoring the mediocre and slighting the good. But in regard to dance music its taste is instinctive and infallible. During a sojourn in Vienna of nearly a year I was often amazed at the instantaneousness with which the public recognized originality and merit in this kind of music. Its condemnation of the "Blue Danube" waltz was therefore absolutely decisive as to its lack of merit. It is true that Brahms once wrote the first bars of it on Mrs. Strauss's fan, with the words "unfortunately not by Brahms;" but Strauss himself, as we have just seen, agreed with the public, being sorry only for the tail piece or *coda* of the waltz. How then, I ask once more, did the "Blue Danube" become the most popular of Strauss waltzes, in Vienna as elsewhere?

The answer is that the "Blue Danube" waltz became a fad in Paris, and that in this respect, as in so many others, the French capital set the fashion for the rest of the world, including Vienna. In 1867 Strauss took his orchestra to the Paris Exposition, where, owing to the multitudinous attractions, it met with little success at first. One day the editor of the *Figaro* heard it and was delighted. He forthwith made up his mind to boom the band, and he had it written up in the most tempting way. Other papers followed suit, and ere long Strauss found himself a lion. Having taken their Viennese guest into their favor, the Parisians cast about for what was most peculiarly Viennese about him; and what could have been more so than his new waltz about the "beautiful blue Danube"? This waltz, accordingly, was applauded to the echo and demanded repeatedly at every concert. Its fame preceded its composer to London, where he also gave a series of concerts, and there too the favorite among all his pieces was the Danube Waltz. When he returned to Vienna, lo and behold, his countrymen too fell down and worshipped that waltz. But their first judgment was cor-

rect. The "Blue Danube" waltz has become a sort of national tune second in sacredness only to Haydn's "Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser;" but it does not deserve that honor, which it owes to the accident of its title and a Parisian whim that helped to turn upon it the full tide of patriotic feeling.

To patriotic feeling many other poor melodies owe their popularity. During our own civil war a number of songs were written and sung with fervor—songs which, now that the particular sentiments associated with them have passed away, have become obsolete, because their musical merit was not great enough to insure them life apart from the political conditions that gave birth to them. The Germans have a national song which would never have attained its present vogue but for the patriotic words associated with it,—“The Watch on the Rhine,”—which Wagner justly sneered at as an insipid product. The French “Marseillaise,” on the contrary, is a truly inspired tune which would have deserved lasting favor apart from its words and patriotic sentiments. England and Russia also have admirable national hymns. Our own “Yankee Doodle,” I am glad to say, is being gradually relegated to the background in favor of the infinitely superior “Star Spangled Banner,” and it is to be hoped it will be ultimately disavowed entirely as unworthy of a nation’s approval. It is not American in any case, being probably of English origin and having been jocularly inflicted on the colonial contingent of the army, “with their variegated, ill-fitting, and incomplete uniforms,” as a suitable musical counterpart. An English writer, Mr. Barclay Squire, thinks that there is “a quaint, direct, and incisive character about it which redeems it from vulgarity,” but in my opinion it is, as usually played, the trashiest and most vulgar of all known national airs. As the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop remarked in an address before the American Antiquarian Society: “Its words are never heard, and I think would not be acceptable in America for public or private entertainments. And its music must be silent when serious purposes are entertained and men’s hearts are moved to high efforts and great sacrifices.” Surely a song whose words are not acceptable and whose melody is unsuitable for solemn occasions is unworthy the exalted position of a national tune.

“Yankee Doodle” is the despair of all patriotic persons who are also judges of good music. I once had a controversy with a Boston critic who used as his chief argument the obvious resemblance of the opening bars of “Yankee Doodle” to the “Hymn to Joy” in Beethoven’s “Choral Symphony.” I conceded that there was only one step between the two melodies,—the step between the ridiculous and the sublime. I have sometimes thought that originally “Yankee Doodle” was a slow tune; it certainly loses half its vulgarity if played in the tempo of Beethoven’s “Hymn to Joy.” A well-known organist

302 What gives a Popular Song its Vogue?

used to entertain himself by playing the melody of "Yankee Doodle" very slowly and with such a wealth of strange harmonies that few of his hearers suspected what his tune was.

Besides patriotism, there are various other sentiments that may give great vogue to airs which embody them, notably the feeling for home. It would be hardly correct to say that the melody of "Home, Sweet Home" is vulgar or trashy; yet it is absolutely certain that this air would not be sung a thousand times oftener than songs which are a thousand times better were it not for the words to which it is wedded. It is not known where this song originated. It occurs in Bishop's opera "Clari, or the Maid of Milan," and may have been Bishop's own creation, but from the fact that it is called a "Sicilian air" in the printed score it has been inferred that it is an interpolation of an Italian melody. However that may be, regarded as music, pure and simple, it is rather commonplace and would never have reached its present vogue as a household song but for its adaptation to the sentimental words of John Howard Paine. Fashion did the rest. I believe it was Jenny Lind who first set the fashion of using "Home, Sweet Home" as an operatic encore. But she never went to such extremes as Adelina Patti, who has probably sung this air oftener than anything else in her long career of exactly forty years of public singing. Within the last decade, whenever she sang in an English or American town, the public not only expected, but *demand*ed it as an extra. I have known audiences to applaud, stamp, and yell for it ten minutes till she consented to sing it. I used to feel sorry for her, thinking what a bore it must be to sing the same song so many times, until I read that she sang it of her own free will in German cities, where no one expected or demanded it. The fact that it fell flat there proves what I have said regarding the decisive importance of the text and its association to the success of the song.

The craze for "Home, Sweet Home" as an encore has led to some extraordinary incidents in opera-houses. After the "mad scene" in Donizetti's most popular opera, when Lucia has just killed her husband in the bridal chamber, and lost her reason, and given vent to her feelings in an outburst of florid song, the audience had always insisted on having Patti sing "Home, Sweet Home!" Charming! appropriate! but Madame Patti does it in the most sentimental manner possible. The clamor for this song in a situation where it is so absurdly out of place may seem to contradict what I said about the importance of the text and its associations; but it does not. The public that patronizes old-fashioned Italian opera is amazingly indifferent to dramatic incongruity. If Lucia had killed half a dozen husbands she would be expected to sing "Home, Sweet Home" all the same. Donizetti himself did the most incongruous thing imaginable when he made

the crazy heroine sing at this juncture a show-piece of florid music—unless, indeed, we take the humorous view that she could not have done a more crazy thing.

Much better than "Home, Sweet Home," from a musical point of view, is the almost equally popular "Old Folks at Home," in which the melancholy of homesickness is as admirably voiced in the melody as in the words. Not all of Foster's plantation melodies are as inspired as that one; "Hard Times, Come Again No More," for instance, and "Old Black Joe" are poor, while "Melindy May" and "Old Dog Tray" are indifferent. "Nellie was a Lady," on the other hand, is original music, and "Massa's in the Cold Ground" is a gem of musical sentiment. The popularity of such songs, and of others of the same class, such as the quaint and lovely "Nancy Till," Hays's "Susan Jane," and Emmett's "Dixie Land," is not difficult to account for, since they have artistic merit and appeal to universal sentiments. Yet in looking at them technically we see that they are characterized by one peculiarity which is essential to songs that touch the multitude—their harmonies are extremely simple, consisting of little more than the tonic, subdominant, and dominant triads; that is,—supposing you are playing in the key of C,—the chords comprising the notes *c, e, g; f, a, c; g, b, d*. These chords constitute the mere alphabet of harmony, but nine-tenths of the English, Americans,—and Italians too,—are quite content with them, never caring to enter that wonderland of harmonic progressions and modulations which is a musician's chief delight. In this respect America's latest and greatest song-writer, Edward MacDowell, is immeasurably beyond Stephen Foster. But while MacDowell's songs are sung only by a few thousands, Foster's are sung by the million. Since both are charming melodists, it is obvious that the secret of Foster's superior popularity lies in the simplicity of his harmonies. Had he, like MacDowell, revelled in the harmonic world explored by Bach, Schubert, Chopin, Wagner, Liszt, and Grieg, no minstrel would ever have spread his songs over the country. Even with the musical public the harmonic sense is a recent acquisition. The old-fashioned Italian operas used to be immensely popular, though their interest was almost entirely melodic. Schubert's publishers were constantly objecting to those novel harmonic progressions and modulations which we now find so delightful. They begged him to simplify his accompaniments. To this day, indeed, the most widely popular of his songs is the one which has the simplest harmonies—the mediocre "Serenade."

I would not give one of MacDowell's or Schubert's songs for all of Foster's, yet I have a great respect for Foster because he was able to win both popularity and immortality, though he had merely the melodic sense, his harmonies being not only simple but crude. His airs are comparable to the simple folk-songs of Germany and Russia, in which

304 What gives a Popular Song its Vogue?

musical thought is crystallized as worldly wisdom is in equally simple proverbs. I like to dwell on this kind of musical popularity because it gives us hope for the future by showing that an air need not necessarily be trashy and vulgar to be beloved of the multitude. If we compare Foster's melodies with popular folk-songs, we find that they have two things in common—the harmonic simplicity just referred to, and an equally simple structure. They consist of short phrases of four bars combined into periods of eight bars—like dance music; and this kind of form is another essential of popularity in music. Moreover, the melodic phrases must be very similar; compare, for instance, "Yankee Doodle" and "A Hot Time in the Old Town To-Night," and you will see that they can be chopped up like cord-wood into sections of equal length. Indeed, they differ not much more than so many pieces of wood with rough edges.

This simple structure makes it easy to remember a song, and that is another secret of musical popularity. Any one can learn it in a minute. Perhaps the most popular song ever known in this country was, for a season, "Shoo Fly." Its words were simplicity itself—

"Shoo, fly, don't bodder me,
For I belong to Company G.
I feel like a morning star,"

—only this and nothing more; and the music too is as simple as the text. The whole thing is so idiotically droll that a pessimist could hardly help laughing at it, and the melody, though vulgar, is not trashy. Such songs do not, as a rule, live longer than a fly. Many of them are airs from popular operettas. They shoot like comets across the sky where all can see them and then vanish forever. Topical songs in operettas nearly always owe the favor with which they are received to their comic text, with its local and political allusions—all ephemeral. Other songs get their vogue from being taken up by favorite music-hall or vaudeville singers who are sure of big audiences and whose vocal skill or comic faculty enable them to show off a composition to best advantage. This is so well understood that composers and publishers often give these singers big sums of money for taking up their songs, and thus find their profit. Not long ago there died in Paris a writer of music-hall songs whose income was ten thousand dollars a year, though his name was utterly unknown to the musical world.

It must be borne in mind that there are two kinds of musical popularity, one relating to musical experts, the other to the world at large. There was a time when Chopin and Wagner were unpopular among music-lovers, while Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer were popular. To-day musicians prefer Chopin and Wagner, who, however, will always remain caviare to the general, whereas Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer may be

made palatable even to those who are not epicures, because both their melodies and harmonies are comparatively simple. In both spheres fashion plays a great rôle. Thousands of persons fancy they admire a thing simply because others do, or say they do. Chance too comes into play. Of a dozen songs that seem equally tuneful and catchy one will "catch on," the others fail, and no one can say why. In this respect music is like literature. The special popularity of this or that novel constantly puzzles the critics. Popular books are almost always very good or very bad, and the same is true of popular music. In both cases the bad finds its admirers much sooner than the good. When Verdi wrote "Rigoletto" he did not know but that it would prove one of his failures. What he did know was that *La donna è mobile* would catch the popular fancy. He kept it out of the score and would not even let the tenor practise it till the morning of the *première*, for fear that if any one heard it, all Venice would be whistling it before the first performance of the opera.

"WHERE THE HEART IS"

A SKETCH OF WOMAN'S LIFE ON THE FRONTIER

BY ELIZABETH B. CUSTER

Author of "Boots and Saddles," etc.

MUCH of our experience on the frontier was beyond railroads, and overland transportation was very limited. The wagons were mostly given over to the hauling of arms, ammunition, equipments, uniforms, and the quartermaster and commissary supplies for the soldiers. If the officers could have afforded to buy a wagon and mules and hire a teamster the deprivations of their families would have lessened, but they were not only too poor, but we women were only allowed on the march on sufferance by the higher authorities at Division head-quarters, and it behooved us not to call anyone's attention to our existence by an extra wagon. We studied long in advance how to make the best use of the little space allowed for our belongings. Everything was enormously dear at the outfitting towns on the border, and the sutler who accompanied the column not only asked outrageous prices, but took a stock with an eye largely to the wants of the enlisted men.

When we started on the march we made a new trail into the great American Desert, for then it *was* a desert. We never saw a road, fence, bridge, habitation of any kind, nor any signs of civilization till our return late in the autumn.

It was surprising how soon one adapted himself to a life of such deprivations, but there is a real and lasting fascination about constant out-of-door life.

A picture of the tents of an encampment or of the covered wagons of the plains fills me with a longing for the old life, and when I came into the States after a campaign and rambled on about the vicissitudes of the summer passed, I could not understand why the tears rose in the eyes of the home people. I only felt impatient to start again, and anxious for fear my husband could not take me.

You grow so proud when you have completed your first march to find that you have learned to do without comforts, and have been so contented and happy with only the necessities of life.

Of course, when we arrived in garrison, after a summer in the saddle, and found the infantry living like "folks" it was a little hard to make our quarters home-like with our camp outfit as the main dependence. The head-quarter house was always an embarrassment of riches to me, for it was larger than the rest, and we laughingly said we would have to use a speaking-trumpet from one camp chair to another, or huddle our friends together as soon as they came in. Chintz and home-made couches did worlds to fill up the gaping spaces. The post surgeon, who merits a whole chapter to himself, lent us new mattresses from the hospital, and these, on rough, wooden frames, covered with calico or buffalo robes and pillows stuffed with hay, looked to us like harem luxuriance.

Sometimes a soldier had served a former enlistment as a sailor, and among our presents from the generous enlisted men was an occasional rug. Though limited as to the color of the rags, there was a background of blue, the unfailing eagle in screaming yellow hovering over the magic number "7" in white, and, if we had artillery at the post, specks of red that had originally been stripes on pantaloons were introduced.

I thought that I detected a shudder as Eastern friends or tourists stepped into our quarters and looked about.

Who has so confidently asserted that if you give them a little time in a room they will tell you, by the books and pictures, just the character and temperament of the occupant? Army quarters on the plains must be counted out in this statement. The books were pick-ups, the pictures haphazards.

But we were glad to cover our whitewashed or rough-plastered walls, and if posters had only reached their present excellence and originality we would gladly have passed for an advertising wall for any soap or magazine in the country.

Once we women were in all the varying shades of the color that represents envy, because the quartermaster, who had control of the materials and men for repairs, had tinted all the walls of his quarters.

We had to look to him for everything that the Government furnished, and woe betide him if he was found favoring his own domicile.

The blue, pink, and green walls were a trial to us, but when he was suddenly ordered away our triumphant hour came, for his successor, who had no eye for effect, immediately had the whole house whitewashed.

Our carpets, when we had attained to such riches, for they were very expensive, were so roughly treated. When orders came to move there was a wild rush to scramble our belongings into chests, boxes, or bales, as Government thought nothing of giving us a day's notice, even when no enemy menaced us. Perhaps when we settled again neither Eliza, our colored cook, who guarded and preserved our possessions, nor I were present to remonstrate with the saddler when he laid the ragged remains of our two carpets. Each time a new square was cut to fit the fire-places, which varied in different posts. When we arrived from some place where we had been sent for safety there was a fresh cutting. But I bound the indignant Eliza over to silence, for so much care had been taken to settle for us by the head of our household. The dogs, the incessant dancing, the games, the spurs of the officers and the ashes of their cigarettes, made havoc by spring.

If those had only been the days of rugs! But the conventional ideas of the States pursued us in some respects, and a carpet then that was not large enough to tack closely down around the base-board looked more poverty-stricken than none at all.

The table appointments of many of the quarters of the ordnance, artillery, infantry, and staff, who were not so incessantly moving as was the cavalry, surprised the civilians who came among us. They were in such contrast to the barrack-like simplicity of the surroundings. And it is still a marvel to me when I think what care and patience it took to drag the really beautiful china, linen, glass, and silver up and down the border. These treasures were mostly heirlooms.

I have friends now living in New York, retired from active service. The Colonel misses his old life, his position of commandant which was of such consequence at a post, the companionship of brother officers, but his wife is reaping the reward of all the sacrifices she made so uncomplainingly for the one man of her life. Through great struggles and the indulgence of her husband she managed to have her piano carried to many distant cavalry posts, and finally brought it to New York.

A blessed and liberal aunt, having been generous all her life, at last died generously, and left her niece a patrimony. As soon as I saw my friend, who had come to the States, I congratulated her, at the same time smoothing significantly the beautiful sealskin in which she was enveloped. "Yes," she said, with unconscious delight, "it is fine, the best that I could find and my first indulgence after my patrimony came. After that I gave my sister a treat, and then indulged myself in a new grand. But it was a struggle to give up the dear old instrument that had been so marred by long marches, scratched by the buttons and equip-

ments of the officers, and stained by the toddy glasses, as every one pressed against it when singing a chorus." Some of her heirloom china had also been brought back, and still made spots of rich color on shelves already heavy with Aunt Sophie's bequests or Macy's bargains.

"If you come to see me and I am out," she said, "be sure, on your way down-town, to stop in at Stern's or Altman's: you will find me wandering among the china shelves. I cannot seem to see enough, after all the years of starvation for such sights."

We love to see her enjoying everything that she was so long without, but expressing no regret in all those years that I can remember, and I cannot but wish there were only enough "Aunt Sophies" to go round when I think of women who now look upon bare walls inside and bleak, treeless plains without.

The officers' quarters in a garrison were usually in a row on one of the four sides of the parade ground. Sometimes the quartermaster, who built the posts, remembered to so place them that the blessed sun might help to brighten and warm the barren rooms. But not always, and we grew too wise in military affairs to be satisfied with his excuse that the strategic position must be considered. That might be an apology for a fortress, but it was only a cloak for carelessness in spots of this earth where a child could plan for the approach of an enemy.

I have a friend who is most admirably fitted for her army life, and even Manila in prospect does not daunt her buoyancy. She arrived once at the most distant post on our Canadian border, and no sooner stepped in her quarters than she took in the situation of the living-room in a country which is ice-bound so much of the year.

"What, living in the kitchen?" said the garrison, as they flocked to see her. "Yes," she said, "I have said something to myself in confidence about the quartermaster, and after the relief it gave me have turned the house he built right side to: the kitchen can do without the sun, but we and the children must have it."

The quartermaster usually ignored the necessity of closets and shelves in the quarters, and often built the kitchen without consulting anyone as to the plan. A word or two from a woman would have saved him from the anathemas of many house-wives who succeeded each other, a dozen a year sometimes, in those days of constant changes.

There is rarely a way in garrisons to get into the rear of the quarters. One must face everyone as they step out on the walk around the parade ground, but a quartermaster who called himself persecuted went willingly outside the post and through the stable-yards to reach the kitchen door of his home after one or two encounters with a fearless old army lady, as he passed her front steps. The younger women were timid and too afraid of endangering their stay with their husbands, where it was difficult to arrange to have them on account of the danger

or distance; but not so the veteran, who had learned that nothing very dreadful happened if she did express her views about the unnecessary deficiencies or inconvenience of the quarters. I wondered, however, at her temerity as she called to the quartermaster, "When you build the next post, Major, have the goodness not to trust to your own ideas of kitchens please; let a woman give you a hint or two."

After that the officers said, "There goes the Major 'sneaking it' through the stables to escape his daily scolding."

The kitchen of the best quarters I remember had no sink, drain, or pump. The cook hurled everything out of the door. In place of a cistern, there were two or three barrels at the rear filled daily with river water, hard for washing and muddy for drinking. Unless we weighted the covers of these barrels the stag hounds' long noses lifted the boards and a pair of hind legs and a waving tail sticking out warned us that our meagre supply of water was disappearing.

The policing of the garrison and the wood cutting was done by the prisoners, and the orderly condition of the rear of the quarters depended greatly upon what sort of terms the sergeant in charge and the guard had reached with our cook. The excellence and abundance of her biscuit secured us a pretty respectable cleanliness about the kitchen door. As long as the provender lasted and the coffee-pot held out there could be heard the click of carbine steel of the guard and the whir of the saw.

Eliza had to be remonstrated with occasionally for the length of the commissary bill, and the sudden increase sometimes suggested that biscuit had been baked fresh and coffee made for her morning "receptions" at the wood pile. She cunningly argued, "Ginnil, you drinks too much coffee any way for yo' own good. I reckon you don't know how it counts up either. And, any way, Miss Libbie, there ain't a back do' compares with ours in spic-spanness, and besides you knows what slops they calls coffee is issued to them po' soldiers in the guard house, and you hain't got the heart to refuse 'em the drainin's of the pot. And I jest tell you what, Miss Libbie, that light-haired William, with that ball and chain hitched to his heels, ain't no villian (the second *I* emphasized). There's bigger rogues outside prisons than ever gets kotched." And then followed a pleading for my influence to obtain the freedom of "Sandy Bill," Eliza's wronged and much misunderstood friend, who wore the "jewelry" on his ankles as he swung his axe in behalf of our fires.

Of course I took up the saintly Bill's cause, only to find that he, like the "Jims," "Georges," and "Charlies" for whom I had formerly appealed, was about the greatest rascal going, and on the frontier that was saying much.

An army court-martial, with an unbiassed judge, jury, and attor-

neys, comes as near justice as is reached in trying enlisted men. There are no fees to work for, no buying in or bribing, and I was compelled to believe that Eliza and I were not infallible judges of character in the face of the sworn evidence against rogues who imposed on us.

The primitiveness of our kitchen door surroundings would have alarmed those who so carefully study the question of water and sewerage. But in a large garrison we were often fifteen hundred well people, out of doors almost continuously, and with a great deal of exercise, we seemed invulnerable to illness. The microbe had not been invented then.

The wind, that never died down, lifted the loose surface accumulation and carried it for a hundred uninterrupted miles.

This wind played havoc with our clothes-line, and this to our never-ending annoyance was constantly in sight, as there were no trees or fences to shield us.

When I see how artistically this unsightly feature of housekeeping is concealed in the States by clumps of shrubs and lattice enclosures, I remember with a shiver how our linen was flung to the four winds in sight of the garrison.

I determined that, like the desperate characters of the police court who sought to conceal their identity, I would carefully remove all markings on my clothes, when some garment, losing its moorings, had sailed over the parade ground and been returned at the front door by some one too courteous to smile at my discomfiture.

To make our line even more conspicuous, the ever-tantalizing wind seemed possessed of the devil, and, instead of a sober, well-behaved array of clothes, there appeared to be a white squad of overfed headless fiends dancing the tight-rope, their legs and arms in acrobatic contortions.

To make any line more noticeable, then, attention had been called in the papers and in clever anecdotes to miners who, after a year or two underground, were reported to have been found hanging over the fence of a settler's ranch rejoicing at the evidence of the presence of a woman in that hitherto Eveless Eden.

I had difficulty in keeping the trousseau remains of the "invisible of a woman's toilet" from utter destruction on the windy line, for Eliza had the usual desire to "show off" of her race, and she surreptitiously slipped the hidden linen into the kitchen on the plea of its getting yellow. On its return from the tubs she argued that we made no showin' on our line since the arrival of a bride next door, whose floating finery seemed to Eliza to be flaunted in her envious eyes.

"Besides, Miss Libbie, you *ought* to wear some of yo' pretty petticoats. I'se jest 'shamed to put mine on, 'cause I don't want the garrison to think I has better clothes than my missus."

According to the faithful Eliza's estimate, our social status depended upon the Monday exhibit near her kitchen door.

But, in spite of the small torments of the wind and dust, we were grateful not to be obliged to laundry for ourselves.

The woes of women who had lost their servants and were hundreds of miles from an intelligence office needs a separate story.

An army woman's tears had pretty prompt attention, for they were rare, and she always had something to cry about, for when was she without anxiety about her absent husband or lonely or homesick for those she had left in the States?

It was not often she whimpered about hardships, but I am still feeling a throb of sympathy over the wife of an officer left without a servant, who cried over the wash-tub as she rubbed the skin from her fingers; but only when her husband was out of sight, and she knew that she would not add to his cares by her weakness.

There was always a "Suds Row" of some sort. Either the ladies of the tubs lived in a long line of one-roomed cottages outside the post, or in tents pitched for them near the camp. But one often sued in vain for help from these independent creatures. After they had done the laundrying they were compelled to do for the enlisted men, they made more money in baking pie and cake, or they were too indolent to work at all. Often they were more industriously engaged in woody and wordy encounters with each other (for they argued with stove wood) to be able to undertake the washing of our households. They were frequently a belligerent and lawless lot, but who could expect else? When huddled in crowded vehicles on the march, their children tired, fretful, quarrelsome, and in such close contact in camp or garrison, peace was almost impossible. A laundress might start in life a good-tempered girl, but left alone at a post, frequently among strangers (for the infantry replaced the cavalry when there was an expedition), she had to do for herself, and often turned into a virago; her fists at "side arms," resting always on her hips, ready to defend herself or her friends in any dispute. But there were survivals of the fittest, who maintained the peace and made struggles to create and keep a home at every post where they were ordered, and for the same old reason that kept the officers' wives mute about hardships.

The officers were allowed as a privilege the use of enlisted men as servants, and these were called "strikers." They were never detailed from the ranks without their own consent. It was also necessary to ask the company commander for a man, and he in turn made known the wish to the especial soldier who was wanted. The captain of a company once sent to the barracks for a certain "Pat" and told him that a request had been made for him as "striker," but that, on the other

hand, he would have a pretty hard summer if he went out with him, as it was on the eve of an Indian campaign.

The temper of the wife of the officer who had asked for him was an open secret in the post. Pat's seamed, weather-beaten face and twinkling blue eyes said more than his real reply, "I'm after thinkin' I'd like field service better, sir."

We on the officers' line were pretty well studied and talked over in the barracks, and they somehow knew our faults and virtues in spite of the gulf that separates the enlisted men from their commanders.

A "striker" had to go through a deal of sarcasm from his comrades before he was permitted to settle to his place in peace, but after he was installed nothing rooted him out but the completion of his enlistment, and then he named his successor as solemnly as some holder of a position in the highest grades of life.

The "strikers" were perfectly invaluable to us. They quietly slid about the house doing more and more for our comfort, superseding Eliza in many thoughtful duties she had assumed, and gradually made themselves so indispensable that we were at first almost helpless when away from the regiment on leave. Eliza taught each man we had to cook, wait on table, take care of the uniforms and equipments, and keep up the fires. They anticipated our wants, and apparently sprang from the seams of the floors before their names were fully called.

Though I almost jumped out of my chair with fright when I was first married, as the "striker" was given some order, and watched to see if tears would come to his eyes at the tone, I soon found that he would be the first to marvel if spoken to in any other way.

The General threw himself back in bursts of laughter when I asked if he did not think that he had hurt the man's feelings, and I then learned that from the first hour of enlistment the recruit becomes accustomed to the apparent harshness of the sergeant or commissioned officer, and no one is quicker to distinguish between an order given in a fit of temper or the usual military tone, which necessarily, from the exigencies of the service, is short and peremptory.

Still it was a good while before I could listen quietly to some simple request like, "O'Brien, take my sword-belt to the saddler and have the buckle set back," given in about the same tone as, "Right about, wheel, draw sabres, charge!"

My whole heart warms at the thought of what these soldiers have done for me. It seemed so little that we could ever do in return. It is true that a homesick boy, with that unquenchable longing for domestic life implanted in some natures, found with our officers a real home. The cook bullied but often indulged and petted him. The officer and his family trusted him. And he apparently threw his whole heart into the affairs of those he served.

After his enlistment was ended the "striker" would write from home as if we belonged to him. And one, setting aside his awe of superior rank, sandwiched the commanding officer between his dog and horse in a postscript, "Give my love to 'Bluch,' the General, and 'Dandy.'"

This story of only a few of the vicissitudes and struggles women went through to make homes for the men in whose interests and career they had gladly sunk their own identity seems sadly inadequate when I think what high types of womanhood they were. The remembrance of the courageous, sunshiny faces looking out of a tent opening, the entrance to a dug-out, the rolled curtain of an army wagon, the door of army quarters, infinitely inferior to Eastern stables, as they welcomed the man for whom these improvised homes were gladly constructed, makes me sure that the great desert, now irrigated, tilled, fenced, built over, had a benison bestowed on it in the very beginning by heroic women.

THE GIRL IN RED

BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE

Before the high throne of heaven two Angels sat. And in the eyes of one was the sternness of a great justice, and in the other's was the tenderness of a great pity. One held before him a scroll, and on it was the name of a woman, and these two were the guardian Angels of the woman. Then he of the stern eyes poised his hand to rend the scroll.

"Not so," said the other, "for, knowing not, she hath not sinned."

"It isn't *that* I object to," protested the Easterner, leaning forward from the rough log wall to give emphasis to his words, "for I believe in everyone having his own fun in his own way. If you're going in for orgies, why, have 'em *good* orgies, and be done with it. But my kick's on letting in these innocent young girls who are just out for the fun: it's awful!"

"It's just that!" assented the Westerner cheerfully.

"Now, look at that pretty creature over there——"

The young miner followed his companion's gaze through the garishly lit crowd. Then, as though in doubt as to whether he had seen correctly, he tried it again.

"Which do you mean?" as asked, puzzled.

"The one in red. Now she——"

The Westerner snorted irrepressibly.

"What's the matter with you?" inquired the Easterner, looking on him with suspicious eyes.

The other choked his laugh in the middle and instantly assumed an expression of intense solemnity. It was as though a candle had blown out in the wind.

"Beg pardon. Nothin'," he asserted, with brevity of enunciation. "Go on."

The girl in red was standing tiptoe on a bench under one of the big lanterns. She was holding her little palm slantwise over the chimney, and by blowing against it was trying to put out the lamp. Her face was very serious and flushed. Occasionally the lamp would flare up a little, and she would snatch her hand away with a pretty gesture of dismay as the uprising flame would threaten to scorch it. A group of interested men surrounded and applauded her. Two on the outside stood off the proprietor of the dance-hall. The proprietor was objecting.

"Well, then, just look at that girl I say," the Easterner went on. "She's as pretty and fresh and innocent as a mountain flower. She's just having the time of her young life, and she just thinks it means a good time and nothing else. Some day she'll find out it means a lot else. I tell you it's awful!"

The Westerner surveyed his friend's flushed face with silent amusement. The girl finally succeeded in blowing the light out, and everybody yelled.

"Same old fellow you were in college, aren't you, Bert?" he said affectionately: "succoring the distressed and borrowing other people's troubles. What can you do?"

"Do, do! What can any man do? Take her out of this! appeal to her better nature."

Bert started impulsively forward to where the girl—with assistance—was preparing to jump from the bench. The miner caught his sleeve in alarm.

"Hold on, don't make a row! Wait a minute!" he begged; "she isn't worth it! There, now, listen," as the other sank back expectantly to his former position. His bantering manner returned. "You and the wind-mills," he breathed in relief. "I'll just shatter your ideals a few to pay for that scare. You shall now hear a fact or so concerning that pretty, innocent girl—I forget your other adjective. In the first place, she isn't in the mountain-flower business a little bit. Her name is Anne Bingham, but she is more popularly known as Bismarck Anne, chiefly because of all the camps of our beloved Territory Bismarck is the only one she hasn't visited. Therefore it is concluded she must have come from there."

"Bismarck Anne!" repeated the Easterner wonderingly. "She isn't the one——"

"The very same. She's about as bad as they make 'em, and I don't believe she misses a pay-day dance a year. She's all right now, but you want to come back a little later. Anne will be drunk—gloriously drunk—and very joyful. I will say that for her. She has all the fun there is in it while it lasts."

"Whew!" whistled the Easterner in dazed repulsion, looking with interest on the girl's animated face.

"Oh, what do you care!" responded the miner carelessly. "She has her fun!"

The Easterner still followed her with his eyes.

"Are you sure of that, Jack?" he asked.

Jack turned to him with sudden seriousness.

"Just as sure as shooting. Everybody knows who she is. She's just about the bed-rock in that line."

Bert shook his head in abstraction. Then, suddenly waking up, "Come on; let's have something," he said abruptly.

"Now you're shouting!" responded the delighted Jack.

Bismarck Anne jumped into the nearest man's arms, was kissed, bestowed a slap, and flitted away down the room. She deftly stole the accordior from beneath the tall look-out stool on which a musician sat, and ran, evolving strange noises from the instrument, and scampering in and out among the benches pursued by its owner. The men all laughed heartily and tried to trip up the pursuer. The women laughed hollow laughs to show they were not jealous of the sensation she was creating. Finally she ran into the proprietor, just turning from relighting the big lamp. The proprietor, being angry, rescued the accordior roughly; whereupon Anne pouted and cast appealing glances on her friends. The friends responded to a man. The proprietor set up the drinks.

The music started up again. Miners darted here and there towards the gaudily dressed women, and, seizing them about the waist, held them close to their sides as a claim of proprietorship before the whole world. Perspiring masters of ceremonies, some self-constituted, rushed back and forth trying to put a semblance of the quadrilateral into the various sets. Everybody shuffled feet impatiently.

The dance began with a swirl of noise and hilarious confusion. Bismarck Anne added to the hilarity. She was having a high old time: why shouldn't she? She had had three glasses of forty-rod, and was blessed by nature with a lively disposition and an insignificant bump of reverence. Moreover, she was healthy of body and red of blood and reckless of consequences. Pleasure appealed to her: the stir of action, the delight of the flow of high spirits, thrilled through every fibre of her

being. She had no beliefs, as far as she knew. If she could have told of them, they would have proved simple in the extreme,—that life comes to those who live out their possibilities, and not to those who deny them. And Anne had many possibilities, and was living them fast. She felt almost physically the beat of pleasure in the atmosphere about her, and from it she reacted to a still higher pitch. She had drunk three glasses, and her head was not strong. Her feet moved easily, and she was very certain of her movements. She had become just hazy enough in her mental processes to have attained that happy indifference to what is likely to happen in the immediate future and that equally happy disregard of consequences which the virtuous never experience. Impressions reduced themselves to their lowest terms—movement and noise. The room was full of rapidly revolving figures. The racket was incessant, and women's laughter rose shrill above it, like wind above a storm. Anne moved amid it all as the controller of its destinies, and wherever she went seemed to her to be the one stable point in the kaleidoscopic changes. Men danced with her, but they were meaningless men. One begged her to dance with him, but Anne stopped to watch a youth blowing brutishly from puffed cheeks, so the man cursed and left her for another girl. Beyond the puffing youth, lights were dancing, green and red. Anne paused and looked at them gravely.

The people, the room, the sounds, seemed to her to come and go in great bursts. Between these bursts Anne knew nothing except that she was happy; above all else she was happy. As incidents men kissed her and she drank, but these things were not essentially different from the lights and the bursts of consciousness. Anne began to take everything for granted.

After a time Anne once more paused to look gravely upon strange lights. But this time they seemed not to be red or green, but to be of orange, in long fiery flashes, like ribbons thrown suddenly out and as suddenly withdrawn. Then the noise stopped and was succeeded by a buzzing. For a moment the girl's blurred vision saw clearly the room, all still, except for a man in one corner, and on the floor a slowly gathering pool of red. Someone thrust her out of the door with others, and she began to step aimlessly, uncertainly, along the broad street.

She felt the difference between the hot air of the dance-hall and the warm air of out-of-doors dimly. The great hills and the stars and the silhouetted houses came and went in visions, just as had the people and the noise inside the hall. The idea of walking came to her and occupied her mind to the exclusion of everything else, and she set about it with great intentness. How far she went and in what direction did not seem to matter. When she moved she was happy; when she stopped she was miserable. So she wandered on in the way she knew, and yet did

not know, out of the broad streets of the town, through a wide cleft in the hills, up a long grassy valley that wound slowly and mounted gradually, following up the brawl of the stream, until at last she found herself in a little fern-grown dell at the entrance of Iron Creek Pass. She pushed her fingers through her fallen hair, and idly over the shimmering stuff of her gown. Far above her she saw waveringly the stars. Finally the idea of sleep came to her, just as the idea of walking had come to her before. She sank to her knees, hesitated a moment, and then, with the sigh of a tired child, she pillowed her head on her soft round arm and closed her eyes.

The "Poor Wills" ceased their plaintive cries. A few smaller birds chirped drowsily. Back of the eastern hills the stars became a little dimmer, and the soft night-breeze which had been steadily blowing through the darkened hours sank quietly to sleep. The subtle magic of nature began to sketch in the picture of Day, throwing objects forward from the dull background, taking them bodily out from the blackness, as though creating them anew. Fresh life stirred through everything. The vault of heaven seemed full of it, and all the ravines and by-ways caught up its overflow in a grand chorus of praise to the new-whitening morning.

The woman stirred drowsily and arose, throwing back her heavy hair from her face. The flush of sleep still dyed her cheeks a rich crimson, which came and went slowly in the light of the young sun, vying in depth now with the silk of her gown, now with the still deeper tones of a mountain red-bird which splattered into rainbow tints the waters of the brook. She caught the sound of the stream and went to it. The red-bird retreated circumspectly, silently. She knelt at the banks and splashed the icy water over her face and throat, another red-bird, another wild thing pulsing and palpitating with life. Then she arose to the full height of her splendid body and looked abroad.

The morning swept through her like a river and left her clean. In the eye of nature, and before the presence of nature's innumerable creatures, she stood innocent as they. She had entered into noisome places, but so had the marsh-hawk poising grandly on motionless wing there above. She had scrambled in the mire, and she was ruffled and draggled and besmirched; so likewise had been the silent flame-bird in the thicket, but he had washed clean his plumes and was now singing the "Universal Hymn" from the nearest brush-top. The woman drew her lungs full of the morning. She stretched slowly, lazily, her muscles one by one, and stood taller and freer for the act. The debauch of the last night, the debauches of other and worse nights, the acid-like corrosion of that vulgarity which is more subtle than sin even, all these things faded into a past that was dead and gone and buried forever. The present alone was important, and the present brought her, innocent,

before an innocent nature. As she stood there dewy-eyed, wistful, glowing, with loosened hair, the grasses clinging to her, and the dew, she looked like a wide-eyed child-angel newly come to earth. To her the morning was great and broad, like a dream to be dreamed and awakened from, something unreal and evanescent which would go. Her heart unfolded to its influence, and she felt within her that tenderness for the beautiful which is the nearest akin to holy tears.

As she stood thus, musing, it seemed natural that a human figure should enter and become part of the dream. It seemed natural that it should be a man, and young, that he should be handsome and bold. It seemed natural that he should rein his horse in suddenly with an exclamation at the sight of her. So inevitable was it all, so much in keeping with soft sky, the brooding shadow of the mountain, the squirrel noises, and the day, that she stood there motionless, making no sign, looking up at him with parted lips, saying nothing. He was only a fraction, a small fraction, of all the rest. His fine brown eyes, the curl of his long hair, the bronze of his features mattered no more to her than the play of the sunlight on Harney.

Then he spurred his horse forward, and something in her seemed to snap. From the dream-present the woman was thrust roughly back into her past. The sunlight faded away before her eyes, oozing from the air in drop after drop of golden splendor, the songs of the birds died, the murmuring of the brook became an angry brawl that accused the world of wickedness. The morning fled. From a distance, far away, farther than Harney, farther than the sky, the stranger's soft brown eyes looked pityingly. Her sin was no longer animal. It had touched her soul: instead of an uneasiness, it was a pain; instead of an incident, it had become a condition which hemmed her in, from which she could not escape. Suddenly she saw the difference. She dwelt in darkness: he, with his clear soul, dwelt in light. She threw herself face downward on the earth, weeping and clutching the grass in the agony of her sin.

So for a long time. Then a new sound smote the air. She sat upright and listened.

From around the bend she heard a high-pitched voice declaiming in measured tones.

"Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and Thy dominion endureth throughout all generations," the voice chanted.

"The Lord upholdeth all that fall, and raiseth all that be bowed down."

The speaker strode in sight. He was one of the old-fashioned itinerant preachers occasionally seen in the hills, filled with fanatic enthusiasm, journeying from place to place on foot, exhorting by the fear of hell-fire rather than the hope of heaven's bliss, half-crazy, half-

inspired, wholly in earnest. His form was gaunt. He was clad in a shiny black frock-coat buttoned closely, and his shoes showed dusty and huge beneath his carefully turned up trousers. A beaver of ancient pattern was pushed far back from his narrow forehead, and beneath it flashed vividly his fierce hawk eyes. Over his shoulder, suspended from a cane, was a carpet-bag. He stepped eagerly forward with an immense excess of nervous force that carried him rapidly on. Nothing more out of place could be imagined than this comical figure against the simplicity of the hills. Yet for this very reason he was the more grateful to the woman's perturbed soul. She listened eagerly for his next words.

He strode fiercely across the stones of the little ford, declaiming with energy, with triumph:

"The eyes of all wait upon Thee, and Thou givest them their meat in due season.

"Thou openest Thine hand, and satisfieth the desire of every living thing.

"The Lord is righteous in all His ways, and holy in all His works.

"The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon Him, to all that call upon Him in truth.

"He will fulfil the desire of all that fear Him: He also will hear their cry, and will save them."

Anne saw but two things plainly in all the world—the clear-eyed stranger like a god; this fiery old man who spoke words containing strange though vague intimations of comfort. From the agony of her soul but one thought leaped forth—to make the comfort real, to find out how to raise herself from her sin, to become worthy of the goodness which she had that morning for the first time clearly seen. She sprang forward and seized the preacher's arm. Interrupted in his ecstasy, he rolled his eyes down upon her but half comprehending.

"How? How?" she gasped. "Help me! What must I do?"

She held out her empty hands with a gesture of appeal. The old man's mind still burned with the fever of his fanatical inspiration. He hardly saw her, and did not understand all the import of her words. He looked at her vacantly, and caught sight of her outstretched hands.

"And to work with your hands as we command you," he quoted vaguely, then shook himself free of her detaining grasp and marched grandly on, rolling out the mighty syllables of the psalms.

"To work with my hands; to work with my hands," the woman repeated, looking at her outspread palms. "Yes, that is it!" she said slowly.

Anne Bingham washed dishes at the Prairie Dog Hotel for a week. The first day was one of visions; the second, one of irksomeness; the

A Rainbow Fancy

third, one of wearisome monotony. The first was as long as it takes to pass from one shore to the other of the great dream sea; the second was an age; the third, an eternity. The first was rose-hued; the second was dull; the third was filled with the grayness that blurs activity turned to mechanical action.

It is universally conceded that the pay-day dance of the Last Chance Mine at Deadwood was one of the most gorgeous social functions in the history of that enterprising camp. Three days before, the Last Chance had made a big strike. If the company had been a close corporation, nobody but the stockholders would have been any the wiser or any the better off. Luckily, however, the superintendent was a Westerner. Therefore every man had his slice of the good fortune.

At the dance all the women were drunk, all the men were drunker, but drunkest of all was the undoubted favorite of the ball, Bismarck Anne.

Before the throne of high heaven two Angels sat, and he of the stern eyes held a scroll. His gaze was beyond the universe of stars out into the vastness of the Infinite, and in it dwelt a sadness too deep for tears. And he of the tender eyes reached softly forward, and took the scroll from the other's hands, and rent it, saying:

"Brother, our task is done, for, knowing, she hath sinned."

A RAINBOW FANCY

BY CLARENCE URMV

SEVEN-FOLD psalm of rapture spread along Heaven's vaulted aisle,
And all because a Tear had told its sorrow to a Smile.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH

Even though belated by the Lippincott fire, the November number of their *Select Novels* is distinctly welcome to the world of readers. Mr. Hatton writes always interestingly,—at times contributing in no small degree to our knowledge of men (famous or otherwise) and the days in which they lived, as in *When Rogues Fall Out* (recently issued), a tale of Jack Sheppard and his times. *The Vicar* does not pretend to be anything in the historical line, but as a novel of manners it is decidedly interesting. The Vicar himself; his son Tom, a gentleman blackguard, if the terms be not too contradictory for truth; Tom's chum, Jim Renshaw, a bird of the same feather, both, to quote Renshaw, "studying for the bar and matriculating for the dock;" Lord Cleeve and Luke Fenton, in sharp contrast to the preceding; David Macfarlane, gardener, and Bradford, detective,—these are the men of the plot, and Susannah Woodcote, the heroine, with Lizzie Melford, Lady Berwick, and Keziah, the maid, bring that plot to completeness. Mr. Hatton knows men and women, and things, well, that is clear, and the types are distinctly differentiated; though the writer of "to-be-continued-in-our-next" fiction may not be any too well pleased with the character of Max Nettleship and his exposition of their art. However that may be, laying aside personal prejudices, one cannot deny that the author has supplied us with a very entertaining tale, and one of more than passing importance to the fiction of the year. Two bindings, cloth and paper.

Dairy Chemistry. "A Practical Handbook for Dairy Chemists and Others having Control of Dairies;" so the author styles his work, in By Henry Droop his sub-title. It would be but just to the book, to emphasize Richmond, F.I.C. the word "practical." For it is the result of years of experience Illustrated. with dairies and their workings, not only by Mr. Richmond himself,—now the analyst to the Aylesbury Dairy Company,—but of his predecessor in that office who, as he himself remarked, during twelve years' experience accumulated a large number of observations, which "contained very little theory, but a good deal of fact." And this practical knowledge is arranged logically and practically, too: the plan of the book is (1) to describe the chemical properties of the constituents of milk; (2) to make use of these properties in the practical analysis of the various milks and milk products; and (3) to apply analytical methods to the control of the dairy operations. The author has done very wisely, as we think, in drawing a sharp line between dairying as a practice,—a knowledge of which he assumes the reader to have,—and the why and wherefore of that practice, with the scientific questions arising therefrom. So that the work contains just what every dairyman should know, be his dairy large or small, and just what too many of them do not know. It contains chapters on the Constituents of Milk, the Analysis of Milk, Normal Milk: Its Adulterations and Alterations,

and their Detection, the Chemical Control of the Dairy, Biological and Sanitary Matters, Butter, Other Milk Products, and the Milk of Mammals Other than the Cow, with Appendices on Experimental Evidence that the Fat in Cream is Solid at Low Temperatures, Standardisation and Calibration of Apparatus, Useful Tables, and a short List of Useful Books (in English, French, German, and Italian). There are Indexes to the book as a whole, and to the Proper Names. The illustrations are twenty-two in number. For the rest, *Dairy Chemistry*—Lippincott—truly "must be seen to be appreciated." Few problems of our daily life are more vital than that of pure food; impurity and adulteration stamped out of milk and milk products will go a long way to remove an ever-present danger, all the more dangerous, in that it strikes at the infant rather than at the adult.



The Metallurgy of Lead and Silver.
By Henry F. Collins. Part I. Illustrated.

This first part of *The Metallurgy of Lead and Silver* is concerned mainly with metal first mentioned, and is to be followed by a volume on Silver. The work is cosmopolitan in its range, being in fact a digest of the available literature upon the subject, particularly the works of Hofman and Schnabel and various technical Journals. A notable feature is the detailed description of Australian practice in smelting and in desilverization. Tabular statements—concerning details of the practice at particular localities—are abundant throughout the book, facilitating reference and comparison, and economizing valuable space. Reviewed in detail, the work contains chapters on the Sampling and Assaying of Lead and Silver Ores, the Properties of Lead and its Principal Compounds, Lead Ores, Lead Smelting in Reverberatories, and in Hearths, the Roasting of Lead Ores, the Principles, Plant, Practice, Products, and Examples (a chapter to each) in Blast Furnace Lead Smelting, Flue-Dust—Its Composition, Collection, and Treatment, Costs and Losses—Purchase of Ores, Treatment of Zinc-Lead Sulphides, Softening and Refining for Market, (this and subsequent chapters in the Section on Desilverization,) the Pattinson Process, the Parkes Process, and Cupellation and Refining, with an exhaustive Index. The illustrations number one hundred and fifty-seven.

Taken as a whole, the book is a worthy addition to Griffin's Scientific Works, published in this country by the J. B. Lippincott Company.





WALNUTS and WINE

"BROTHER ARCHER, OF '77"

ARCHER's hair was gray, because, at the age of forty-seven, he looked back upon many gray-hairing experiences, as must all of the few great war correspondents who play parts in making, as well as writing, the latest history of the world. Until this afternoon, however, Archer had never revisited his *Alma Mater*; possibly because his *Alma Mater* had thrust him forth in his sophomore year for riotous conduct, but, more likely, because there had been too many big and little wars. He was a man known of many men, so he was not embarrassed when several undergraduates whom he had never seen before rushed up to him and greeted him with enthusiasm.

"We are fellow-Dekes, Mr. Archer," said one of them, holding out his hand. Then Archer remembered that he, himself, had been a member of the D. K. E. fraternity in his college days. He returned their greeting genially, but had to let his hand lie passive while the boys fumbled with his fingers, for he had forgotten the grip, much to his shame. He went cheerfully with them to the fraternity house and was at his best during the jovial dinner that night. Archer at his best was a man to be loved. It was "goat night," and an important goat night, for several freshmen were to be initiated after the regular fraternity meeting. So the boys escorted Archer to the chapter hall with boisterous singing of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," which he was. Archer was a little amused at the terrible earnestness with which the novitiates swore to "support through life, even onto death," certain things that would be of slight importance in real life, but he took on more serious thoughts as out of his own real life he recalled how stern and hard a thing loyalty through life even onto death was to men when they had put aside childish things. A sudden burst of applause roused him and made him aware that the presiding officer was calling upon "our distinguished fellow-Deke, Brother Archer, of '77," for a speech. He rose and spoke to these clean-strained young fellows out of his heart.



Brother Archer's Post-Graduate Fraternity

"Fellows," he said, "it's great to be a member of D. K. E. when you are in college or when you come back to college. Be loyal to the dear old frat. But I want to talk to you of a fraternity that is greater than D. K. E. It is a post-graduate fraternity for the most part. I call it the Brotherhood of Man. It has various degrees, and it is hard to reach the thirty-second degree—hard, but glorious. 'He who loseth his life shall find it,'—that is the thirty-second degree, fellows. You have been telling of the sacredness of our secret grip, but a simple clasp of the hand may mean many sacred things to grown men. You have

talked well of loyalty to one phase of college life, but you have yet to learn of the faith of food and blanket."

Then he spoke to them in parables, drawing from his own varied past the tales he was to tell them.



The Garden
at Tijuca

"Isaac Eli Solomons, the ship-chandler at Norfolk, introduced me to Captain William Watkins. The introduction took place in Solomons's little office, which he baited with bad liquor and awful cigars in order to trap certain grades of sea-captains into buying stores, mostly flour that was gray with the sweepings of mills, and salt horse that needed no dinner bell. Captain Watkins was the despot of a dirty, wallowing British collier that was lying low in Hampton Roads, ready to steam away to Rio de Janeiro at the magnificent speed of eight knots an hour if the Liverpool Irishmen who stoked her happened to like the engineers. I looked at Captain Watkins through a dense tobacco fog and thought him a villainous old pirate. He glared at me and decided I was a crook, trying to slip away to a country with lax extradition treaties. Solomons explained to the Captain that I was a newspaper man going to Brazil to report a revolution, and that I wanted to take passage with him because the regular New York line had been suspended, which was the truth. Captain Watkins kept his ideas to himself, but charged me two hundred dollars on the basis of my being what he thought I was. After I had been out two weeks with him he returned me the two hundred.

"'Wy, it warn't noway reasonable that a chap would go to such a bloody yellow-fever hole as Rio if he warn't chased there,' explained the Captain, as he forced the money on me. 'I made ye out to be some bloody rooster with his box full of gold wich he'd hooked from some bank. But I cawn't take yer blarsted money, now we're friends, don't ye know. If ye are a bit squeamish about it, ye can pay a bob a day for yer grub, which goes to my owners, don't ye see.'

"Two men cannot sail three or four weeks together in an old tramp without recognizing each other if they are of the Brotherhood of Man, and we knew each other before we got pratique in the beautiful harbor of Rio. It was with real affection that the Captain roared over the rail at me as I climbed down into a shore-boat:

"'Don't forget me, Archer,' he bawled hoarsely. 'For Gawd sake, don't run afoul that crew of coffee-men that yer have them letters to. Tear 'em up. I know the gang. They'll drink you into a fever in two days. Stick to gin. It's best for yer kidneys. Don't stay in the city and get yellow-jack. I'll save a room fer ye at the mountain hotel out at Tijuca, where I put up. Look out for the customs. They're all bloody roosters. Give them five milrais apiece, and they'll let you run an arsenal.'

"But I did run afoul of the gay coffee-planters, and I did not go to the secure health of the mountains, only five miles away. Ten days later I was lying at the Globo, my back aching and my temples throbbing with the first agonies of yellow-fever. I had neglected the Captain shamefully, but he

MELLIN'S FOOD



Here is the picture of a beautiful
Mellin's Food boy, the son of a prominent physician.
Mellin's Food children are famous as representatives of the
type of perfect childhood. How often you hear a healthy, bright
baby called a "Mellin's Food baby." It is a common remark and a
compliment of which we are justly proud. Then, give YOUR baby
Mellin's Food. It will nourish him, give him health and
strength and bring him up into perfect childhood.

We will send you a free sample of Mellin's Food if you wish.

MELLIN'S FOOD COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

had kept a friendly eye on my doings and now came puffing to my aid, just when I was in sore need.

"'Oh, yes! Oh, yes, ye bloody rooster,' he roared. 'What'd I tell ye? It's time I took ye in tow. I ought to have put ye in irons in the first place.'

"He put his arms around me and carried me, bedding and all, to a volante that blocked the narrow Rua do Ouvidor in spite of frantic remonstrances from the diminutive police. We drove fast to Tijuca and the cool mountain hotel. I remember dimly how the landlord stood in our way with protests, being in deadly fear of contagion, and how the Captain, with me in his arms, charged down on him, cursing horribly. I remember how every servant shunned our room, and how the Captain cared for me day and night, till, on the tenth day, the fever left me—alive. Then I tried to say lots of grateful things to him, but most of them got choked in the saying. I remember, too, that the Captain seemed unlike himself. He sat on the edge of my bed, his face creased and wrinkled with a tired smile, and he spoke gently, almost solemnly.

"'Ye'll do now, me boy,' he said. 'Don't talk, it's bad for ye. I'm sure ye'd have done me the same way if it had been me that had the fever. My owners have sent me orders to sail at last, and I've got to leave ye, but I've fixed for someone to look after ye till ye are strong, which will be soon now, if nothing excites ye into a relapse. Ye can write to me care of the British consul, and mebbly I'll get the letters. We'll hail each other again some day, Archer, I don't doubt that. Good-by. God bless you, my boy.'

"'Good-by,' said I stupidly.

"As he tiptoed out with squeaking shoes I fancied he staggered, but he closed the door very softly. A moment later, I heard him flare out at someone down the hall,—

"'Now, mind ye, take good care of him; and I've made all arrangement to have yer bloody neck wrung if you let him know while he's weak, no matter how it comes out.'

"It was early in April when I fell ill. It was early in May when I first walked in the luxuriant garden behind the hotel. Under a great mango-tree, brilliant with the orchids that grew in the forks of its branches, I noticed a fresh white stone with an inscription in English. In idle curiosity I came closer and read:

"'HERE LIES THE BODY
OF

CAPTAIN WILLIAM WATKINS,
WHO DIED IN THIS PLACE OF YELLOW FEVER,
April 28, 1890.'

"I sat down quickly, faint and suddenly weak, mourning bitterly the loss of a man friend, and awed by the realization that Captain Watkins had spent his life on me. The last thing I did before leaving Rio was to stand reverently under the great tree. There was now another line cut in the stone,—

"'He who loseth his life shall find it.'

"'Good-by, Captain,' I said softly. 'Good-by until my Owner gives me sailing-orders, and we hail each other in the port where you now are anchored.'"

Insure in The Travelers,

of Hartford, Conn.

Oldest,
Largest,
and Best.

*Life,
Endowment,
and
Accident Insurance
of all forms.*

Health Policies.

Indemnity for Disability caused by Sickness.

Liability Insurance.

Manufacturers and Mechanics, Contractors, and Owners of Buildings, Horses, and Vehicles can all be protected by policies in THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY.

Paid-up Cash Capital	. \$1,000,000.00
ASSETS 26,499,822.74
Liabilities 22,708,701.82
EXCESS, 3½% basis	. 3,791,120.92

GAINS: 6 Months, January to July, 1899.

In Assets \$1,184,380.28
Increase in Reserves (both dep'ts)	. . 1,478,549.62
Premiums, Interest, and Rents, 6 Months	. 3,782,423.85

J. G. BATTERSON, *President.* S. C. DUNHAM, *Vice-President.* JOHN E. MORRIS, *Secretary.*
H. J. MESSENGER, *Actuary.* E. V. PRESTON, *Sup't of Agencies.*

PHILADELPHIA OFFICE: S. E. Cor. Fourth and Chestnut Streets.

When Archer began his speech, some of the Dekes flushed and resented his placing anything above D. K. E. But when he had finished, a subdued applause arose, the snapping of thumbs and fingers, as is the fraternity custom.

"I'm glad you understand, fellows," said Archer, smiling at them. "I have no 'old-graduate advice' to give you save this: When you rush freshmen candidates, pick out those who look most like gentlemen, of course; but be sure, too, that they are the last syllable."

Caroline Lockhart.



"WHY, Mr. Huntley!"

A Freak of

"Why, Miss Hartley!"

Fate

They had met face to face at the street corner.

"I was thinking of you," said Mr. Huntley.

"And I of you," said Miss Hartley.

"May I walk with you if I happen to be going your way?"

"Why, of course. Perhaps you can help me to find the place to which I am going. I am not quite sure that I know just where it is. Have you any idea of where the Reverend Henry Phillips lives?"

"Indeed, I have a very definite idea of where he lives, for I am bound for his abode myself."

"How funny that we should be going to the same place. I shall be glad if you will pilot me to his house, and gladder still if you will introduce me to him when we get there, for I have never even seen him, and I have been feeling that it would be a little awkward for me to introduce myself. I always dislike to introduce myself to any one."

"Certainly I'll introduce you—that is, after I have introduced my own self, for I do not know the man from Adam."

"How funny that we should both be going to see a man neither of us know. You must let me have my say first. I want him to come to the annual meeting of our mission industrial school and talk for fifteen or twenty minutes. I am told that he would be just the man for a talk of that kind, and as I have full charge of the programme it has fallen to my lot to see if I can get Mr. Phillips for this part of it. And now may I be impertinent enough to ask your errand? I am sure that it is not for the purpose of confessing your sins."

"No, I am going to add to them by asking a poor, overworked preacher to waste some of his time and strength speaking at a meeting to be held for the purpose of squelching all the secret societies on the face of the earth,—not that I give a rap whether they are squelched or not, but an old uncle of mine, whom I dare not disobey because of the length of his bank account, is in the secret-society extermination business, and he has asked, or rather commanded, me to secure the Reverend Henry for this meeting, and, of course, I shall have to pretend to be in sympathy with the movement."

"I shall be delighted to see you playing the rôle of reformer."

"You never will see me playing it in earnest, for it seems to me that most of these extreme reformers are much more obnoxious than the people and the things they want to reform. I shall always fight shy of the whole crowd of them, excepting, of course, my bondholder uncle."

A GODSEND TO ALL HUMANITY.

All our readers who want to have perfect health, a clear skin, beautiful complexion, prevent Colds, Fevers, LaGrippe and Disease, and enjoy all the marvelous, cleansing, beautifying and curative elements of the famous, Turkish, Russian, Sulphur Vapor Baths, perfumed or medicated if desired, at home, in your own room for 3 cents each, should have one of the remarkable 1902 Style Square Quaker Turkish Bath Cabinets.

Water Baths simply wash the surface. The Cabinet Bath, perfectly safe both Summer and Winter, opens the 5,000,000 pores of the skin, sweats out all the poisons and effete matter which cause disease, cleanses you inwardly and outwardly, purifies your blood, makes your eyes bright, your skin clear, your nerves strong, sleep sound, appetite good. One week's use will make a new being of you.

This is a genuine Cabinet with a real door; handsomely made; best materials; rubber lined; heavy steel frame; top curtains; in fact, all the latest improvements; will last 20 years; not a cheap flimsy affair, but strong, substantial, ready for use when received.

Over 27,000 Physicians and 1,000,000 happy users recommend this Cabinet for bathing purposes.

Dr. A. B. Stockham, Chicago, editor *Tokeology*, recommends it highly, as also does Hon. B. F. Shipley, Morro, Ill. Rev. H. Gardner, well known Evangelist. M. C. Gropner, M. D., 375 Centre St., Boston. Congressman

John J. Lentz and thousands of others. Mrs. S. H. Tripler, 36 Park Row, New York City, had Rheumatism and other troubles 20 years, was cured in one week, says this Cabinet is a God-send to every woman, worth \$1,000.

G. M. Lafferty, Covington, Ky., was compelled to quit business, walked on



crutches, drugs and doctors failed, was relieved by the first bath, entirely cured in 14 days.

J. W. Van Tassel cured himself of Lumbago, and his friends of Blood and Skin diseases, Kidney Affections, Nervousness, Piles, etc., and made \$1,500 selling this Cabinet in 5 months. No one afflicted can afford to be without this Cabinet for a single day.

The makers guarantee results and assert positively as do thousands of users that this Cabinet will cure Nervousness, Weakness, Aches, Pains, Colds and Rheumatism, (they offer \$50.00 reward for a case not relieved.) Purifies the Blood, cures Sleeplessness, LaGrippe, Neuralgia, Headaches, Indigestion, Piles, Dropsy, all Blood, Skin, Liver, Kidney and Urinary troubles. Has wonderful power to prevent and cure Women's complaints.

A Face and Head Steamer is furnished if desired, which cleanses the skin, beautifies complexion, removes pimples, black-heads, eruptions, and is a sure cure for all skin diseases, Eczema, Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis and Throat troubles.

The price is wonderfully low. It is a regular \$20.00 Cabinet for only \$5.00, complete with stove, formulas for baths and various ailments, and plain directions. Face Steamer, \$1.00 extra.

Write today to The World Mfg. Co., 1077 World Building, Cincinnati, Ohio, for valuable book and testimonials; or, better still, order a Cabinet at once.

This firm is perfectly reliable; capital \$100,000.00, and ship same day your remittance is received, and refund your money after 30 days' use if the Cabinet is not just as represented. Send for Booklet anyway.

This Cabinet is a wonderful seller for agents, and the firm offers special inducements to both men and women upon request, and to our knowledge many are making from \$100 to \$150 every month and expenses.

SAID TO BE ALUM POISONING.—The poisoning of the Thomas family, of Thomas' Mill, Somerset county, four members of which were reported to have been made dangerously ill by impure baking powder used in mixing buckwheat cakes, has been further investigated.

The original can with the remainder of the baking powder left over after mixing the cakes was secured by Dr. Critchfield. The powder had been bought at a neighboring country store, and was one of the low-priced brands.

Dr. Critchfield said that the patients had the symptoms of alum poisoning. As the same kind of baking powder is sold in many city groceries, as well as country stores, Dr. Critchfield thought it important that a chemical examination should be made to determine its ingredients. He therefore transferred the package of powder to Dr. Schill, of this city, for analysis, who after a chemical examination has reported that the suspected powder contained alum.

Alum is used in the manufacture of the lower-priced baking powders. It is a mineral poison, and for this reason the sale of baking powders containing it is in many cities prohibited.—*Johnstown, Pa., Tribune.*

Ten minutes later Miss Hartley and Mr. Huntley were sitting in the Reverend Henry Phillips's parlor, and he was heard coming down the stairs in his slippers. They rose to meet him, and he said cordially:

"Ah, my dear young friends, I am very glad to see you, although I was not expecting to see you quite so soon. I thought that you said in your note that you would be here at four. However, it lacks but a quarter of an hour of that time, and as I have an engagement at half-past four I am glad that you have come a little early. Were any of your friends coming at four?"

"Why, no," said the somewhat dazed Mr. Huntley. "We—that is—," but Mr. Phillips said lightly:

"Perhaps you did not know that it is necessary to have two witnesses to the ceremony; but my wife and daughter are both up-stairs and they can act as witnesses. They have done so many times. I trust that you are fully prepared for the step you are about to take. So many young people enter the marriage relation hastily and without giving really serious consideration to the matter that I always feel it to be my duty to question them a little, even at the last moment. But then you do not look like a couple who would act ill-advisedly in a matter of such paramount importance. I will go right up-stairs and ask my wife and daughter to come down."

He was gone before either of the embarrassed and half-dazed young couple could call him back. Miss Hartley looked out of the window with crimson and averted face. Mr. Huntley glanced towards her and then towards the door. Suddenly he had both of Miss Hartley's hands in his own and was saying eagerly and fervently:

"O Helen! Helen! He opened the way for me to say all that I have so long wanted to say, and I have not dared say it! I can say it now. He thinks that we have come to be married. Let it be so. I have wanted it to be so for a long, long time. O Helen! let it be so now—dearest! It is just the way in which I have always said that I should like to be married. And you will never look sweeter than you look in that pretty gray gown and white hat. I thought when I met you that you looked like a bride. Let it be your bridal dress. No license is required in this State, and neither of us are in duty bound to ask the consent of any one. Helen! Helen!"

Mr. Phillips and his wife and daughter were a little delayed in coming down-stairs, but when they finally entered the parlor and the minister said,—

"Now shall we proceed with the ceremony?" Harry Huntley replied,—

"We are ready."

"The most completely frustrated bridal couple I ever saw in my life," said Mrs. Phillips when the front door had closed behind Mr. and Mrs. Harry Huntley, who had departed without explanations of any kind. A carriage containing the bridal pair the Reverend Mr. Phillips had been expecting drove up to his door just as Mr. and Mrs. Huntley turned the corner.

"O Harry!" the pretty young bride was saying to her stalwart young husband, "how strange and unreal it all seems. How strange that we should have been married in this way!"

"It was a freak of fate," he said, strongly tempted to amaze the passers-by by kissing his wife on the public highway.

J. L. Harbour.

The first thousand dollars is hard to get. After that it is easier. No better way of saving exists than through good life insurance. A few years and you have it; if you die, your wife gets it.

Apply to

THE PENN MUTUAL LIFE,

921-3-5 CHESTNUT STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.

BREAD IN HISTORY, LITERATURE, AND SCIENCE.—All food is comprehended in this one word—*Bread*. It is so the world over. During the famine in India, the cry that rose from that faraway land and was borne across the sea to us was a cry for *Bread*; when, in the days of Lafayette, the starving and maddened people of France crossed the Seine and mounting the hill stormed the palace of Versailles, and the Queen appearing upon the balcony essayed to quiet their frenzy with promises, their terrible shoutings were for *Bread*; and the uprisings among the poor and hungry of London that are the most vividly remembered tragedies of that great city are the outbreaks of the masses in their fierce demands for *Bread*.

The makers of literature also, in seeking to group together all the wage-workers of the world in one graphic word, have called them the *Bread-winners*; and one of the world's periods of most wonderful and far-reaching Epoch-making events was ushered in by the going down of Jacob and his children into Egypt at the invitation of Joseph, the Prime Minister, in answer to his starving brethren's appeal for *Bread*.

With these facts in mind, it is manifest that the highest wisdom of man could not be more nobly employed than in producing a Flour containing in the largest possible measure the vital elements of a perfect Bread food. And it is not a little singular that these vital elements of the physical life are not found in any considerable sum in the high-priced fine white flours.

Where then shall we find the Flour which the world needs and must have? We get glimpses and suggestions of it in the cakes which Sara made for Abraham, and in the bread which Rebekah made for Jacob, we get measurable revelations of it in those earlier days and Oriental lands in the bread generally called, by reason of its great wholesomeness, "the staff of life,"—bread made of flour of the whole wheat.

But these glimpses and suggestions and measurable revelations were but prophecies of time when patient research and modern knowledge, and philanthropic interest in the betterment of the race, combined with great commercial enterprise should produce the Franklin Mills Flour of the whole wheat—the only Flour that will make a perfect Bread, a bread that is wholesome food for the entire body.—*From N. Y. Christian Nation.*

The Dishon-
orable Wife
of the Hon.
John Smith

THE INSPECTORS' Room at head-quarters was blue with the smoke of five cigars and one pipe. Inspector Jackson was smoking the pipe,—the Inspector Jackson who guards the counters of the big department stores and who has spent years in arresting shop-lifters, usually without compassion. But to-night he had let his pipe go out as he gazed compassionately upon a manicure-file which he held in the palm of his hand.

"It's a shame," Inspector Jackson said at last.

"What?" asked Inspector James of the bank squad, who prided himself on having good stories to tell. Jackson, however, was merely a petty-larceny specialist, and few stories came from him.

"I believe I will tell," said Inspector Jackson thoughtfully. "But I guess I'd better not give his real name, for you all would know him. He is rich and proud, and a member of the Legislature, an Honorable. I'll call him the Hon. John Smith. I was doing my stint at White's this morning when I saw a modest, shrinking, thin-haired woman wanting to steal this manicure-file and scared to do it. She was dressed like a lady and looked like a lady,—a tired, worried, middle-aged lady, old before her time. She had never stolen anything before, an amateur could have told that, but she surely had her mind made up to steal this file, and was in an awful fright about it. She'd edge towards the heap of files and reach out her trembling hand and pull back, till finally she snatched up one and fairly ran away. I pushed after her and touched her on the shoulder. She trembled and stopped, shrinking up and pretty near withering, for her fears told her who I was, though she had never seen me before, nor heard of me.

"Don't cry here, ma'am. Wait till we get to the Superintendent's office," I said as kindly as possible.

"Even when she did let herself cry she made little fuss about it, just wept in a dreary, apathetic way.

"Shall we have her searched?" said the Superintendent, who always leaves things to me in these cases.

"No," said I; "she hasn't cribbed anything else, I guess; have you, ma'am?"

"No, I have not," she answered listlessly; "and my husband will pay you for this file, I suppose. Probably you know who he is. I am the wife of the Hon. John Smith, of Commonwealth Avenue. Before you take me to prison would you mind sending out and telling my coachman he need not wait?"

"What a bluff," said the Superintendent sardonically.

"I guess not," said I, and went out to the front of the store. Sure enough, I found her brougham waiting there, but I did not send it away. I went back to the office and said,—

"We'll drive home now, Mrs. Smith, and you'll tell me all about it on the way."

"So she told me things as we rolled up Commonwealth Avenue, and, somehow, I knew they were true things. We found the Hon. John Smith in his fine library; he ought to be a wise man and a good man with all those books.

Don't argue
with Dirt.

Use Pearline
without Soap

You can't touch
Pearline without
saving something.
Costs little to begin
with, but saves all
the way through.



At all Grocers.
Millions use it.

Avoid substitutes



For Children While Cutting Their Teeth.

An Old and Well-Tried Remedy,

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHOEA. Sold by all Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and take no other kind.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A BOTTLE.

A recent issue of *Success* published a portrait and sketch of the career of Miss C. H. Lippincott, the well-known seedswoman of Minneapolis. She commenced business about ten years ago in a small way and has now built up a business extending all over the country. She has upwards of 200,000 customers living in every state and territory, and says that hard work, advertising and insisting on sending out none but the very best seeds that can be grown explains her success. The dainty little catalogue for 1900, which she has just issued, is devoted exclusively to flower seeds and the prices are astonishingly low. She will send a copy free to applicants. She is the original pioneer seedswoman—a real woman, managing all the details of a large business herself.

" 'This is Mr. Jackson,' said Mrs. Smith quietly, and she went to the window, turning her back to her husband, it being a good deal like the turning of the worm people talk so much about. I guess she never dared turn her back on the Hon. John Smith before, which surely was a pity.

" 'I did not know you were acquainted with any Mr. Jackson,' said Smith, evidently resenting her daring to know a man to whom he had not introduced her. 'If it is a business matter, you may leave us, madam.'

" 'Not Mr. Jackson, but *Inspector* Jackson, of the detective force at headquarters,' said I, 'and Mrs. Smith will stay right where she is, because she is under arrest.'

" 'What!' he gasped incredulously.

" 'Yes, sir,' I repeated; 'she's under arrest for shoplifting.'

" He rushed over to where Mrs. Smith was still standing with her back towards us and made as if to strike her. But this time she didn't shrink. She stood quite straight, neither turning towards him nor shrinking back.

" 'What does this mean, you—you—' he roared to her. 'Can it be you have forgotten whose wife you are!'

" 'No, I have not forgotten,' she replied in a dead, monotonous kind of a voice. 'I remember that I am the wife of a man who has made my life so poor that I had to steal if I would have anything of my own.'

" 'Not have anything! The wife of the Hon. John Smith not have anything!' he shouted. 'You are crazy, madam. You have this house and a carriage and gowns and diamonds, as all the world knows.'

" 'Yes,' she continued in the same unemotional way, 'I live in this house of yours, but in all these long years I have never been permitted to buy as much as a foot-stool for it of my own choice. It is all your house. Yes, I am permitted to wear the diamonds that you think most effective for the wife of the Hon. John Smith to wear whenever you think it for your social interests to take them from the safe where you keep them. Yes, I am compelled to ride in your carriage, because I am never allowed money enough for carriage. So I ride to the glory of the Hon. John Smith, and envy the workman's wife in the car that passes. Yes, I have the gowns that you think it best for your wife to wear, and I hate them. If an appeal is made to me for charity, I may give them a check signed by the Hon. John Smith, if the Hon. John Smith thinks it good advertisement enough. I have an account at a fashionable store, but you scrutinize an itemized bill so sharply and demand such degrading explanations that I dread to enter the store. You have cared for the appearance of the wife of the Hon. John Smith, but you have never given me a cent for myself. I wanted a nail-file, and I stole it. It is all very simple. There was no other way for me to get it. At last I came to feel that the mockery of this so-called respectable life was intolerable, that I would gladly exchange this prison for another, so I stole a nail-file when I wanted it.' Then she started to leave the room.

" 'Hold on, ma'am,' said I, backing against the door.

" 'What's the matter now, Inspector?' cried Smith angrily. 'Can't you see the fool is crazy? Oh, if it's your price you want, I'll see you get that. Now, madam, leave us alone, and I'll talk to you in private about this matter.'

" 'No, she can't go,' said I again, calmly enough, for I've got over being

The Real Estate Trust Company

of Philadelphia,

SOUTHEAST CORNER CHESTNUT AND BROAD STREETS.

CAPITAL	\$1,000,000
Surplus and Undivided Profits	520,000

Receives Deposits of Money payable by check, and allows Interest thereon. Collects Interest, Dividends, and Income of all kinds whatsoever.

Receives for safe keeping, Securities and other valuables, and rents Safe Deposit Boxes in Burglar-Proof Vaults. Buys, sells, and leases Real Estate in Philadelphia and its vicinity. Assumes general charge and management of Real and Personal Estates.

Executes Trusts of every description under the appointment of Courts, Corporations, and Individuals. Acts as Registrar or Transfer Agent for Corporations, and as Trustee under Corporation Mortgages. Receives Wills for safe keeping without charge.

FRANK K. HIPPLE, President.
WILLIAM H. PHILLER, Secretary.

WILLIAM F. NORTH, Treasurer.
THOMAS B. PROSSER, Real Estate Officer.

CONSUMPTION CURED.—An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility, and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, New York.

SUMMER FEEDING.—For infants necessitates the greatest caution and careful study of conditions. Care in diet, first and last. The use of Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk has largely simplified this problem. Beware of unknown brands. Get the Best.

mad when people offer to bribe me. There isn't a week when I am not offered a bribe; sometimes it is a roll of bills, but usually it is a cigar. That's why I smoke a pipe. 'She can't go,' said I, 'because she is under arrest for petty larceny. Of course, she can go to a cell in the Tombs, and the picture of your wife can go in the Rogues' Gallery and in the papers unless—'

"'Unless Inspector Jackson gets five hundred dollars,' sneered Smith.

"'Unless,' said I, keeping cool, 'unless that woman hereafter gets a hundred dollars a month pin money and no questions asked.'

"Smith looked amazed. 'I don't know why you interfere in the management of my private affairs,' he growled, 'but I suppose I'll have to do what you want.'

"'That's just it,' I agreed. 'You'll do it because you have to do it.' Then I walked over to Mrs. Smith and shook hands with her.

"'Mrs. Smith,' said I, 'I hope you understand why I have said some things, because it was for your happiness I did it.'

"'Good-by,' she answered in the same listless way.

"I guess nothing but the death of the Hon. John Smith will make her life much happier, but I meant it for the best."

"That's not much of a story," remarked Inspector James, whose experiences in the bank-squad led to more exciting things. "That has not plot enough to be good."

"It's too true to be good," replied Inspector Jackson, lighting his pipe.

Caroline Lockhart.



EVENING

By Edwin L. Sabin

The sun has journeyed from on high
To seek beyond the hills his bed;
Behind him sweeps, adown the sky,
His panoply of gold and red.
And men in city and on lea
Would say: "Another day is done."
But at the door she waits for me—
And lo, *my* day has just begun.



A
Crest of
Cloth

ONE of the ornithologists attached to the Smithsonian Institution was collecting specimens of the birds of Southwestern Mexico, not long ago, when he saw a cow-bird which seemed to him to possess a white crest. Now, properly, the cow-bird is altogether black, and the top of his head is as smooth as the poll of a young dry-goods clerk. Evidently this strange matter required investigation, and a gunshot brought the bird to the ground. Then was found a more unexpected marvel than was anticipated. The "snow-white crest" proved to be a piece of white cloth that had been stitched into the bird's scalp and trimmed to represent a cock's comb. "It had doubtless been done when the bird was very young," says the observer, "by some of the natives, and the wounds of the operation were entirely healed."

Ernest Ingersoll.

